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LIFE IN A MEXICAN STREET.

PROBABLY no more striking evidence exists of the foresight of that wonderful man who gave Spain an empire in the New World, than the ground plan of the city of Mexico. It was drawn under the immediate supervision of the conqueror, and was intended by him to guide in the construction of a great capital, which "should rise," to use his own language, "to the rank of queen of the surrounding provinces, in the same manner as she had been of yore." Two hundred years after Cortez had laid out his city of straight streets and uniform parallelograms, our ancestors in Boston and New York were still clumsily building their tangled net-work of crooked lanes and narrow alleys. We pride ourselves upon the foresight of Penn, who made Philadelphia a city of rectangles. But the Spanish warrior sketched his city more than a century and a half before the Quaker colony reached the borders of the Delaware, and yet the older plan is as much like the ready-made city of to-day, say Minneapolis or Denver or Pueblo, as though he who designed it had pictured to himself the needs of the railway, the telegraph, the gas-lamp, the electric light, or had reasoned in scientific phrases on the sanitary value of gaseous circulation and direct sunlight.

Almost due east and west through the midst of the town passes one great avenue. The neighboring streets are at times broken by buildings or open squares, or church-yards, or stop where ancient properties stopped or Indian suburbs interposed their walls of mud or their muddy canals. This one great street holds its course virtually, without deviation, from the gate of San Lazaro to the opposite gate of San Cosme, a little more than three miles. It is always broad and open; it sometimes grows

grand in its expansion, even wider than the noble London thoroughfare, Oxford street—which street, by the by, was a muddy way between hedges that harbored woodcock at Regent's Circus, when the new-world avenue was already a street of palaces. The Roman Corso might lie by the side of the Neapolitan Toledo here, and still leave room for the passing travel.

We shall include under the general name of Tacuba street the whole broad way from gate to gate, although it in reality bears this designation but for a limited distance. The inconvenient custom prevails in the city of Mexico of applying to each block in any street a different name, as though we were to say that Fifth avenue extended from Forty-fifth to Forty-sixth streets, Windsor avenue from Forty-sixth to Forty-seventh, Buckingham avenue from Forty-seventh to Forty-eighth, and so forward, changing with each succeeding block.

In the months that followed the victory of the 13th of August, 1521, the conqueror laid out a four-sided area among the shapeless ruins of the Aztec city, and set apart for the site of the new metropolis somewhat more than a mile square of land in the level expanse of salt morass on the borders of Lake Tezcuco. This street, or causeway, of Tacuba was one of the three that extended beyond the limits of the town-site, across a region of canes and reeds, to the firm land. It was the one relied upon to furnish an easy route for the cavalry—that arm of the service most valuable to the invaders in their contests with the half-disciplined native warriors. Beyond the limits of the city the borders of the other two causeways were kept free from obstructions. Only upon this one were the citizens permitted

to build their massive houses, so that it became a sort of fortified entrance and exit for the growing Spanish outpost.

But, apart from its topographical and military significance, the street was already memorable to the pioneer Christian soldiers through many a thrilling episode. Along this line, during the three months of that brilliant siege, the impetuous Alvarado had fought his way eastward, inch by inch, to a junction with his commander in the central portions of the still beleaguered town. Along this then narrow path, but one year before the final success, in the darkness of the dreadful *noche triste*,

"In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,"

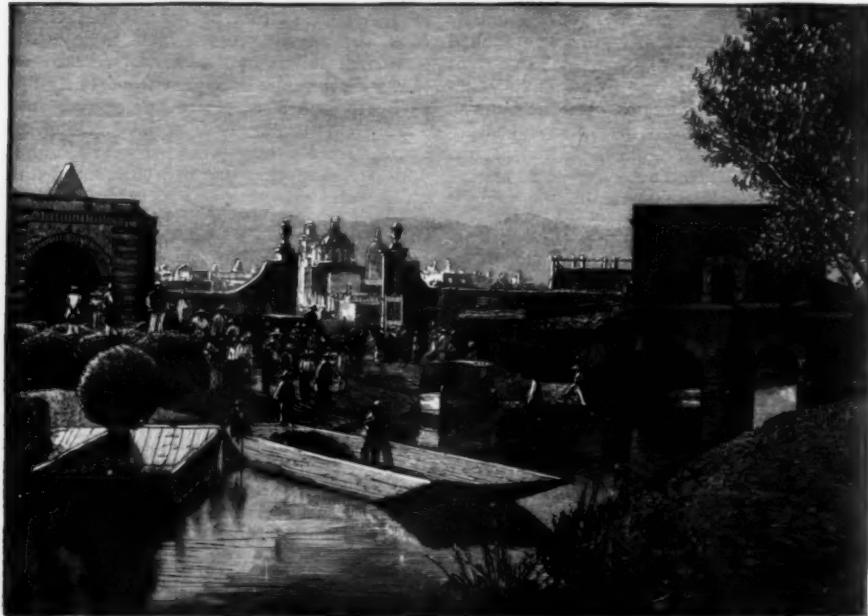
hundreds of trusted comrades and thousands of trusting allies fell beneath the blows of the obsidian axes of Montezuma's braves.

On the eastern side of the city, and entering at the gate of San Lazaro, on our historic street, we find ourselves this bright morning in mid-winter. Backward, across the low and invisible Lake Tezcoco, the view extends to the purple eastern hills that form the rim of the oval valley; while southward, rising majestically above a multitude of attendant fumaroles, stand against the deep blue sky Mexico's two giant volcanic mountains, piercing with

their silvered peaks the region of perpetual snow. The smooth, sterile plain that widens from the city gate toward the lake is scarcely broken by a tree. Across its level surface, covered with stunted herbage and alkaline inflorescence, I have often galloped in a solitude almost as profound as that which surrounds the saline Syrian sea.

Flowing out from San Lazaro, in a direct line eastward, is the canal of Tezcoco—a black, sluggish current that carries the sewage of the city to the lake, and represents the drainage of a large district of mountain country. If the city of Mexico has a salt-water port, it is formed by this canal.

The primitive passenger-boat has just come in from the village that, some thirty miles eastward, occupies the site of the ancient sister city of the metropolis—the allied Tezcoco, which, more fortunate than other fallen Indian towns, has had its history related and its praises sung by the descendant of its own royal line—the imaginative Ixtlilxochitl. This native author describes, in words worthy of Arabian story, the astronomical, musical, and poetic attainments of his ancestral sultans, the grand palace, surrounded by four hundred abodes of attendant nobles, and the royal magazines, from which were annually distributed six million bushels of corn. The passenger-boat has been seven hours upon its journey



ARRIVAL OF THE PASSENGER-BOAT FROM TEZCUKO, AT THE GATE OF SAN LAZARO.



A CANAL MARKET.

by lake and canal, propelled by six stalwart Indians, whose long poles reach the bottom of the lake, even at its deepest portions. Occasionally that most ancient form of boat, the dug-out, appears, driven forward by a man or woman, who, facing the prow, feathers the light paddle with the graceful motion of the Chippewas of Lake Superior in their birchen canoes. More numerous than all other craft, however, are the flat-bottomed freight-boats, some fifty feet long, of which several are always at the canal-bank, discharging cargoes of straw, Indian corn, wheat and barley, or cut paving-stones from the haciendas and quarries along the eastern borders of the lake. The most conspicuous of the products brought to the city are the great balls of barley straw, packed firmly in nets of stout henequin cord. Each ball is prepared as a load for one man, and weighs from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds. Horses are very fond of this

straw, and it comes in a broken and crumpled condition, the result of having been trodden on the wind-swept earthen thrashing-floor by the feet of oxen, sheep, or goats. The heavy grain is collected from time to time during this process by tossing the chaff with great wooden forks high against the wind. The Mexican consumer has become so accustomed to the use of this macerated straw that when Señor Buch, a large farmer near the city, introduced steam machinery to thrash and winnow his barley, he was compelled to add a special crushing-machine to the usual American thrasher, so that his straw might continue to reach market in a condition similar to that which has been current through all the ages since Solomon built his temple where the breezes swept down from the Mount of Olives upon the thrashing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite.

Yellow-legged, muscular Atlases come to the laden boats, and, aided by comrades, lift these

globes of forage, and bury their heads and shoulders beneath them. Forthwith the rotund mass goes wandering off through the crowded thoroughfares to its destination among the stabled animals of draught and burthen.

In addition to the trade of the canal, the products of a fertile district around the base of Popocatapetl reach the city by common roads, carried thither through the gate of San Lazaro, and by a narrow-gauge railway that is being extended to the Pacific port of Acapulco. And here the American sees what to him is a singular spectacle—the collection of a tax in the form of an impost upon various products of the farm, garden, and manufactory, while on their way to market or to the place of consumption. A formidable moat filled with water surrounds the city on all sides, and obstructs the smuggler as did the high walls and picturesque towers of mediaeval towns. Through ten gates, opposite as many bridges, all the ordinary trade is expected to pass. These gates are opened at five in the morning and closed at half-past eight in the evening. Once, having been belated in the mountains, I reached a gate at ten o'clock at night. Half an hour elapsed before a keeper could be found to unlock and swing back the heavy wooden structures that prevented my entrance.

Among the officials engaged in superintending the collection of the imposts, I found a gentleman who occupies a position of considerable note in the city of Mexico—no other than the *Nast* of the political press. The demand for caricatures in this capital, however, is not so imperative nor so continuous as it is in our northern centers of social life, and Villasana publishes chiefly when some period of violent political excitement calls for the expression of strong personal preferences and animosities. During the presidential contests, both before and after the nominations, he sharpens his pencil and starts a short-lived eight-page periodical, which makes the greater part of its inditements without the aid of text. The method of the Mexican caricaturist is perhaps less subtle than ours; his exaggerations often approach the grotesque; his vain-glorious person disturbs the planets in their orbits; his Uriah Heep grovels deep in the dust; he consigns his defunct politician to depths immeasurable to man; but, like our own artists, though he strikes as a partisan, he does so in the name of justice, fraternity, and human progress.

Sitting behind his rolls of tribute-silver, while his deputies weighed the incoming straw, and with long rods of steel searched the interiors of the great bales of straw for smug-

glers' goods, Signor Villasana explained some of the intricacies of the laws of domestic imposts. Upon several hundred articles duty is levied: upon each cow two dollars; each unbroken mule or horse contributes three dollars to the city treasury; each hundred pounds of flour twenty-four cents; the farmer pays fifty cents per hundred pounds for carrying in his potatoes, and eight cents for the same weight of barley straw; but why he should pay thirty-three cents per hundred pounds for milk, while butter and eggs were passed free, even Signor Villasana's experienced mind could not determine.

Beyond this gate, to the right, is a ruined mass of arches, abutments, walls, and domes; strange weeds and flowering shrubs push apart the stones of the deserted courts. This is the great church of San Lazaro, that after secularization was sold by the Government, and by private enterprise was converted into a glass manufactory. Real fires for fusing silex and alumina were kindled in chapels where, heretofore, carved and pictured flames were seen consuming the bodies of saints and the souls of sinners. Now, the old and the new have fallen into dust together, and some future antiquary may find evidence of inquisitorial severity in the annealing muffles beneath the high altar. A few hundred paces to the north rises from among the still scattered houses a mass of rich yellow, red, and brown, forming a characteristic Mexican picture. It is the church of San Antonio of Tomilán, which in the latter part of the eighteenth century was a chapel at the gate, and which still supplies a place for praise and prayer for the poor of the neighborhood. Its story is told in a straightforward way on the wall near the sacristy-door:—an orphan boy of peasant parentage, born in 1722, grew in worldly possessions, and year by year devoted his means and time to building and endowing this church. He died at seventy, and his portrait, that of a solid, square-shouldered, earnest citizen, who kneels in his red coat, skull-cap, and white stockings, in perpetual thanksgiving, hangs high and honored among the saints. Had this contemporary of Franklin been born on the banks of the Delaware, his energy would probably have taken the direction of libraries or hospitals, and his substance, instead of paying for masses, would have gone to support a chair of intellectual philosophy.

Near the church stands the house of its priest—a cheerful dwelling built around a court upon whose walls are many inscriptions inculcating virtuous living. At the foot of the stairway is the painted full-sized figure of a soldier in complete uniform, with his hand raised

threateningly, and the warning word *cuidado*, "Take care," issuing from his mouth, while over the door of the study, written in highly colored ornamental letters that harmonize well with the brilliant bignonias, geraniums, and heliotropes that glow in the January sunshine and shade the borders of the balcony, we read the following:

Quien á esta casa da luz?
Jesus.
Quien la llena de alegría?
Maria.
Y quien la abraza en la fé?
José.*

As you approach the interior of the city, at various places you find "tortillerias" occupying basements on a level with the street. This national combination of the grist-mill and the bakery holds such an important place in the Mexican domestic economy that we may well afford time to examine a typical establishment with care. The tortilla is eaten by all classes throughout the nation, and it is almost the exclusive food of large numbers of the poorer people. I have met with it at the banquets of cabinet ministers and literary men, and the implements for its manufacture are invariably found in the humblest native hut. Visitors to the Centennial will remember in the Government building a large drawing of the interior of a Pueblo Indian house; this drawing, with a very few variations, would represent the interior of a hundred thousand Indian homes, existing from the borders of Colorado to the State of Yucatan. Maize is everywhere; two-thirds of the cultivated ground in Mexico is devoted to raising it. There is a saying that there are but two prerequisites for a household outfit by an Indian couple contemplating matrimony: a *petate*, or mat of reeds, which serves for a carpet and a bed, and a *metate*, a flat inclined stone placed upon the earthen floor, on which to pulverize the corn before forming it into cakes for baking. I concur in the estimate of well-informed natives, that so general and exclusive is the use of Indian corn, that, were this crop to fail, one-third to one-half the aboriginal population would perish of starvation. A single frost that, on the 29th of August, 1784, injured the young plant, it is calculated, resulted in the death of over 30,000 persons. A population of millions is dependent upon the success

of the crop. Ireland is not so dependent upon the potato, and millions in India scarcely so dependent upon rice, as the Mexican people are upon maize,—now the foremost of our cereals, the monarch of our prairie-lands, and the arbiter of stock exchanges; it conceals from all who will trace its ancestry, from even the most persistent botanist, every clue to its native valley and to the form of its tropic progenitor.

The tortilla-shop opens with wide doors upon the street; the citizen may stand upon the flags of the sidewalk, buy his cakes, and not only obey the injunction of the elder Weller regarding veal-pie, but, while making the acquaintance of the chief cook, may see, examine, comment upon, and if needs be, direct the whole process of manufacture.

Imagine a blacksmith's shop from which the Amazons have driven Vulcan, leaving only the grimy walls, the glowing, unchimneyed hearth, and a store of charcoal piled in a corner. The Amazons have rolled back their sleeves to the shoulder (if they possess such incumbrances) and have placed themselves on their knees upon the stone floor, with the inclined rough surface of the lava *metate* before them. Upon this stone they place, from a wooden tray, handful after handful of corn, which has been soaked and heated in water containing quicklime in solution. This alkaline substance has softened and loosened the exterior coating of the grain that in ordinary mills produces the bran. With a long, round stone, held like a rolling-pin, this corn is rubbed to a coarse paste, which is pushed, as fast as it is deemed sufficiently crushed, upon a pine board placed below to receive it. This paste now goes to the cake-maker, who stands near the fire. She takes a small piece, and, holding her hands vertically, pats it rapidly into a thin disk. This is thrown at once upon a hot earthen plate, where it is soon thoroughly baked or roasted. The tortillas thus made are collected hot into closely covered baskets, and are sold at three cents per dozen to the people who flock around, ready to carry them off in their hands or beneath pieces of protecting cloth. Enormous as is the aggregate of this manufacture, each shop is eminently a retail affair. I once asked the proprietress of such an establishment how many tortillas she would sell for a dollar; she threw up her hands and eyes at the visionary immensity of the transaction, exclaiming: "Good Heaven! I could not count—a very great many!"

The northern palate finds the tortilla, while fresh and hot, and if accompanied by a little butter or salt, a pleasant food, suggestive of cakes made of parched corn; but when cold

* Who gives light in this house?
Jesus.
Who fills it with joy?
Mary.
And who kindles faith in it?
Joseph.

it is flabby, tough, and tasteless. There are many ways of serving it, but the Indian is usually content with a pinch of salt, or a little pungent *chile*—the native dried red pepper.

The proprietress of the shop that we spe-

the pulverized maize, and boiling the rich remainder to the consistency of "thickened milk." This the Indian drinks as the French or Belgian laborer would drink his coffee. Sometimes it is sweetened with sugar, sometimes beaten to a froth with chocolate. Many



MAKING TORTILLAS.

cially examined was ill-favored and uneducated. She kept her customers in the street, and caused her employés to remain quiet, that their postures might be exactly photographed. As we were leaving I pressed some money upon her, using the excuse learned in European mining and manufacturing districts, that "She must buy something for her work-people to drink." She replied indignantly that none of her employés would touch pulque, and that she was not in the habit of taking presents. I mention this circumstance to show the undercurrent of self-respect that exists among the Mexican laboring classes. Drawing from a not inconsiderable experience in the industrial centers from Ireland to Syria, I remember no example more noteworthy.

This same shop, like most of its kind, produces and sells *atole*, another national article of food, made by straining the bran away from

other kinds of food are prepared from maize: one, the *tamal*, consists of a thin cake rolled around cooked fruit, or chopped meat, or peppers, and then served smoking hot, inclosed in the soft interior tissue of the corn-husk.

At the door of the tortilleria, and in the kitchens of many houses, stand large earthen jars that are kept supplied with water from the numerous public fountains by *aguadores*, most picturesque of all water-carriers. The Mexican water-carrier adopts a plan for transporting his burden more simple than that of his prototype who gossips over the carved curbs of the Venetian palace. Instead of the yoke with poised copper kettles, he hangs one heavy earthen pot upon his back, suspended by a broad strap crossing his forehead, while another similar smaller vessel, steadied by his hand, hangs by a second strap passing over the hind part of the head. With the two

fragile weights thus balanced, he trots through the crowded streets at a most hazardous pace.

The soil upon which the city of Mexico rests is impregnated with the salts of Lake Tezcoco, whose waters have from time to time risen above the surface of the most crowded streets, but the numerous fountains of the town supply potable water drawn from two sources. From the highlands to the west, a crystal current comes across the meadows in two aqueducts, borne upon many arches—modern suggestions of those grand structures that brought the limpid waters of the Alban hills, over a broader volcanic plain, into imperial Rome. The other source of supply is in the artesian wells, of which hundreds have been bored, and almost invariably with success. At a depth of from one to three hundred feet water-bearing strata are reached which spout a continuous stream several feet above the surface. The large Mexican houses are all furnished with hand force-pumps, by means of which the water is driven into the elevated parts of the dwelling.

Westward, at a point near the geographic center of the city, we reach the site of the great religious structures of the Aztecs, and the palace of their emperors. No trace of these "Halls of the Montezumas" now exists. In 1790 the statue of the War God, which was

FOUNTAIN TERMINATING THE SOUTHERN AQUEDUCT.

the chief object of worship three centuries before, was discovered beneath the pavement of the plaza, where it had remained since the days of the conqueror. A great disk-shaped stone of black porous lava from the same vicinity is preserved in the court-yard of the National Museum. It is believed that upon its broad surface many human creatures were sacrificed at the festivals presided over by the powerful Aztec priesthood. The temple of



SACRIFICIAL STONE IN THE COURT OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

the buried deity stood where the great cathedral now stands, and within a few hundred yards of this spot many of the most thrilling and most decisive scenes in Mexican history have been enacted. Grouped around this wonderful spot were: the seat of the archbishop, who, with an annual salary exceeding a hundred thousand dollars, controlled, through various religious orders and by overdue mortgages, a large proportion of the property of the city; the palace of the Viceroy, whose powers were nearly absolute; the chambers of the Inquisition; the National Museums; the Academy of the Fine Arts; the Seminary of the Jesuits; the Palace of Cortez and his descendants; the Municipal Palace, and, farther back in the centuries, the houses of the great Aztec retainers. So much has been written about these things, and so frequently have the buildings surrounding the great square been described, that the subject may well be omitted here.

But, one institution which, since 1836, has occupied the site of the house of Cortez, opposite the Cathedral, is so peculiarly Mexican in its character, that we will pause to give it a brief examination. This institution, supplying as it does a national need, and serving the rich as well as the poor—the outgrowth of private beneficence and of the most careful financial administration of which the country has been capable—this national pawn-broker shop is the most stable establishment that Mexico possesses. Her dynasties may be subverted; her political rulers may change from conservative to liberal amid the throes of revolution; her various Holy Virgins may wax and wane in popular favor, but this institution steadily grows in usefulness and importance. A hundred years ago Mexico had her “bonanza kings.” Few are remembered now except Don Pedro Terreros. A native of Cartagena, in Spain, he left college to come to Mexico to settle the estate of his father. He was quick at accounts, and in due time became a prosperous merchant. Just then the silver regions of Pachuca were being actively opened, and one Bustamante had lost so much money in digging the shaft of Santa Brígida that “he was about abandoning it when God put it into his mind to go into partnership with Don Pedro, who furnished more money, and in a short time rich mineral was struck, and unreckoned millions of dollars flowed into the pockets of the miners.” Straightway Don Pedro began to do what the highest culture of the age prompted. He spent 90,800 dollars in sending missionaries to convert the heathen savages of Northern Mexico. Perhaps we of Colorado may have to thank him for the peaceful bearing of our

Pueblos and Navajos. He sent out three vessels laden with wheat to succor the expedition for the recovery of what is now our city of Pensacola; he added an eighty-gun ship to the royal marine; but all this generosity would have been forgotten, but for the happy thought that led to the creation of the unique and still active *Monte de Piedad*. Terreros gave into the hands of a board of managers three hundred thousand dollars, with the stipulation that it should be used for making loans on valuables of gold and silver, and upon unused clothing, without interest, provided that any voluntary offering that might be made in return should be accepted. About the time that our colonies were in the midst of the excitement over the tea-ships, a company of dignitaries were assembled in the chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the far-away southern capital, to listen to congratulatory addresses, and read the message of the Spanish king, accepting the generous gift, “made for the public good and for the succor of the poor.” The institution has grown and flourished; the plan of the founder, which was drawn with much minuteness, has been adhered to with great fidelity, and although it was soon found necessary to collect some interest on loans, only what is required to cover expenses and deterioration is exacted in return for liberal advances.

During the Christmas holidays the great square upon which the Cathedral fronts is filled with tents and booths, where traders offer for sale bright-colored calicos and kerchiefs, or equally bright confectionery, or crimson drinks in cups of glass kept cool on soft banks of moist and flower-covered earth. Piles of tropic fruits, brought from the *tierra caliente* on the backs of patient *cargadores* or more patient donkeys, tempt the citizen, while curious gilded and silvered jars from Chihuahua, or the common clay fabric of Quatilan, are spread in ordered rows upon the pavement. At night the oval, eager faces of the Indian boys and maidens who sit among their many-hued wares, glow like burnished copper in the radiance of the flaming piles of resinous “light wood” gathered in the fragrant pine-forests on the slopes of Ajusco. Proceeding westward from the square, we pass between the fronts of old palaces, now given up to the uses of trade. From the shields above the wide portals look down the armorial bearings of many a family distinguished in the stirring history of the colonial period. A few blocks from the Cathedral stands the *Mineria*, an imposing structure of dark stone, built from plans of the architect and sculptor Tolsa, for the seat of the National School of Mines. Several hundred feet southward from

this building is the fine church of San Francisco, where center Bishop Reilly's earnest missionary efforts, and near it is the massive structure secured for similar uses by the foresight of Bishop Simpson. A little farther westward we find the Central Park of the city—the Alameda—around which gather the residences of the foreign ministers, among them that of our own representative, from whose flagstaff floats conspicuously the stars and stripes.

Along the southern border of this garden lies the fashionable drive of Mexico. Every afternoon, but particularly upon fête-days, over this route a stream of carriages pours from the city and flows outward to the beautiful avenue leading to the Castle of Chapultepec. Probably no city in the world possesses a drive with grander natural attractions than this *Paseo* of the Mexican metropolis, and when beneath the statue of Columbus the crowded assemblage of well-filled carriages and gayly caparisoned horsemen file past in the evening glow of the tropic sky, the patriotic Mexican may well be pardoned a thrill of satisfaction at bearing part in such a rich and brilliant pageant.

From the gravel walks of the Alameda careful guardians gather the leaves that throughout the winter fall and make way for new growths on the deciduous trees, and children in their muslins play with their nurses upon grass that is always green. Here and there rise palms, but above the other trees tower the gray trunks of the familiar ash or the slender branches of the odorous eucalyptus. In a climate more genial and stable than that which draws the gay concourse to the terrace of the Pincian, the tourist may wander through the dark-shaded alleys and listen to music from a military band whose stirring airs bring back memories of life in European garrisoned towns.

We have now passed the limits of Cortez's city; Tacuba avenue widens and is lined with fine residences surrounded by gardens of roses, myrtle, jessamine, and hibiscus. Occasionally there are secularized convents, now serving for asylums or hospitals. Curious time-worn churches adjoin them whose interiors contain religious pictures and much gilding, and painful painted carvings of the Passion, before which awe-struck Indians fall on their knees and cross themselves. At one point an open vine-covered yardway is shown, where Alvarado, hard pressed, swung himself across the black waters of the canal on that "saddest night" of the most picturesque of all American campaigns.



THE BULL-FIGHTER—A GROUP IN CLAY.

Near this spot I was once accosted by a pale, dark-eyed boy of sixteen, who offered for sale a group modeled in potter's clay, that he held in his hand. It represented with fidelity a scene at a bull-fight. It was so full of spirit that I bought it at once, and asked who was the artist.

"I made it," said the boy.

"Where was it burned?"

"I burned it."

"Who painted it?"

"I did."

"What did you copy it from?"

"I went to Quatilan and saw the bull-fights, and on the *Paseo* I saw the horses and the riders."

"Where do you live?"

He pointed to a court near by. I went with him to a low, whitewashed house; a lame, widowed father lived there with his two sons,—the elder was my little friend. There was but one room: it was scrupulously clean; a broad bed of mats and blankets was rolled in one corner of the stone floor. A lump of clay enveloped in a moist cloth lay near. A small square furnace served to bake the clay images and cook the food of the family. Two paint-brushes and some bottles of colors were in the window, and pictures of a couple of saints hung upon the wall. This was the atelier of the artist and the only home of the family. Each group was made and sold, and then another, usually representing a different subject, was begun. I obtained a number of them as they came out, and several are now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. One of the simplest, photographed from the original and carefully engraved, will tell the story of the boy's genius better than I can.

We have now reached the quarter of the

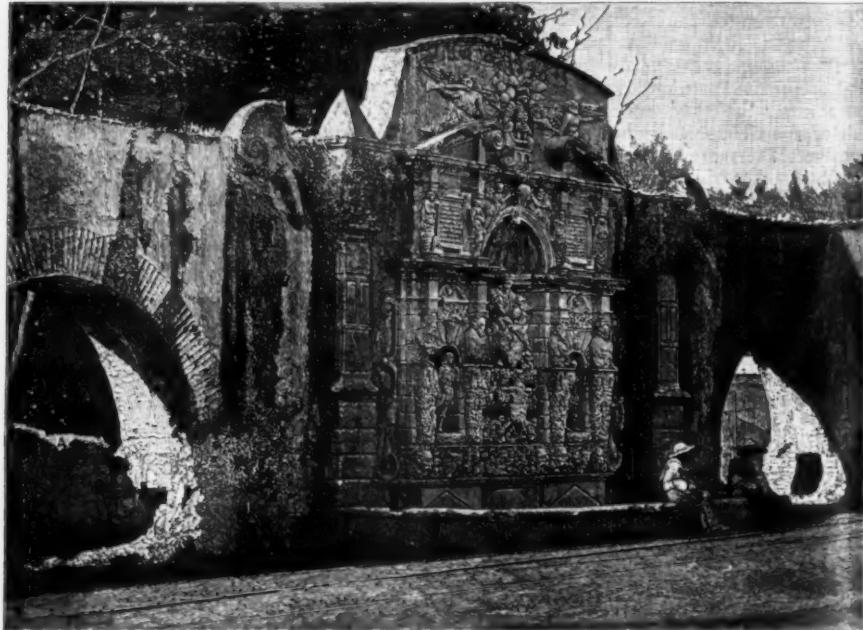


AMONG THE GARDENS NEAR MEXICO.

"Tivolis," as the garden restaurants of Mexico are called,—and here some of the best French *chefs* of the capital have established themselves, and with Gallic thrift have gathered fair fortunes. The gardens are often several acres in extent, well shaded with

noble trees and clustered shrubs, and adorned with carefully kept beds, and hanging baskets filled with trailing plants and brilliant flowers.

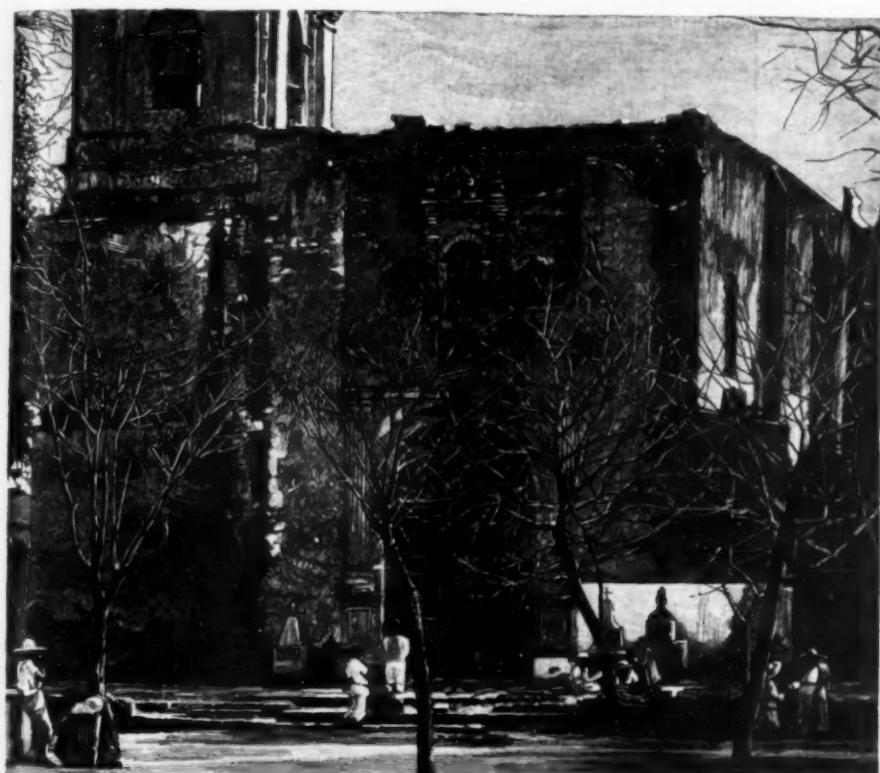
I shall not soon forget a midwinter dinner served in one of the open lattice-houses, that covers the summit of an artificial mound in the Tivoli of San Cosme. From a rock-work at my table-side leaped a fountain that fell with musical cadence into the rustic basin of porphyry below, or spread itself from frond to frond over semi-tropic ferns until lost among the rich vegetation. Through the wide-open door poured from the western sky a full flood of sunlight; below and beyond the garden limits spread a meadow of emerald alfalfa, where silent Indian women were reaping and gathering the juicy forage into bundles to be carried home to their cattle. A lark sang merrily from its covert among the branches of a neighboring acacia. Brilliant harmless lizards raced along the sunny sides of the white wall. Golden and brown butterflies flitted noiselessly among the blue blossoms of the periwinkle, and the drone of the honey-gathering bees came from the flower



FOUNTAIN AND AQUEDUCT AT THE SAN COSME GATE.

masses of the climbing solanum that arched us in above. In the gardens of Italy, of Egypt, or of Florida, come together at this season no such delicious combinations of light and shade, of flowers and fruit, of warmth and

Opposite the fountain the toll-gatherers of the Garita de San Cosme are passed, and at once we are in the open fields, among the corn and wheat and pulque-producing plantations of the serrated agave. But the cause-



THE OLD CHURCH AT POPOTLA.

coolness, of spring-time and autumn, of sound and silence, of comfort and strangeness, of action and rest, of grandeur and completeness, as we found that January day, when, sitting over our fragrant Córdoba coffee, we watched the rosy evening change into resplendent night and the moonlight brighten upon the silver summits of the grand southern volcanoes.

Near this garden district ends the long, arched aqueduct that waters this portion of the town, and, as it enters the municipal limits, its mediæval uniformity is broken by a picturesque sculptured fountain dating from Spanish times. Under the cooling shelter of its arches groups of Indians from the country stop to rest, or meet in family parties to eat their tortillas and chile.

way extends outward from the city, lined with poplars and bordered by canals, upon the still surface of which a delicate aquatic plant spreads a green, unbroken sheen of minute leaves like an engraved floor of chrysoberyl.

A few hundred yards beyond the Garita, the National School of Agriculture, which occupies an old convent, is entered by an imposing portal. Here I was shown a beautiful Devon bull, called "*El niño*" (the child). He was led out for American eyes, because the professors were proud to show an immediate descendant of an animal that was presented to Mexico by the son-in-law of one of America's most honored professors, poets, and diplomats.

A mile or more farther northward is the partly ruined church of Popotla. Thousands



THE TREE OF CORTEZ.

of Indians pass it daily from the *haciendas* of the fertile plains. They often stop at its door to mutter a prayer and adjust their temporal burthens, or they gossip in front of it beneath the "Tree of Cortez." This venerable cypress is believed to have spread its branches over that sorrowing hero on the morning of the *noche triste*, when he watched his followers toil wounded and exhausted along the embankment which we have just traversed. Within the church is preserved a fragment of the stone upon which he sat.

At Popotlan our street divides and soon subdivides, and pursuing our course northward, we may follow well-worn ways over the vol-

canic soil to the high-walled fruit-gardens of the secularized Carmelite Monastery of San Joaquin, or in an hour's gallop reach the sacred hill of Los Remedios, with its shrine and miraculous image. Or we may turn to the right and pause at the arch-episcopal palace of Tacuba. Here pass continually construction-trains carrying tools and supplies to Palmer's army of dusky laborers—a host half as large as the regular army of the United States. Hourly they are driving their bars of steel farther and farther into the country of silver toward Laredo and the unresting peoples of the North.

Robert H. Lamborn.



THE Gallery of Art at Washington, founded by the generosity of William W. Corcoran, Esq., affords the most complete individual manifestation to be found in this country of public-spirited interest in the progress of art. Without any restriction, except such as may be imposed by the trustees for the preservation of the institution, this noble gift has been granted unreservedly to the people. It has been placed under permanent charge of an administrative board, and has been wisely established in the national capital. The purpose of the donor was not only that there should be provided a pure and refined pleasure for residents and visitors at the national capital, but that something useful should be accomplished in the development of American genius. The gallery is open daily, Sundays and certain holidays excepted, between the hours of ten A. M. and four P. M., from October 1st to May 1st, and from nine A. M. to four P. M. the remainder of the year. Three days in the week admittance is free; on other days the fee is twenty-five cents. Persons are permitted to draw and copy on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

Whatever be the size of such a collection, its aim should be to furnish as far as possible a comparative view of the different schools and periods of art. This has evidently been the guiding principle in the selection and arrangement of the works in the Corcoran Gallery. Incomplete as such a collection must seem by the side of the vast art-galleries of Europe, the Corcoran Gallery ranks with the four best public art collections in the United States.

Mr. Corcoran, not satisfied with collecting and giving these works of art, has erected a building for their accommodation at a cost of \$250,000, and has endowed the institution with a fund of \$900,000, yielding an income of over \$60,000. This fund is applied to defraying the current expenses of the gallery,

and to making additions to the exhibits. It is also expected that an art-school will soon be established.

The building stands on the north-east corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Seventeenth street, nearly opposite the new War Department and in plain sight of the White House. It is two stories in height, and unpretentious in general form and finish. Four niches in the front of the gallery hold white marble statues, seven feet high, of Phidias, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Albert Dürer. These are by Ezekiel of Rome, who is to fill five vacant niches on the west front, where may be seen his statues of Titian and DaVinci. Entering from Pennsylvania avenue, we find ourselves in a broad hall with a massive staircase in the middle. The ground floor is devoted to sculpture, bronzes, and porcelain, and the second floor to painting. The large central hall on either side of the stair-way is open to the roof, affording light, ventilation, and easy exit in case of fire. From the vestibule, one passes by two corridors, on either side of the central stair-way, which are adorned with statuary, into the Sculpture Hall, which is ninety-five feet long and twenty-four wide, reaching completely across the rear of the building. This is entered from what is called the vestibule of Sculpture Hall, a small octagonal apartment.

The Sculpture Hall leads on the right into two smaller divisions called Sculpture rooms, and on the left into the Hall of Bronzes, which is sixty-one feet in length. All the galleries, both upstairs and down, communicate by arched door-ways, and the floors are sustained by brick arches. These halls were not furnished and opened to the public until 1874, although the erection of the building was begun as far back as 1859, after the plan of Mr. James Renwick, of New York. The civil war arrested the work, and in 1861 the building was occupied by the United States Government for the Quarter-



EXTERIOR OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

master-General's Department, and was so retained until 1869.

The vestibule is enriched on either hand by a magnificent Japanese lacquered vase of Arita ware eight feet eight inches high. Another interesting object is a cast of a bas-relief of "Phœbus and the Horses of the Sun." This was taken from a triglyph found by Dr. Schliemann in the ruins of the uppermost of the five cities which have succeeded each other on the supposed site of Troy. Along the corridors are arranged casts taken chiefly from examples of Roman sculpture, and on this floor, near at hand, is the well-known statue by Vela, entitled the "Last Days of Napoleon." The original of this statue was purchased by Napoleon III., but this replica is of marble, executed under the eye of the sculptor, who, although a Swiss by birth, belongs to the Modern Italian school. In the Hall of Sculpture the selection of casts is confined chiefly to examples of Greek art. Some of these are already familiar to the public. But a number of the casts, although from originals well known to the antiquary and the artist, are yet but little known to the American public.

Among these casts attention may be called first to those of the Elgin marbles. It is to be regretted that these casts of the Elgin marbles at the Corcoran Gallery have not been accompanied by copies of the so-called Æginetan marbles, the originals of which are at Munich. With the addition of these the art stu-

dent might form a clearer conception of the growth of the leading schools of plastic art in past ages.

Turning to the right from the Hall of Sculpture we enter a side gallery in which we find four pieces of modern sculpture. The statue of Clytie by the late W. H. Rinehart, of Baltimore, is his best creation, and in gracefulness and beauty compares well with the three other statues with which it is placed in juxtaposition, — the Venuses of Gibson, Canova, and Thorwaldsen.

From this side gallery, devoted to modern statues of Venus, which I am inclined to call the Gallery of Comparison, we pass into the Gallery of Renaissance Sculpture, which is one of the most interesting divisions of this collection. As the name indicates, it contains copies of some of the masterpieces of sculpture pro-



THE MAIN STAIRCASE.



WILLIAM W. CORCORAN.

duced when Donatello and Verocchio and Michael Angelo, Ghiberti and Cellini, brought about a revival of the art in Europe, including casts of Michael Angelo's "Prisoners or Slaves" and Ghiberti's gates of Florence. Another type of the art at this period is represented in this hall by the works of Jean Goujon and Germain Pilon, the founders of the modern French school of sculpture. It is by a natural transition that we pass from the contemplation of the school of Jean Goujon to the metallic art, of which a most admirable collection—the finest on this side of the Atlantic—is gathered and beautifully arranged in that part of the Corcoran Gallery called the Hall of Bronzes, which is a lofty apartment elliptical in form, sixty-one feet long and nineteen wide. The center is divided into two sections, containing examples of the masterpieces of classical and contemporary metal-work. In the first are electrotype casts made by Christofle and Co., of Paris, from the famous Hildesheim antiques unearthed in 1868. These treasures, which consisted of bowls, drinking-cups, saucers, vases, lades, tripods and the like, are of silver, and represent different periods of classic art. That they should have

been hidden there ten feet below the surface has naturally given rise to much conjecture. But the facts relating to their concealment, although of interest to the antiquarian, are quite subordinate to the importance of this discovery in the help which it affords in the work of tracing the growth of the arts.

Turning from the metal-work of the ancients to that of the middle ages, we find some magnificent specimens, either electrotype copies by Lionnet Brothers of Paris, or by Elkington of Birmingham. Among the most elaborate and interesting are a splendidly decorated suit of armor that was worn by Henry II., several massive and highly wrought shields and helmets of the sixteenth century, adorned with singularly grotesque and ingenious devices, and a cannon covered with sculptured designs, by Germain Pilon.

Two interesting works in this collection are a pair of bronze statuettes representing Christ and John the Baptist, the originals of which are now in the cathedral at Pisa, and were designed by John of Bologna. Coming down to the art of our own time, we find an admirable copy of the masterpiece of Morel Ladeuil, called the Milton Shield,



IN THE BRONZE-ROOM.

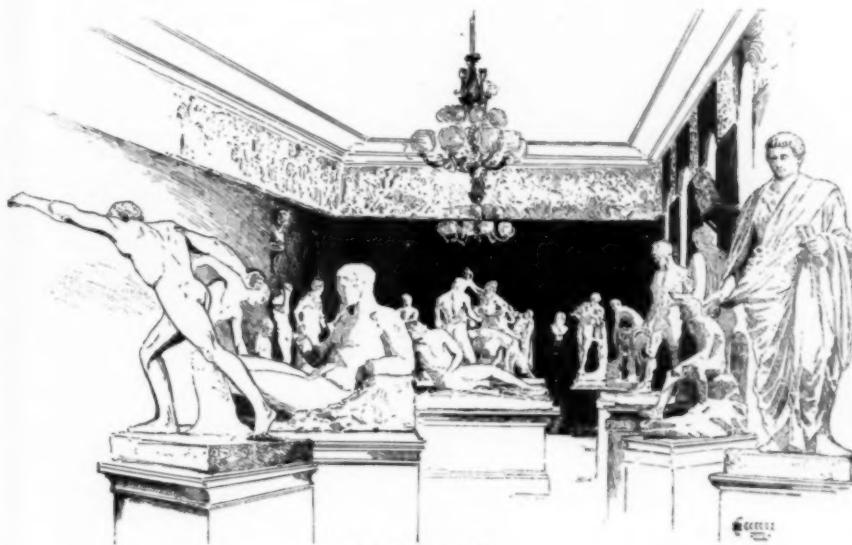
The original is wrought in steel and silver *repoussé*, and with great fertility of fancy represents typical scenes from "Paradise Lost." It was purchased by the British Government for the Kensington Museum, at a cost of \$15,000. A copy of another work of this artist is also here, the Pompeian Toilette. It represents a beautiful Roman lady after the bath, surrounded by her handmaids.

Another division of electrotype reproductions of elegant bronzes is found in a collection numbering some ninety pieces, and including specimens of early European work. Among the most interesting examples in this department are pieces by Donatello and Cellini. Here too are some of the most remarkable works which the art of sculpture has produced since the death of Michael Angelo: I refer to the bronzes of Antoine Louis Barye. Through the ages there have been occasional sculptors who have so

idealized animal life, while grasping its essential characteristics, that they astonish us by the grandeur of their works. But it is to the Assyrians that the world has looked until our day for the finest examples of animal sculpture. The beauty, the power, the fury, the drama of the chase were represented by them with remarkable truth: and the pathos of the statue of the "Dying Lioness," at Nineveh, had not been equaled for thirty centuries until Barye appeared in Paris. Upon the principles of his art Barye grafted a profound study of the anatomy of the subjects he modeled; and thus we find in them an intensity of action that never lapses into sensationalism, for the knowledge of the artist was always so completely at his fingers' ends that he did not need to exaggerate. Nor is the force displayed obtained at the expense of beauty of line. Barye began life in 1796 and died in 1875. Long before he died he was

acknowledged to be one of the most consummate sculptors the world has seen.* It is therefore a matter of no small moment that not less than one hundred and seventeen of his best works should be brought together at the Corcoran Gallery. Of these bronzes, the "Jaguar Devouring a Hare" perhaps most correctly displays the power of the sculptor, conveying the idea of force with tremendous effect, and yet with a reserve that leaves something to the im-

three other works of less importance, are collected there. In the south-east gallery again, is Rinehart's "Endymion," a beautiful creation, and Powers' "Proserpine," one of the more interesting ideal works of that artist, who, if he added nothing to art-growth, is deserving of much credit for what he accomplished as a pioneer in American art. Three examples of the contemporary Italian realistic school of sculpture, by Caroni, Guarnerio, and



THE SCULPTURE-ROOM.

agination; while the undulating grace of the spine of the jaguar, whose very muscle and sinew and furrow of the fur are quivering with the intense rage of conquest, is one of the astonishing achievements of sculpture. Barye was equally successful in representing the horse and other animals, and also the human figure, as we see in the magnificent groups of "Angélique and Roger mounted upon a Hippogriff," and "Theseus slaying the Centaur." In this connection it is interesting to state that two original water-color studies of animals by this artist are in the picture galleries on the second floor.

We now turn our attention from the plastic to the pictorial art of the Corcoran Gallery, noting in passing a few modern pieces of sculpture by contemporary and chiefly by American sculptors. The small octagon room is devoted to this department, and the well-known "Greek Slave" by Powers, a "Bacchante" by Galt, "Pensero" by Rinehart, and two or

Trombetta, are remarkable for their technical beauty, but are otherwise of slight importance. Although the collection of casts and original works in the department of plastic art affords to students a very tolerable comparative view of the subject, the paintings of the Corcoran Gallery seem to have been selected upon a different principle. The collection of pictures, occupying beautiful and spacious halls, ninety-five feet long by forty-four feet broad, flanked by two side galleries, is almost entirely modern, and, while containing some excellent work from well-known artists, has also a number of inferior rank. It is to be hoped that the trustees, in making additions to the gallery of paintings, may be able to procure some examples of the great masters of the Flemish, German, Spanish, and Italian schools of the Renaissance, and of the later English school, thus offering the student a symmetrical scale of comparison in judging of the growth of pictorial art.

The French and Italian schools of this century are quite fully represented by exam-

* An illustrated paper on Barye and his work will appear in a later issue of THE CENTURY.—ED.



PRINCIPAL FIGURE FROM LEROUX'S "VESTAL TUCCIA."

ples of greater or less merit, as is also the American school. There are only four good paintings by English artists,—Thomas Faed, Boughton, and Morland,—all well known, although not seen at their best here, except perhaps the latter, whose "Farm-house" gives one an excellent idea of the forcible, natural style of a painter who, with Constable and old Chrome, antedated by a generation the vigorous technique of the French school of Troyon, Rousseau, and Dupré. The English painters, so far as technical practice is concerned, especially in the laying on of color, have certainly not improved since the time of Morland, although they may be able to talk a great deal more scientifically about the principles of art.

The contemporary art of France, on the other hand, is here represented to a disproportionate degree, but it is fair to add that the examples are generally of a high character, and are adapted to illustrate some of the most recent phases of pictorial art abroad. Gérôme is represented by a large painting called "Cæsar Dead," the first composition of a work with which the public is familiar. In this copy, the figure of which is life-size, we see only the fallen corpse of the great

Cæsar, while in the other the group of conspirators is also visible flying in the distance. Of the two, the one in the Corcoran Gallery seems the more impressive. Like most of the works of this artist, it is quiet, almost dry, in color. Another painting which merits careful study, is Leroux's "The Vestal Tuccia," which took a second-class gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1874. The Vestal, accused of unchastity, stands on the bank of the Tiber with an uplifted sieve of water (as in the figure on this page), while observers are seen watching breathlessly on either side of the river to discover whether the sieve, by holding the water, will prove the virtue of the beautiful girl whose life is hanging on the test. A work of more brilliance in color is Kaemmerer's "Beach at Scheveningen." A native of Holland, this artist is, however, identified with the most recent school of French art, which has been strongly influenced by two such opposite artists as Corot and Fortuny. The leading principles of style advocated by these two painters are harmonized and carried almost to an extreme by the school of which Kaemmerer is a prominent disciple. "Values" and "textures" are apparently the watch-words of the art of this painter. The skill displayed by him in reproducing the fashionable groups on the beach of a noted European watering-place—all the delicate tints of dress and landscape adjusted on a perfectly modulated key of color, the admirable drawing and composition, the facile handling of pigments—all so surprises one by its dexterity that he unconsciously finds himself bestowing unqualified admiration on a school which is really not of the first order: a school which cares less for ideas than for form and color, and is satisfied with a realistic but superficial rendering of the externals of material things. At its best, though still undoubtedly excellent, it is not the highest kind of art; for that necessarily includes all this, and ideas besides. Cabanel is represented in the main picture-hall by a large canvas of a style of subject unusual to this painter of lovely women; it is called "The Death of Moses," and does not show the artist in his best vein, although it is a beautiful composition. Angels, almost colossal in size, are seen bearing the dead hero and prophet in their arms through the skies. "Charlotte Corday in Prison" is the title of a painting which is reputed to be one of the most popular in the gallery. It is by Charles Louis Müller, well known as the painter of the great historical composition entitled "The Last Victims of the Reign of Terror."

The late Romantic school of France, led by such men as Géricault, Delacroix, and De-camps, has an example here by Ary Scheffer,



SKETCHES FROM "ON THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN," BY KAEMMERER.

entitled "Count Eberhard." The count is represented weeping in an agony of grief over his dead son, whom he had alienated and then driven to seek his death in battle; while the more recent realistic school, now at the zenith of its influence, is, on the other hand, represented by one of the most characteristic works of Édouard Détaille, the well-known military painter, and pupil of Meissonier. Resembling his master in style, the younger artist, who is about thirty-four, has perhaps shown greater virility and action in his compositions. As yet inferior to De Neuville in tragic dramatization, Détaille is superior as a draughtsman, and is surpassed by no military painter in a knowledge of the details of war. In such a masterly composition as "Le Régiment qui Passe," showing a regiment defiling by the Porte St. Denis, in which a multitude of moving figures is rendered with precision and fidelity to nature, Détaille has placed himself among the foremost artists of the age. Vely, Comte, Japy, Émile Breton, St. Pierre, and Priou are among other recent French artists who have works in this gallery. That of Priou is a large, highly attractive composition called "A Family of Satyrs," representing an idyl of the primeval age of fable. The flesh tints of the figure in the foreground are exquisitely rendered. Recent Flemish art has three ex-

amples here: two interiors by De Brackeleer, and an important work by Portaels called "The Drought in Egypt." The contemporary Italian school of painting has several examples, of which one by Chierici, called "Fun and Fright"—a mischievous urchin startling his little sister—is a composition of undoubted merit, as it is also thoroughly popular in subject. A Swedish painter of the Munich school, Hugo Salomon, also has here a well-composed and attractive work suggesting festal life in the mining regions of Sweden.

Von Thoren, another representative of modern German art, has an admirable painting in this hall, consisting of two dogs lost on a winter's day. Two foreign paintings of merit, antedating this century, are found in this collection, of which one is a composition by





SOME COPYISTS.

Raphael Mengs, called "The Adoration of the Shepherds," formerly in the famous collection of Joseph Bonaparte. The other old painting referred to (which, however, is not owned by the gallery) is by some unknown artist of the Spanish school, and represents Columbus and his sons. In addition to the foreign paintings we have been able to mention, are a number of others, in some case of nearly equal merit. Besides this collection of foreign art, it is pleasant to state that there is also here a tolerable representation of our American painters. Most prominent among the paintings by native artists is a full-length portrait of the founder of the gallery, directly facing the entrance. It is by the late Charles Loring Elliott, one of the best portrait-painters this country has produced. Elliott appears to excellent advantage

in this masterly portrait. Close at hand we observe a thoughtful woodland scene by Durand, called "The Edge of the Forest," an upright representing a glimpse through a group of oaks, beyond which we catch glimpses of a tranquil lake. This is one of the most successful works of one of the earliest of American landscape-painters.

Three excellent examples of the imaginative genius of Thomas Cole hang on the same wall. The "Tornado" is a composition of much power, replete with imaginative force: a curtain of gloom is driving madly over the sky, and the trees are torn by the blast. But, while acknowledging the energy of the composition, we feel at the same time that it was painted too much under the influence of the stirring, but hardly natural canvases of Salvator Rosa. The rocks are



"TWILIGHT," BY LOUIS JAPY.

not like those we see in nature, and the foliage is conventional. "The Departure" and "The Return," by the same artist, form a pair, representing landscapes and groups of figures of the age of chivalry. The contemporary of Cole and Durand, and, like them, one of the three founders of American land-

scape art, Thomas Doughty, has an "Autumn Scene on the Hudson" in this gallery that is tender and silvery in tone and color. Frederick E. Church also contributes a characteristic South American view, called "Scenery of the Magdalena River," not to speak of his well-known painting of "Niagara Falls"; while



"THE WATERING-PLACE," BY SCHREYER.



"THE DRUM-MAJOR," BY ÉDOUARD DÉTAILLE.

Kensett is well represented by a sunset view on Lake George, which is stronger in technique, and more broad and spirited, than many others of his works. It is interesting in this connection to observe, in the small west-side gallery, an early painting by Inness, which, unlike his later method of broadly treating a subject, is carefully, almost laboriously finished, and effective in color. "The Drove at the Ford" is a good example of James Hart. There is also a clever brook scene by Whitredge in this gallery. The largest landscape painting in this hall is by Bierstadt,—a view of Mount Corcoran, in the Sierra Nevada.

In addition to the portrait by Elliott, already mentioned, the gallery is enriched by a good number of representative examples of the styles of some of our prominent historical *genre* and portrait painters. We find here

Huntington's "Mercy's Dream," "The Judgment of Paris," by Henry Peters Gray, and Leutze's "Cromwell and Milton"—not, however, one of his best works.

Frank B. Mayer, Ranney, Eastman Johnson, Hayes, the dog-painter, and Tait, are among the artists who represent American *genre* and sporting art in the galleries of painting; but it is to the work of the founder of American *genre* that we turn with most pleasure. Lacking the educational opportunities granted to his successors, William S. Mount produced, notwithstanding, some very satisfactory and entertaining pictures, thoroughly indigenous in character and treatment. We are glad to find such a good example of the American Wilkie in this gallery. Mount never painted a better picture than his "Long Story," in which he



"THE LOST DOGS," BY VON THOREN.

represents a well-known type of the bore and bar-room loafer tiring out the bystanders with one of his unconscionable yarns. Some idea of the importance of the collection of American portraits in the Corcoran Gallery may be gained when we state that it includes works by such artists as Stuart, Rembrandt Peale, Hard-
ing, Elliott, Inman, Vanderlyn, Sully, Waldo, and Le Clear,—all prominent, and several pre-
minent in the department of portraiture.

In this account of the Corcoran Gallery, of course only such works as seemed most im-

portant have been mentioned. We have not intended to criticise, but to make record. Some of the pictures are of a quality so inferior to the best of the collection that one is surprised to find them there, while their room might profitably be occupied by others showing the reigning fashions among our younger American artists. The arrangement of the various departments has been tastefully and judiciously managed by Mr. William Mac-
Leod, the able curator of the Gallery.

S. G. W. Benjamin.



A BRONZE BY BARYE.

SUMMER DROUGHT.

WHEN winter came the land was lean and sere,
There fell no snow, and oft from wild and field
In famished tameness came the drooping deer,
And licked the waste about the troughs congealed.

And though at spring we plowed and proffered seed,
It lay ungermed, a pillage for the birds;
And unto one low dam, in urgent need,
We daily drove the suppliant lowing herds.

But now the fields to barren wastes have run,
The dam a pool of oozing greenery lies,
Where knots of gnats hang reeling in the sun
Till early dusk, when tilt the dragon-flies.

All night the craw-fish deeper digs her wells,
As shows the clay that freshly curbs them round;
And many a random upheaved tunnel tells
Where ran the mole across the fallow-ground.

But ah, the stone-dumb dullness of the dawn,
When e'en the cocks too listless are to crow,
And lies the world as from all life withdrawn,
Unheeding and outworn and swooning low!

There is no dew on any greenness shed,
The hard-baked earth is split along the walks,
The very burs in stunted clumps are dead,
And mullein-leaves drop withered from the stalks.

Yet ere the noon, as brass the heaven turns,
The cruel sun smites with unerring aim,
The sight and touch of all things blinds and burns,
And bare, hot hills seem shimmering into flame!

On either side the shoe-deep dusted lane
The meager wisps of fennel scorch to wire:
Slow lags the team that drags an empty wain,
And, creaking dry, a wheel runs off its tire.

No flock upon the naked pasture feeds,
No blithesome "Bob-White" whistles from the fence;
A gust runs crackling through the brittle weeds,
And heat and silence seem the more intense!

On outspread wings a hawk, far poised on high,
Quick swooping screams, and then is heard no more:
The strident shrilling of a locust nigh
Breaks forth, and dies in silence as before.

No transient cloud o'erskims with flakes of shade
The landscape hazed in dizzy gleams of heat;
A dove's wing glances like a parried blade,
And western walls the beams in torrents beat.

So burning, low and lower still the sun,
In fierce white fervor, sinks anon from sight,
And so the dread, despairing day is done,
And dumbly broods again the haggard night!

J. P. Irwine.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

By the Author of "Eli" and "The Village Convict."

I.

CAPTAIN PHILO's sail-loft was a pleasant place to sit in, and it was much frequented. At one end was a wide, sliding door, that opened on the water, and through it you saw the little harbor and the low, glistening sand-bar at its entrance, and whitecaps in the sea beyond, and shining sails. At the other end another wide door led, by a gently descending cleated platform, to the ground.

It was a pleasant place to rest and refresh the mind in, whether you chose to look in or out. You could rock in the haircloth chair by the water-door, and join in conversation with more active persons mending seines upon the wharf; or you could dangle your heels from the work-bench and listen to stories and debates inside, and look on Captain Philo sewing upon a mainsail.

It was a summer afternoon: warm under the silver poplars, hot in the store, and hotter in the open street; but in the sail-loft it was cool.

"More than once," Captain Bennett was remarking from the rocking-chair, while his prunella shoes went up and down: "more than once I've wished that I could freight this loft to Calcutta on speculation, and let it out, so much a head, for so long a time, to set in and cool off."

"How about them porous water-jars they hev there?" asked Uncle Silas, who had never sailed beyond Cape Pogue; "how do they work?"

"Well," said the captain, "they're so-so. But you set up this loft, both doors slid open, air drawing through and all, right on Calcutta main street, or what they call the Maiden's Esplanade, and fit it up with settees like a conference meeting, and advertise, and you could let out chances to set for fifty cents an hour."

"You'd hev to hev a man to take tickets to the door," said Uncle Silas, who had been looking for an easy job for forty years.

"That's Si all over," said Captain Bennett, with a wink; "that berth would be just his size."

"Well," said Uncle Silas, faintly smiling, "'tis no use rubbin' the fur the wrong way; stroke the world from head to tail is my rule."

"Speaking of folks being easy," said Cap-

tain Bennett, "it seems there's quite a little story about David Prince's voyage on the *Viola*."

"I thought he went off whaling rather in a hurry," said Captain Philo, "and if it had been 'most anybody else, I should have thought there was something up."

"It seems," said Captain Bennett, "it was like this: You know, Delia wasn't much over ten years old when her mother died, along a piece after her father, and she come to live with us. And you know how she was almost like one of the family. Well, about eight years ago, when she'd got to be towards nineteen, it was then that David first set out to shine up to her, and when he begun to come home from singing-school with her that winter, and got to coming to the house quite often the next spring along, I begun to feel a little shaky. Finally, one Sunday afternoon I was sitting out on the porch and she was singing hymns inside,—you know she was always singing,—and I called to her to come out and sit down alongside of me, and says I:

"'Delia, it can't be you're thinking of taking up with David Prince?'

"Well, she flared a little, but finally says she:

"'Why shouldn't I, or anybody that has the chance, take David Prince?'

"'Well,' says I, 'I don't think you need to ask why; I should say that a smart girl wouldn't want more than to travel once along the Lower Road and see those two run-down houses, one deserted, and the other, handy by, about as bad, and the barn across the road, that was raised and boarded in over forty years ago, and never shingled, and stood so till it's all rotted and sunk in.'

"'What's that got to do with David?' says she.

"'It's got this to do with David,' says I, 'that his father and his Uncle Ezekiel and their father before them—good, kindly men—all seemed to settle, settle, somehow; and it was all to-morrow, and to-morrow, with 'em;' and then I told Delia how they sold off their wood and then their land, piecemeal, all but the spot where the old buildings stand, —and that's worth nothing.'

"'And that's the way,' says I, 'it'll be with David when he gets over being a boy and settles down; it's in the blood, and I

don't want to see you, Delia, keel-hauled there—”

“Like David's mother—Prudence Frost, that was—” said Uncle Silas; “originally she was a good, smart girl, and full of jingle; but, finally, she give up and come to it—lef' sweepin'-day out o' the almanic, washed dishes in cold water, and made up beds at bed-time; and when she ironed a shirt, jes' s' likely 'n not she'd iron a hoss-fly right into the bosom—”

“And lived a dog's life generally,” said Captain Bennett. “So I laid the whole thing out to Delia, the best way I knew how.

“Well,” says she, ‘I know you mean my good, Captain Bennett, but I shall take my chances.’ And so she did. Well —”

“Speakin' o' the barn,” said Uncle Silas, “do you remember that high shay that David's father hed? I was up to the Widow Pope's vendew the day he bid it off. He managed to spunk up so fur's to hitch the shafts under his team and fetch the ve-hicle home, and then he hedn't no place to put it up out o' the weather, and so he druv' it along under that big Bald'n apple-tree that used to stand by the pantry window, on the north side o' the house, and left it there with the shafts clawin' down in the ground. Then the talk was, he was goin' to build him a sort of a little tabernacle for it before winter set in, and he hed down a load of lumber from Uncle Joe's mill and hed it dumped down alongside o' the shay. But the shay was never once hitched up, nor the tabernacle built, and the timber and the shay jes' set there, side by side, seein' who'd speak first, for twenty year, to my certain knowledge; and you go by there when it was blowin' fre'i, and the old curtings would be flappin' in and out, black and white, —till finally the whole arrangement sunk out o' sight. I guess there's more or less wrack there now, if you sh'd go poke in the grass.”

“It was thirty-one year ago, come October, that he bought the shay,” said Captain Philo; “it was the fall I was cast away on the Tombstones, and lost every dollar I had. I remember it because the old man came down to the house of his own accord, when I got home, and let me have two hundred dollars. He'd just been selling the West New Field, and when he'd sold land and had money on hand, it was anybody's that wanted it. But what was it about David's going off so sudden on the *Viola*?”

“Oh, yes, I forgot my errand,” said Captain Bennett; “and now I've got adrift in my story, and I shall have to take an observation; let's see, where was I?”

“Delia allowed she'd take her chances,” said Uncle Silas.

“Oh, yes,” said Captain Bennett. “Well, you know how it was when they got married: David fixed the old house up a little, and Mother put in some furniture and things for her, and all went on first-rate awhile; and then you know how David begun to settle, settle, just the old way; couldn't seem to keep up to the wind; appeared to carry a lee hel-m, somehow; and Delia begun to take in work and go out to work, and quit singing. She never said a word, even to my wife, but I could see 't it cut her a good deal—”

“But all this time,” said Uncle Silas, “she's kep' up smart,—allers hed a high crower's feather in her bunnet, and kep' her little boys a-lookin' like nine-shillin' dolls.”

“I shouldn't have ever called David lazy,” said Captain Philo. “He couldn't seem to make up his mind what to do next, that's all; but get him going—you remember how he worked at Jason's fire; and I know of my own knowledge he was in the surf for sixteen hours, when the Norwegian bark was pounding on the Bar.”

“I think there's some folks,” said Uncle Silas, “that their mind works all the time—runs a day gang and runs a night gang. You know how a hard sum'll shake itself out in your head overnight; and I think it's the most nat'r'al thing that a man with an A No. 1 active mind should feel sort of tired all the time, and yet not know what ails him. George, wont you jes' git up and hand me that pipe—you aint doin' nothin'.”

“However it was,” said Captain Bennett, “Delia saw that he was drifting to leeward, and she was worried. Well, you know when the reformation set in, that winter, and run crowded houses,—one night in the West Church and the next in the other. One night David surprised his wife by going; and he set in a back seat, and come away and said nothing; and the same the next night; and the same for seven or eight nights right along. Finally, one night, they had a pretty searching sermon,—‘Choose ye this day’ et cetera,—and I suppose the Deacon, here, was rather expecting David to rise for prayers; but, instead of that, as soon as amen was said, he gets right up, and off he goes, and leaves Delia there, without saying a word to her or to anybody, and goes right up to Captain Westcott's house and agrees to ship. And glad enough Captain W. was to have him, and next day off he went. Now here he is, gone two years and over, and comes home night before last; his lay'll figure out five hundred dollars; and the biggest thing is,—here the Captain brought down his heavy hand, for emphasis, on Uncle Silas's knee,—“that

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Delia's kept herself and the children, and never drawn one cent against the voyage; so they've got the whole clear, and they've been up this morning early and traded for the Callender place, and they're going to move up there to-morrow. And I guess he means business now."

"But they don't git paid off till Monday," said Uncle Silas. "They're all goin' up to town to be paid off then."

"Well, he moves in to-morrow, anyway," said Captain Bennett. "Monday night, I believe, he's going to pay down what he has, and take a deed, and give a mortgage back for the balance."

But Uncle Silas gravely shook his head.

"I can't endorse this runnin' in haste," he said. "I never, in all my experience, knew a man before to buy real estate without sort of goin' up street and talkin' it over, and comparin' notes 'round generally. Now we could have given him points down here about the Callender place."

"Oh, he's made a good trade there," said Captain Bennett.

"That all may be," said Uncle Silas, "but it's the principle, not the five cents, 't I'm lookin' at. I should have hed more faith in his holdin' out if he hadn't jumped quite so quick. 'Slow bind, fast find,' I say."

Captain Bennett rose and drew on a grass-cloth coat that showed his suspenders through.

"I must be on my winding way," he said. "But did you hear how close he came to never coming back? No? Well, it was like this: It was blowing a gale, and considerable sea on, one night when they were rounding Cape Horn on the home voyage, and she was pitching pretty bad, and David was out on the jib-boom taking in jib, and somehow she pitched with a jerk, so he lost his hold and went off, and, as he fell in the dark, naturally he struck out both hands, blind, like this; and he just happened to catch, by sheer accident, a gasket that was hanging from the jib-boom, and so he saved himself by a hair's breadth. And when he came up they thought it was his ghost."

"Well, I always make it a point to look on the bright side, without exception," said Uncle Silas; "nevertheless, I prophesy it wont be two years before he'll have the place all eat up, and sold out under the mortgage. This jumpin' so quick,—looks as if he was sca't to trust himself for a day."

"Well, we shall see," said Captain Bennett; "time will tell."

THERE are many little farms along the New England sea-board, which the currents of life,

diverted from ancient channels, have left one side, pleasant and home-like often, but of small money value. The Callender place was such a farm.

It lay a mile from the village, in a hamlet of half-a-dozen dwellings. There was a substantial house, with four large rooms below, besides an L kitchen, and above, two sunny chambers, each with a dormer and a gable window. From the front fence projected, for a hitching-post, a Minerva, carved from wood, —a figure-head washed up years before from the wreck of a brig, with the bodies of the crew.

The house was on a little elevation, and looked across the road, near which it stood, and over a sloping field or two, to sea. From the windows you could count the sail in the North Channel, and look down the coast and follow with the eye the long, low curving line of shore until at Indian Point it vanished; or look up shore ten miles to where the coast-line ended in a bold, wooded headland, which seemed, by a perpetual mirage, to bear foliage so lofty as to show daylight through beneath the branches. At night you could see the flash of the revolving light on Windmill Rock and the constant rays from the light-ship on the Rips. So that by day or night you could never be lonesome, unless, perhaps, on some thick night, when you could see no light, and could only hear a grating knell from the bell-buoy, and could seem to see, through the white darkness, the waters washing over its swaying barrel.

There was a good-sized, boarded barn, well shingled on the roof, with hay-mows, and with room for two or three cows and a horse and a wagon, and with wide doors "fore and aft," as the neighbors put it; through its big front door you could look out to sea. Then there were twenty acres of land, including a wood-lot which could be thinned out every year to give one all his fire-wood; and what was cut would hardly be missed.

Such was the place which, on the death of the Widow Callender, had been offered for sale for eight hundred dollars. For months it had stood empty, stormed by all the sea-winds, lit up by the sun, when at last an unexpected buyer had turned up in David Prince.

IT was a happy Sunday that he passed with his little family at the new home. They went all over the house again and again, and looked from every window, and planned where flower-frames should be put, to take the sun. Then, going out of doors, they inspected the revolving clothes-drier, which David, with a seaman's instinct, had already rigged with four little sloops, to sail about on

the ends of the projecting arms, on Mondays, tacking after shirts and stockings. Then they went to the barn, and David showed how he was going to cover the sides with spruce shingles, so that he could have a warm place to work in in the winter. Then they went over the fields, and planned a garden for the next spring; and then they went down to the shore, and, where a little arm of the sea made in, David showed where he would haul up his dory, and would keep his boat when he could afford to get one together: in the meantime he was going to fish on shares with Jacob Foster, who lived a few rods up the road. Then they all strolled back to the house, and dined on shore-birds shot on Saturday afternoon, and new potatoes and turnips which Jacob Foster had brought in.

After dinner, they all sat at the front windows, in the room which they were pleased to call the parlor, David holding on his knees the two oldest boys, delighted with the recovery of such a Sindbad of a father, while the third, still a little shy of him, stood by his mother. David told of the voyage, repeating, by request, full half-a-dozen times, the story of the night when he was snapped off the end of the jib-boom; to do which he had to set the boys down and stand, to make the swift, sudden clutch, with his eyes shut, at the towing rope; at which the boys screamed on every repetition.

After supper, David and his wife, leaving the children to go to bed at the first flash from the Windmill, went to church.

They took the same back seat which they had the night that David shipped. There was much the same scene before them. There was bald-headed Deacon Luce, in his usual Damocles' seat exactly beneath the dangling chandelier, which children watched in morbid hope of a horror; there was the president of the Dorcas society, a gray-haired matron who had navigated home a full-rigged ship from the Gold Coast; there were grave-faced men who, among them, could have charted half the globe; in the pulpit was the same old-fashioned, bookish man, who, having led his college class, had passed his life in this unknown parish, lost in delight, in his study, in the great Athenian's handling of the presumptuous Glaucon, or simply unfolding parables in his pulpit.

That former night came vividly back to Delia Prince. Through the opening hymn, in which she did not join; through the story of the Feast in Simon's House, she was thinking of the time when David told her he had shipped, and she had made up her mind to save a home.

But in the second hymn she joined; and

in her joy she forgot herself and sang—as she had been used to sing when she was the leader of all the singing; and in a moment every one knew that she was there.

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace."

II.

"M. ISAACS" was over the door; M. Isaacs was within. Without, three golden balls were hanging, like apples of the Hesperides; within was an array of goods which the three balls had brought in.

M. Isaacs was walking to and fro behind the counter, and briskly rubbing his hands.

"My good wife Sarah," he said, with a strong Semitic accent; "those sudden, raw East winds! I am so frozen as I was enjoying myself upon the skating-rink,—and here it is the summer. Where is that long spring overcoat that German man hypotecated with us last evening? Between the saddle and the gold-lace uniform, you say?"

And taking it down, by means of a long, hooked pole, he put it on. It covered his ears and swept the ground: "It make me look like Aaron in those pictures," he said.

It would have been a grasping disposition that could not be suited with something from out M. Isaacs's stock. It would have been hard to name a faculty of the human soul or a member of the human body to which it could not lend aid and comfort. A musical person could draw the wailing bow or alternate the accordion; could pucker at the pensive flute, or beat the martial, soul-arousing drum. One stripped, as it were, on his way to Jericho, could slink in here and select for himself a fig-leaf from a whole Eden of cut-away coats and wide-checkered trowsers, all fitting "to surprise yourself;" and could even be sure of finding a pair of boots, of whatever size was needed, of the very finest custom hand-work—a misfit, made for a gentleman in New York. A devout man, according to his leanings, could pray from the prayer-book of an impoverished Episcopalian, or sing from the hymn-book of an insolvent Baptist.

"So help me gracious!" M. Isaacs used to say, raising his shoulders and opening wide his palms, "when you find a man so ungrateful that he cannot be fitted out with somethings from my stock, I really suppose you couldn't fit that man out in Paradise."

M. Isaacs was looking nervous. But it was not by the images which his ordinary stock in trade would naturally cause to arise

that he was disturbed—images of folly, improvidence, and distress. There was hardly an article in the shop, except the new plated jewelry in the window, that was not suggestive of misery or of sin; but in M. Isaacs's well-poised mind no morbid fancies rose. "Those hard winters makes me cheerful," he was wont to say in the fall; "they makes the business lively."

Still M. Isaacs was a little troubled this afternoon, and, singularly enough, about a most happy purchase that he had just made, at ninety per cent. below value. There the articles lay upon the counter: a silk hat and a long soutout, a gold-headed cane and a pair of large rubbers; a young man's Derby hat and overcoat and rattan cane, and a pair of arctics; a lady's bonnet and dolman and arctics; a young girl's hat with a soft bird's-breast, and her seal-skin sack and arctics; besides four small boys' hats and coats and arctics. It seemed as if some modern Elijah, a family man, expectant of translation, had made with thrifty forethought an "arrangement" that Isaacs's shop should be the point of departure, and flying off in joyous haste, with wife and children, had left the general raiment on the counter. You would naturally have looked for a sky-lit hole in the ceiling.

"So help me gracious!" said M. Isaacs, turning the articles over, "I suppose there's some policemen just so wicked and soospicious to say I must know those garments are stolen—scooped off some hat-tree at one grab."

"Why do you enter dose on de book togedder?" said Mrs. Isaacs. "If you put dose separate on de book, how de police-man know dey came in togedder?"

"That is a great danger, Sarah. That's just the way they fix our good friend Greenbaum. Wen they caught the thief, and he told them where he sold some things, and Greenbaum had put down those earrings and those bracelets and that Balmoral skirt for three different times, they said he must know those things was stolen—if not, why did he put those things down different from each other?

"But so help me gracious," he added, presently, "I have not the least soospicions, like the babes unborn, those goods are stolen. The man that brought them in was very frank, and very much of a gentleman; and he lay his hand upon his bosom-pin, and swore he sold those things because he had no more use for them,—his family all sick of tyvoid fever, and could not live the week out. But I suppose there's some policemen just soooispicious to say I must know those things are stolen."

"And so cruel soospicions," said Mrs. Isaacs; "and your heart so pure and white

like your shirt-bosom." She meant his ideal shirt-bosom.

"Just like those evil-minded policemen," he said. "You remember how they locked up our old friend Abrahamson? So help me gracious! sent that good old man to prison, just because he bought two gold watches and two pairs of gold spectacles and an ivory-handled knife and two empty pocket-books and two silk umbrellas and a seal ring and two bunches of keys and two black wigs from a red-headed laboring man; they said he must know that two old gentlemen were robbers of that personal property."

But here his attention was diverted by the sight of two men, seamen to appearance, who were looking into the show-window.

"I like so much," he said, "to see the public enjoying themselves in my window; it give them so happy pleasure to see those lovely things; and often they come in and buy somethings. This young man," he added, after a pause, "seem to admire those broad neck-wear; looks at both those two,—the Four-in-hand and the Frolic."

"I tink he look more at de Frolic," said Mrs. Isaacs; "I tink he would come in if you go outside and take him by de arm like a true frient, and bring him in. My broder Moses walk outside de whole day long, and take each man when he go by and talk to him like his own broder, wid tears in his eyes, and make dem come in and buy somedings."

But M. Isaacs only wrapped the long coat more closely about his linen garments and watched the younger man as he turned his eyes away from the Four-in-hand and the Frolic and bent them on the trays in which were glittering tiers of rings and pins, and rows of watches labeled "Warrented genuine, \$14;" "Dirt-cheap, \$8.75;" "Doct's Watch, Puls-counting, \$19.50."

"He look like he had some money," said Mrs. Isaacs. "Perhaps he would come in and buy a watch if you go out and pull him in. How can he buy someding trough de glass? My broder Moses say: 'So many folks is bashful.'"

But at last the men, after talking awhile, apparently, of the goods in the window, came in.

"What's the price of some of those earrings in the window?" said the younger. "Let's see what you've got for a couple of dollars or so."

"So help me gracious!" said Isaacs, as he took from the show-window three or four cards of plated ear-rings. "I knew you would come in to buy somethings. Wen I saw you look in—the very first moment—I say to my wife: 'There is a good young

man that will give a present to some lovely young lady.' Yes, sir, the very words I said to Sarah."

"What's the price of this pair? I haven't got any girl to treat, but I've just got paid off for a whaling voyage, and my lay figured up a twenty-dollar bill above what I expected, and I don't care if I lay out a couple of dollars more on my wife, besides what I've brought home for her."

"Well, sir," said M. Isaacs, "the good wife is the very best jewelry. Those are two dollars. But only study this pair. Hold those up to the light and take a bird's-eye view through those lovely stones, so round and large, like green peas. Now look. So! Now let your friend look!"

"I'm no judge," said the other man, "I know what pleases me—that's all. But those would make a great display, David, wouldn't they?"

"You're right, sir," said Isaacs. "Display is the very word. My wife wear just the twins of this pair to the congregation every Saturday."

Mrs. Isaacs raised her eyebrows: she wore nothing but diamonds.

"What's the price of these green ones?" asked David.

M. Isaacs shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose those are the finest articles of the kind in the whole creation," he said. We can let you have those to-day," and he lowered his voice to a whisper, and put his hand up beside his mouth, "to close out stock—for six dollars. They cost us only last week eight-fifty, but we are obliged to reduce stock prior to removal; the building is to be taken down."

"I would like those tip-top; but, I don't know—it's a good deal of money for gewgaws; my wife would take me to do for it; I guess I must keep to the two-dollar ones. I come pretty hard by my dollars, and a dollar means a good deal to me just now."

"But just once look again," said Isaacs, and he stepped briskly behind his wife and held up an ear-ring to each of her ears. "See them on a chaste and lovely form. With these your wife will be still more lovely. All those other men will say: 'Where did that graceful lady find so rich ear-rings?' You will see they are a great success: her most bosom friends will hate her; they will turn so green like the grass on the ground with envy. It is a great pleasure when my wife wears those kind: her very sisters cannot speak for anger, and her own mother looks so rigid like the Cardiff Giant."

"Well, I guess I shall have to take them," said David, "and you'll have to wrap them

right up: we haven't got more than about time to get the train, have we, Calvin?"

"So help me gracious!" said M. Isaacs, "is there no time to sell our friend Calvin a pair? He will repent not to secure those other pair, until his dying day; so sorry like he lose his ship some day upon those rocks. I suppose there is no others like those in the whole creation."

But he wrapped the purchase up in a bit of white paper and gave David Prince four trade dollars in change for a ten-dollar bill, and the two men went out, leaving M. Isaacs free to attend to a timid woman in black who had just come in to raise fifty cents upon a ring, while Mrs. Isaacs looked after a carpenter who proposed to pawn his edge-tools for rent-money.

M. Isaacs waved his hand and smiled as the men went out of the door. "You will find they are a success, to surprise yourself," he called out: "her most bosom friends will writh and scream with envy."

THE winding line of the long New England coast faces the sea, in its sweeping curves, in every direction. From the Callendar place, the ocean lay to the south. Though elsewhere east winds might be blowing harsh upon the coast, here, almost every day, and all day long, in summer, the southwest wind came pouring in from the expanse of waters, fresh and cool, boisterous often, but never chill; and even winds from the east lost edge in crossing miles of pitch-pine woods, of planted fields, of sandy ponds, of pastures, and came in softened down and friendly.

A gentle breeze was drifting in from sea. All day long it had been blowing, salt and strong and riotous, tossing the pine-tops, bending the corn, swaying the trees in the orchards; but now it was preparing to die away, as was its wont, at sundown, to give to the woods, the corn-fields, and the orchards a little space of rest and peace, before it should rise again in the early evening to toss them all night long. The blue of the sky was blue in the water. Every object stood out sharp and clear. Down the low, curving shore-line, curls of smoke rose from distant roofs, and on the headland, up the coast, the fairy forest in the air was outlined with precision. Distant ships were moving, like still pictures, on the horizon, as if that spell was laid on them which hushed the enchanted palace. There was just sea enough to roll the bell-buoy gently, and now and then was rung an idle note of warning. Three fishing-boats lay anchored off the Spindle, rising and falling, and every now and then a sea broke on the rock. On the white sand-beach, waves were

rolling in, dying softly away along the shore, or heavily breaking, with a long, flying line of foam.

The sun was fast descending. Delia Prince went out to the corner of the house and shaded her eyes to look at the sunset. The white clouds turned to a flaming red, and the reflection dyed to crimson the surface of the creeks; the sun descended toward the wooded bluff that flanked the bay, sent a thousand shattered, dazzling rays through the trees, and disappeared.

The red of the clouds and the red of the water gave place to gray. The wind died down. The silence was intense: all the more marked because of the few sharp sounds that broke it now and then. Across the bay, near shore, a man was raking oysters; he stood in the stern of his skiff, and the bow was up in the air. Near by a girl was driving sluggish cows along the beach, and her shrill cries came over the water; by a cottage on the bank a boy was chopping brush upon a block, and Delia watched the silent blows, and heard the sound come after, and she smiled as she looked; for every night she saw the boy's mother stand at the door to call him, and saw him come reluctant to his task.

There was a sense of friendly companionship in all these homely sights and sounds. It was different from the old house, shut in close by a second growth of birch and oak.

The table was standing ready for a late supper. The children had gone for berries to the Island, and they would soon come home, and David was due, too, with his money.

She smiled as he appeared. The ascent to the brow of the hill was so sharp that first you saw a hat in movement, then a head, then shoulders, body, legs, and feet. She ran quickly down the road to meet him, and took his arm.

"You couldn't catch the noon train?" she said. "Captain Wells stopped at the door a little while ago to see what time we should be down to get the deed, and luckily I told him that we might not be down until into the evening. He said he'd stay at home and wait till we came."

"Delia," said David, when he had seated himself in the house, "I've got bad news to tell you, and I may as well out with it first as last."

"You haven't shipped for another whaling voyage?"

"No; that would be nothing," he said.

Delia stood and looked at him.

"Well," she said, "didn't you get as much as you counted on?"

"Yes,—twenty more."

"It isn't anything about the children? I expect them home every minute."

"No."

"Delia," he said, "you was a great fool ever to have me. You ought to have taken advice."

"What is the matter?" she said. "Why don't you tell me?"

"I've lost the money," he said. "The Captain warned me how apt a sea-faring man is to lose money,—but I didn't take any heed, and I went off with Calvin Green—"

"With Calvin Green! What did I tell you!" she said.

"Wait a minute—and I stopped into a jewelry store and bought you a pair of ear-rings, and I came off and left my wallet on the counter, the way that fool Joe Bassett did, to Gloucester. When I went back, the rascal claimed he never saw me before—said he didn't know me from the Prophet Samuel, as if I was born that minute. And now they'll all say—and it's true—that I'm a chip of the old block, and that I'm bound to come out at the little end. There!" he said, as he opened a little parcel and took out the ear-rings. "There's what's left of five hundred and twenty dollars, and you must make the most of 'em. Hold 'em up to the light and see how handsome they are. I don't know, after all, but they are worth while for a man to pitch overboard off Cape Horn and harpoon whales two years for. All is, just tell folks they cost five hundred dollars and they are just as good as hen's-egg diamonds."

"In fact, I don't know but I sort o' like the situation," he went on, in a moment. "It seems sort of natural and home-like. I would have felt homesick if I'd really succeeded in getting this place paid for. 'Twould have seemed like getting proud, and going back on my own relations. And then it'll please everybody to say 'I told you so.' There'll be high sport round town, when it gets out and we back water down to the old place."

"Come, say something, Delia!" he said, in a moment. "Why don't you say something about it? Don't you care that the money's lost, that you stand there and don't say a word, and look at nothing?"

"I don't want to say anything now," she said. "I want to think."

"WELL!" said Captain Bennett, the next day, to his wife. "Delia's got more spunk! I should have felt like laying right down in the shafts, in her place; but instead of that, to actually go and talk them into letting her keep the Callender place and pay for it so much a month! And David's signed a paper to do it."

"I guess if the truth was known," said

Mrs. Bennett, knitting on, "that, come to think it over, she was more scared of David's settling back than she was for losing the money."

"She's got a pull on him now," said the captain, "anyway, for if he once agrees to a thing he always does it."

III.

No one fully knows the New England autumn who has not seen its colors on the extreme Old Colony sea-board. There are no mountain ranges, opening out far reaches of burning maples; but there are miles of salt-marsh, spreading as far as the eye can reach, cut by countless creeks, displaying a vast expanse of soft, rich shades of brown; there are cranberry-meadows of twenty, thirty, or fifty level acres, covered with matted vines and crimson with berries; there are deserted pastures, bright with golden-rod and asters. And everywhere along the shores, against the dark pine woods, are the varied reds of oaks, of blackberry vines, of woodbine, and of sumach.

It was a bright fall afternoon; most of the boats were in, and lay near shore before the sail-loft door; the sails were up to dry—for it had been wet outside—looking doubly white against the colors of the shore.

In the sail-loft they were telling stories.

"No, I don't think myself," said Deacon Luce, from the rocking-chair, "that ministers always show what we call horse sense. They used to tell a story of Parson Allen, that preached in the Old Town, in my father's time, that pleased me. One spring the parson took a notion to raise a pig. So he went down to Jim Barrows, that lived there handy by, and says he, 'Mr. Barrows, I hear you have a litter of young pigs, and I should like to have one to raise.' So Jim he got his stilyards and weighed him out one, and the minister paid him, and Jim he sent it up. Well, the minister kep' it some three months, and he used to go out every day and put on his spectacles and take his scythe down from the apple-tree and mow pig-weed for him, and he bought corn-meal to feed him up with, and one way and another he laid out a good deal on him. The pig fattened well, but the whole, incessant time he was either rooting out and gitting into the garden, or he'd ketch his foot in behind the trough and squeal like mad, or something else, so that the minister had to keep leaving his sermon-writing to straighten him out, and the minister's wife complained of the squealing when she had company. And so the parson decided to heave the enterprise up, and Jim sent up and took the pig back. Come to

settle, 'How do we stand?' says the minister. Oh, just as you say,' says Jim, 'I'll leave it to you.' 'Well,' says the minister, 'on the one hand you've got back a pig that you've ben paid for; but, on the other hand, I've had the use of him for some three months,—and so I guess we're square.'

"Talking of preachers," said Caleb Parker, "reminds me of a story they tell of Uncle Cephas Bascom, of Northhaven. Uncle Cephas was a shoemaker, and he never went to sea much, only to anchor his skiff in the Narrows abreast of his house, and catch a mess of scup, or to pole a load of salt-hay from Sanquitt Island. But he used to visit his married daughter, in Vermont, and up there they knew he come from the sea-board, and they used to call him 'Captain Bascom.' So, one time when he was there, they hed a Sabbath-school concert, and nothing would do but 'Captain Bascom' must talk to the boys, and tell a sea-yarn, and draw a moral, the way the Deacon, here, does." The Deacon gravely smiled, and stroked his beard. "Well, Uncle Cephas was ruther pleased with his name of 'Captain Bascom,' and he didn't like to go back on it, and so he flaxed round to git up something. It seems he had heard a summer boarder talk in Sabbath-school, at Northhaven; he told how a poor boy minded his mother, and then got to tend store, and then kep' store himself, and then he jumped it on them: 'That poor boy,' says he, 'now stands before you.' So Uncle Cephas thought him up a similar yarn. Well, he had never spoke in meeting before, and he hemmed and hawed some, but he got on quite well while he was telling about a certain poor boy, and all that, and how the boy when he grew up was out at sea, in an open boat, and saw a great sword-fish making for the boat *Hail Columbia*, and bound to stave right through her and sink her,—and how this man he took an oar, and give it a swing, and broke the critter's sword square off; and then Uncle Cephas,—he'd begun to git a little flustered—he stopped short, and waved his arms, and says he, 'Boys, what do you think! That sword-fish now stands before you!'

"I cal'late that brought the house down."

Captain Philo, who had laid down his three-cornered sail-needle, to listen to this exciting story, re-adjusted the leather thimble that covered his palm, and began to sew again. Uncle Silas, sitting near the water-door, in his brown overalls made with a breast-apron and suspender-straps, looked out at the boats. A silence fell on the company.

It was broken by Calvin Green.

"A man was telling me rather a curious story, the other night," he said. "I was just

explaining to him exactly how 'twas that David Prince lost his money, and so he told this :

"There was a boy that was clerk in a store, and one day they sent him over to the bank to git some money. It was before the war, and the bank gave him twenty ten-dollar gold pieces. But when he got back to the store there was one short. The boy hadn't nothing to say. He admitted he hadn't dropped none, because he'd put 'em in a leather bag where he couldn't lose one without he lost all, and the cashier knew he hadn't made any mistake. The storekeeper he heard the story, and then he put his hand on the boy's shoulder, and says he, 'I don't know what to make o' this, but I believe this boy,' says he, 'and we'll just drop it and say no more about it.' So it run along, and the next day that it rained, one of the clerks in the store took down an old umbrella, and, come to unfurl it, out falls a ten-dollar gold piece. Seems that the boy had that umbrella that day, and hooked it on to the counter in the bank, by the handle, and one of the coins must have slid off into it when he was countin' 'em, and then he probably didn't spread the umbrella coming back. And, as this man said that was telling me: it don't do to bet too much on suspicion. Now, only for that Jew's being such a hard character, according to the newspapers, I should be loth to charge him with taking David's money; I should say David might have lost it somewhere else."

Nobody spoke. Captain Bennett whistled softly.

"I never felt so bad in my life," continued Green, "as I did when he missed his money. When we come up into the depot he was telling me a kind of a comical story about old Jim Törrey, how he wanted to find out if all his hens was laying, or if any of 'em was disposed to shirk, and he got him a pass-book ruled in columns, and opened a ledger account with every hen, by a name he give her; and we got up to the ticket-window, and he put his hand into his breast-pocket for his wallet —by George, I've seen him chaff and joke, sort of quiet, when we was going to ride under every minute, but he turned as white then as that new mainsail, and off he went, like a shot. But 'twas no use. Of course, the jewelry fellow wouldn't disgorge on David's say-so, without no proof.

"It was like this," he went on; "the counter was here,—and David stood here,—and I was here,—and we both come off together. But I tell you,—the way David looked when he put in his hand for his wallet! He stopped laughing, as if he see a ghost; I can't get it out of my head. And how the man that

stole the money can stand it I can't figure out."

"Perhaps he's calloused," said the Deacon, "by what the paper said the other night about his buying a parcel of clothes hooked out of some man's entry. We concluded 'twas the same man—by the name."

"Can't believe all that's in the paper," said Perez Todd; "you know the paper had me to be married, once; the boys put it in for fun; they made up the name for the female, I guess, for I've been kind of shyin' round for her this ten year, and haven't seen no such woman."

"Yes, sir, he's a hard ticket," said Green; "that's so every time. Well, I must be going; I agreed to go and help Elbridge over at half flood."

"Half flood about five," said Captain Bennett; "you haven't any great time to spare."

Green went to the shore, rattled a skiff down over the beach to the water, and pulled away, with quick, short strokes. First the skiff was cut off from sight by the marsh-bank; then the rower's head alone was seen above the tall brown grasses; and then he pulled around the bend and was lost to view behind a mass of flaming woodbine; and still, in the distance, could be heard across the water the rattle of his oars in the thole-pins.

"Well, Silas?" said Captain Bennett.

"Well?" said Uncle Silas.

"Oh! I've nothing to say," said Captain Bennett.

"Nor I," said Uncle Silas.

"Calvin's always seemed to be a good-hearted fellow," said Captain Philo, "since he's lived here."

"Oh, yes," said Captain Bennett; "seems to feel for David surprisingly. Told me all about the losing the money, told my wife, told my boy, told Uncle Joe, told our minister, told the Doctor, told Zimri Cobb, told Cyrus Bass, told Captain John Wells, told Patrick Coan; and proves it out to 'em all that 'twas the Jew that did it."

"Kind of zealous, like the Apostle Paul supplying the pulpit to the Gentiles," said the Deacon; "wont let alone of a man, till he gives in 't the Hebrew's in the wrong."

"But I've nothing to say," said Captain Bennett.

"Oh no, nor I," said Uncle Silas.

From the distance, borne on the gentle breeze, a click as even as a pulse-beat came faintly over the water.

"He may be a good-hearted fellow," said the Deacon; "but I don't know as I hanker to be the man that's pulling in that skiff. But then, that may be simply and solely because I prefer a hair-cloth rocker to a skiff."

"**DELIA,**" said David Prince to his wife, one afternoon; "Calvin Green has bought four tickets to that stereopticon show that's going to be in the West Church to-night, and he gave me two, for you and me."

"I don't want his tickets," she replied, ironing away at the sunny window.

"Now, what's the use of talking that way?" said her husband, "as much as to say—"

"I have my opinion," she said.

"Well," said her husband, "I think it's a hard way to use a man, just because he happened to be by when I lost my money."

"I'll tell you," said Delia, stopping her work; "we will go, and all I'll say is this,—you see if after the lecture's over he doesn't find a text in it to talk about our money. Now you just wait and see—that's all."

"**LADIES** and gentlemen," said the lecturer, standing by a great circle of light thrown on the wall, behind the pulpit, "I have now, with a feeling of awe befitting this sacred place, thus given you, in the first part of my lecture, a succinct view of the origin, rise, and growth of the globe on which, as the poet has justly said, 'we dwell.' I have shown you—corroborating scripture—the earth, without form and void, the awful monsters of the Silurian age, and Man in the Garden of Eden.

"I now invite you to journey with me—as one has said—'across the continent.'

Traveling has ever been viewed as a means of education. Thus Athenian sages sought the learning of the Orient. Thus may we this evening, without toil or peril, or expense beyond the fifteen cents already incurred for the admission-fee, journey in spirit from the wild Atlantic to the sunset coast. In the words of the sacred lyrst, Edgar A. Poe, 'My country 'tis of thee,' that I shall now display some views.

"Of course we start from Boston. On the way to New York, we will first pause to view the scene where Putnam galloped down a flight of steps, beneath the hostile fire. See both mane and coat-tails flying in the wind, and the eyes of steed and rider wildly dilated with excitement.

"Next we pause in Brooklyn. And from my immense variety of scenes in the City of Churches, I choose the firemen's monument in Greenwood Cemetery.

'Here they lie low who raised their ladders high;
Here they still live: for heroes cannot die!'

[A voice: "How many are buried there?"]

"I should say, at a venture, eighteen.
[A rustle of sympathy among the women.]

"Passing on, and coming thence to the

metropolis of New York, I am greatly embarrassed, so vast is the richness and variety of views. But I will show first the 'Five Points.' [Great eagerness, and cries, 'Sit down.'] Of late, philanthropy and religion, walking in sweet converse, hand in hand, have relieved the horrors of this region, and now one may walk there comparatively safe. [Sudden cessation of interest.]

"I will give even another view of the metropolis: a charming scene in Central Park. [Here wavered dimly on the screen five bushes, and a nursery-maid with a baby-carriage.] From this exquisite picture you may gain some faint idea of the charms of that Paradise raised by the wand of taste and skill in a waste of arid sands.

"Passing westward, I next present the Suspension Bridge at Niagara, erected by drawing over the majestic stream a cord, a small rope, then a wire, until the whole vast framework was complete. The idea was taken from the spider's web. Thus the humblest may guide the highest; and I love to recall, in this connection, that the lamented Lincoln, some years before signing the Emancipation Proclamation, heard me lecture on slavery, in Peoria.

"Next we come to Cleveland; and our attention is seized by three cannons taken in the famous naval battle on the lake. Every visitor pauses here, and with uncoveted head and eyes suffused with tears, recalls the sacrifices of the Fathers.

"Next we view Chicago the morning after the fire; on every hand are blackened ruins—painful proofs of the vicissitudes of human fortune! [A voice: "I was there at the time."] I am delighted to know it. Such spontaneous corroboration from the audience is to the lecturer's heart as a draught from the well of Baca. [Laughter, and a voice: "What Baker?"]

"But, in order to cross so broad a continent, we must not dally, and next I show you the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, the seat of a defiant system of sin. All things, however, have their uses, and I can recommend this religion to any young lady present who does not find it easy to secure a helpmeet. [Appreciative laughter.]

"And now, for a view of the Pacific States, I choose two of the famed Big Trees. Judge of them by the two men who stand, like the Widow's mites, beside them. These trees are called 'Father and Daughter.' [A voice: "Which is Father, and which is Daughter?"] I am not informed, but from their appearance I judge that the nearer is the Father. [Derisive laughter.]

"And now we approach a climax.

"When the Ten Thousand, in their storied march, reached at last the blue waters of the Euxine, thrilled with joy they loudly cried: 'The Sea! The Sea!' So we, travelers likewise, reach at last the Western ocean; and for a striking scene upon its waters, I present a Pacific Mail steamer at her dock in the harbor of San Francisco. In the left foreground is a Chinese laundry. And now I can hardly restrain myself from passing on to Asia; for imagination, taking fire, beckons to Niphon and the Flowered Kingdom. But remorseless Time says no, and we pause at the Golden Gate.

"In closing now, I will, as is usual, give one or two moral views, relieved by others of a somewhat playful character.

"First is Napoleon's grave. He who held Europe struggling in his hand, died a prisoner in solitudes remote, far from home endearments.

"Next you see Daniel Lambert, whose greatness was of a more solid cast. Less grasping in his pretensions than Napoleon, he lived an honored life, and died, I understand, among his relatives.

"Next is a picture of the guillotine, calling up thoughts of severed heads from memory's cloisters. On the left you see a ghastly head; on the right the decapitated trunk. By the victim stands the bloody actors in the tragedy. Ladies and gentlemen! When I review the awful guilt of Marat and Robespierre, humbly do I give thanks that I have been kept from yielding, like them, to fierce ambition and lust of power, and that I can lay my head upon a peaceful pillow at my home in Fall River.

"Next is the Serenade, part one: The Spanish lover with bow-knot shoes, pointed hat, and mantle over shoulder, stands, with his lute, on the covered water-butt, while at the casement above is his lady's charming face. Part two: The head of the water-butt has given way, and the angry father, from his window, beholds a scene of luckless misery.

"I turn now to a more pleasing scene—the Village Blacksmith. The mighty man is at work, and by a triumph of art I am enabled to show his fine physique in action: now you see his arm uplifted,—and now the hammer is on the iron. Up—down—up—down. [A voice: "There are two right arms!"] That arises from some slight defect in the arrangement of the light; the uplifted arm does not entirely vanish when the lowered arm appears. But to the thoughtful observer, such slight contrasts only heighten enjoyment.

"Ladies and gentlemen! A single word in closing. Our transcontinental journey this evening ended at the 'Golden Gate.' When

life's journey ends, may we not so pause, but, as the poet Judson Backus sweetly sings:

"May we find an angel wait
To lead us through the 'golden gate.'

"Meanwhile, adieu."

DAVID PRINCE and his wife walked slowly home in the clear, cold moonlight.

"Did you notice," said Delia, "how the man kept saying that he didn't know just what to pick out, to show? Well, I heard the Kelley boy, that helped at the lamps, say that they showed every identical picture there was. I suppose they are a lot of odds and ends he picked up at an auction."

"I think he was a kind of a humbug," said Calvin Green, who, with his wife, had come up close behind. "See how he kept dragging in his morals, jes' like overhauling a trawl and taking off a haddock, every once in so often."

"What a way to travel," said his wife; "to go ker-jump from New York City to Niagara, and from there to Cleveland. He must have thought we had long stiffs."

"The pictures were rather here and there and everywhere, to be sure," said David; "but I have a good deal of charity for these men; I s'pose they're put to it for bread and butter."

"Well, I don't know," said Green; "I don't think it has a good influence on young people to show such a picture as that man that they'd murdered by slicing his head off with that machine. I don't like such things to be brought up."

"I should think the opposite," said his wife, laughing, "by the way you've told every man in town about David's money, and the way he blanched when he missed it. I think you'd better take a lesson yourself about bringing up dreadful things."

When they reached Green's house, a low, black cottage, they stopped a moment for the women to finish a discussion about croup.

"How did that look to you now, David?" said Green. "Didn't you think it would have been a good deal better to have left that picture out?"

"Which one?" said David.

"Why, the one where they'd chopped the man's head off with that machine, and were standing by, looking at the corpse. I don't like to see such things, for my part."

"I don't know," said David. "I didn't think about it particularly. I understood it was in the French Revolution."

"Well, see all that flummer-diddle he got off about it," said Green; "just as if any fool didn't know that a man couldn't sleep that was haunted by a thing like that."

"Well, some can stomach anything, and I suppose some can sleep on anything," said David. "I guess it would take more than slicing one man's head off to make that Jew lie awake nights. If he'd only admitted that I'd been there! But as soon as I said I'd left something, then for him and his wife to claim they never saw me! They're cool ones!"

"Well, right here,—about what my wife flung out," said Green, glancing over his shoulder to where the women were talking, both at once, woman-fashion; "you know my wife's way,—you haven't ever heard any such talk going round, have you, as that I was hounding folks about your bad luck? I say an honest man speaks right out,—no fear, no favor. Aint that so?"

IT was a bitterly cold, clear night, a few weeks later. Runners squeaked and boot-heels crunched in the road. David had passed Green's house at seven o'clock, going to the store; he always went by there at that time, Saturdays, and passed again, returning home, at about eight.

When he reached the gate, on his return, Green was standing there, apparently waiting.

"Come into the house a minute, David," he said; "I want to see you."

He led him into the kitchen.

"My wife's gone over to Aunt Nathan's for the evening," he said.

He shut the door, and locked it.

"There," he said; "I can't stand it any longer," and he laid upon a table at David's side a wallet. David took it up and opened it; it held a great roll of bills.

"What does this mean?" he said; "why—this is mine! You don't mean—"

"I mean I stole it," said Green.

David sat down. "I wish you had put it in the fire," he said, "and never told me."

"There's just one thing I want to say," said Green. "I picked it up, first, to give it to you, and when I saw that you'd forgot it, I thought I'd have a little joke on you for a while; and then, when I saw how things was going, I kind o' drifted into keeping it. You know how I come home,—all my voyage eat up, and a hundred dollars' debts besides, and children sick. But every dollar's there."

"Now what I ask," he added, "is four days' time to ship and get away. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," said David; "settle your debts and pay me when you can." And taking five twenty-dollar bills from the wallet, he left them on the table and went away.

C. H. White.



MY SPRINGS.

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that, with unbroken flow,
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky,
And mirror all of life and time,
Serene and dainty pantomime!

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always, when the large form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in his very verity.

Always, when Faith with stifling stress
 Of grief hath died in bitterness,
 I gaze in my two springs and see
 A Faith that smiles immortally !

Always, when Charity and Hope,
 In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
 I gaze in my two springs and see
 A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
 Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
 I gaze in my two springs and see
 A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints and Glory fails,
 And coy Reward in sighs exhales,
 I gaze in my two springs and see
 Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love! O Wife! thine eyes are they,—
 My springs from out whose shining gray
 Issue the sweet celestial streams
 That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure,
 And gray and wise and honor-sure;
 Soft as a dying violet-breath,
 Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Stronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
 With wife's and mother's and poor folk's loves
 And home-loves and high glory-loves
 And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
 In art and nature make or plain;
 And lady loves for spidery lace
 And broiderries and supple grace,

And diamonds, and the whole sweet round
 Of littles that large life compound,
 And loves for God and God's bare truth,
 And loves for Magdalen and Ruth;

Dear eyes, dear eyes! and rare, complete—
 Being heavenly sweet and earthly sweet,—
 I marvel that God made you mine,
 For, when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

Sidney Lanier.



THE GIBRALTAR OF AMERICA.

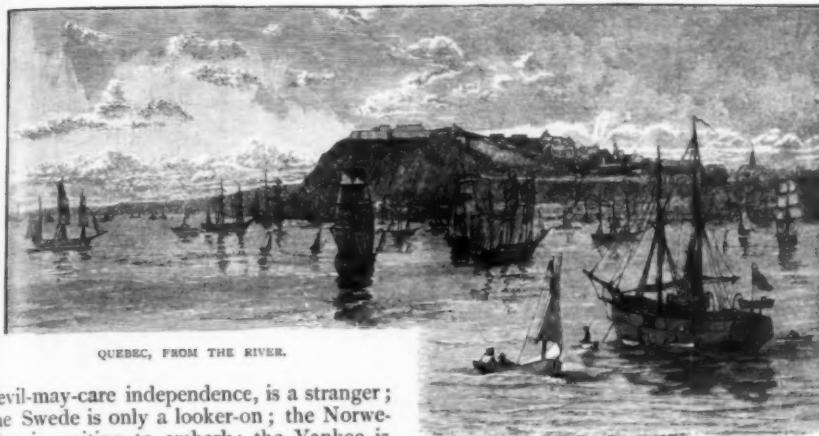
QUEBEC impresses one as being almost too venerable, too unobtrusive, to be talked about. In its grave dignity it seems a part of nature, simple and elemental. Upon more intimate acquaintance it presents an epitome of a past century, with its monasteries, fortified walls, antique architecture, and the simple, courteous, and conservative society of the Old World. It is, in fact, an American city of Frenchmen governed by England. It is only a quiet town of commercial and ecclesiastical life, although crowned by the ramparts of a citadel. It is picturesque from every point of view, covering, as it does, the end of a high, narrow ridge, rising between the St. Lawrence and the mouth of the St. Charles. Viewed from the harbour it seems a populous cliff,—a confused mass of roofs, rocks, walls, and fortifications, high above the river. The Lower Town lies like a narrow belt, encircling the ridge; here and there a flight of steps, or a street, zig-zags up the bluffs, between the climbing rows of houses and through the fortifications. The view from the citadel is most impressive. You look down, over the jumble of gabled roofs and dormer windows pierced by the minarets of the naval university and many a graceful spire, and past the city walls which crest the cliff, upon the seaport town below. A great river flows through a vast, rolling plain bounded by a horizon of mountains. You are high above the ships, the wharves, the gleaming flood; above the surrounding plain of fields, forests, and villages. The landscape fills you with a sense of its vast proportions, and, as your eye travels over the intervening space to the extreme horizon, your vision is scarcely interrupted, the imagination takes up the clue, and in fancy you penetrate the vast wilderness lying beyond the mountain, and reaching in unbroken calmness to the pole.

"The Walled City of the North" is the heart of a wilderness,—and a heart warm and mellow with European culture. I began a nearer view of the place by taking a *calèche*; and driving from the citadel down through the crooked streets, to a point some distance from the Lower Town; this rapid descent gave me a bird's impression of the place. We seemed, indeed, to be on the wing, following narrow streets and whirling around the most unexpected turns. We flew along the eaves of low houses, skimmed through the air on the ramparts, and felt as if we might, at any moment, make a dive into the chimneys below; we

darted in and out of the oddest places—nooks and corners that might delight a swallow. The whole flight leaves on the mind a confusion of cliff, wall, and rampart; of street, stair, and terrace; of cannon and cloister; of gable and dormer: it is all a spiral confusion; that may or may not uncoil itself at your bidding.

At last I alighted from my flying *calèche* in one of the suburbs, and began my return walk. It was a pleasant summer day, and the St. Lawrence and its shores were astir with life. This suburb, called "The Coves," is a string of small houses close under high bluffs, with a road running in front of them, and wharves at intervals along the beach, the intervening basins inclosed by booms out in the current. The basins are covered with rafts of square timber, and ships lie along the booms. Each ship has a busy group of men on her forecastle and under her bows, who shout and hoist and send the timbers in through the port-holes. After passing some miles of this timber region I reached the city, where the road narrows into a street, with houses on either side. The lofty and massive docks have a certain homely dignity about them, as they stand unmoved by the great tides and the rush of the mighty river. This Champlain street is the Irish quarter, and the region of Quebec riots. A tavern near by displays on its roof a figure-head of MacMahon, and also the characteristic motto, "Irish rule, or no rule at all." This is the only part of Quebec where you feel distrust; and the rough populace seem entirely out of place in these quaint, modest, old stone houses. You walk on, under the foot of Cape Diamond, at the end of the ridge on which Quebec stands, where Montgomery fell in 1775, while following the same route to capture the Lower Town. It is remarkable to find in the midst of a city, and towering above the houses, a mountain of such proportions, carved into battlements and crowned with an impregnable fortress. The cliffs are engines of destruction, even in times of peace, for every now and then they send down avalanches of snow, or even of rocks, that do great damage.

Although everybody seems to have sufficient leisure for courtesies at the busiest times and busiest places, nobody seems quite a native in this quaint place. The Englishman, in his smart suit and lofty air, is foreign to the old, narrow streets; the British tar, with his



devil-may-care independence, is a stranger ; the Swede is only a looker-on ; the Norwegian is waiting to embark ; the Yankee is trying to "sell out" ; only the French Canadian seemed at home, and even he is somewhat misplaced in the stir of trade. In your wanderings about the wharves you stumble upon the market-place, filled with a dark mass of people, who are overtopped with small heaps of produce arranged in rows between the groups. The buyers, dressed in black or dark colors, wear a critical air, and go many times about the market, seeking the best bargains and purchasing small quantities. You see at once that the domestic life of Quebec is carried on with economy.

They are a courteous, unpretending lot of people, mostly women, with here and there a bright French or rosy English face to break the monotony. The rougher English tongue sounds every now and then above the babble of polite French. The peasants who come to sell are more original than the buyers—they are real peasants in homespun, many of them wonderfully like the Normandy and Brittany people. The men wear gray homespun suits, long-legged moccasins, and felt hats. Their wives are comfortable-looking women, in straight skirts, loose sacques, and broad-brimmed hats,—all home-made,—and although the girls may wear a ribbon or a feather, yet the whole effect is remarkably peasant-like, very primitive and thrifty.

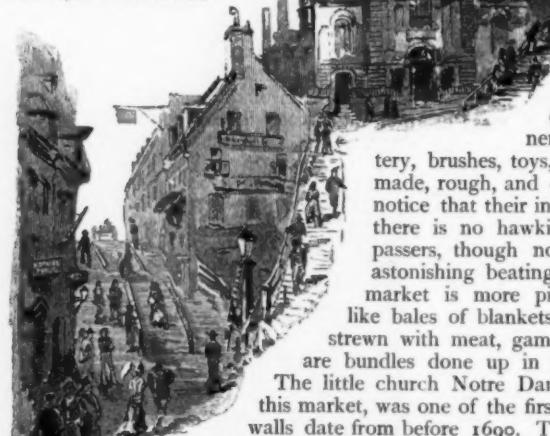
The French-Canadian farmer does not raise large crops, but he generally has at every season some superfluous things to sell. He kills a sheep now and then, or a pair of fowls ; he picks up odds and ends from the garden, and various things made by the industrious women of the household. These are packed and taken to market by the wife and sold for what she can get. This market of the Lower Town is reached by steam-boats from up and

down the St. Lawrence. The peasants spend the night on board, sleeping here and there, on benches, or on their bags and chests. In the morning porters wheel the produce up to the dock. Here the various packages are opened



THE HOPE GATE.

and the stuff is piled up about the chests. The market is full of suggestions of Canadian country life. One sees that most of the labor is done by hand, in small jobs, by the aid of unimproved tools and methods, and that the domestic life of the people is still as primitive as that of peasants in the past century. The inflation of modern life has never reached here. A farmer or his wife will drive thirty or forty miles and back to sell two dollars' worth of potatoes. But as these are the superfluities of his home, he regards such two-penny sales as profitable. A farmer's pile of produce often displays the most incongruous assortment: eggs, mutton, woolen socks, butter, hanks of yarn, pieces of rag-carpet, onions, choke-cherries, and straw hats.



There are also heaps of articles that are commonly the object of some special and permanent business, such as shoes, pottery, brushes, toys, cloths, linen,—nearly all homemade, rough, and cheap. As you stroll about, you notice that their intercourse is quiet and courteous; there is no hawking of wares or importuning of passers, though no purchase is made without an astonishing beating down of the price. The winter market is more picturesque still: the horses look like bales of blankets; the snow-covered ground is strewn with meat, game, and fowls; and the peasants are bundles done up in fur caps, coats, and overshoes. The little church Notre Dame des Victoires, which is near this market, was one of the first churches built in America: its walls date from before 1690. The first building in Quebec and the first garden in Canada were near the same spot, where Champlain founded Quebec by building his residence in 1608. By

crossing the business streets of this Lower Town, and going to the foot of the cliff, you find one of the most picturesque little nooks on this continent. The Petit Sault au Matelot is a very narrow alley along the foot of the crags, and right beside the chief business



A MEMORY OF QUEBEC.

street. It is composed of rickety little houses, used as stables, store-houses, and tenement quarters for chickens, goats, children, and poor families. Here and there a piazza or a gallery across the street gives a view up the crags to the sky; but it is a walled-in region of deep shadows and quaint forms under the battlements and cannon of the Upper Town. This lane, the chief thoroughfare between the Lower Town and St. Roch, was barricaded in 1775, by the English and French to oppose the advance of Arnold. But the American troops took it and held it for a time, expecting to be reinforced by Montgomery. But both expeditions failed.

The Lower Town at this point completes its turn around the end of the ridge on which Quebec stands, and extends along the right bank of the St. Charles River. The mouth of the river has been inclosed by a breakwater to make a basin for schooners and coasting craft. The narrow flats between the cliffs and the river are covered with store-houses, lumber-yards, and factories. But in a few steps you leave this commercial water-front, and enter St. Roch, the pure French quarter of Quebec. It is for the most part a quiet region of modest homes, where you peep now and then into the domestic life of the people. Quebec has been destroyed by fires, and rebuilt since 1845; but the people each time, according to tradition, have rebuilt the houses, and even the crooked streets, very much according to the old plans. In wandering about the city you constantly speculate about the interior of the homes; for the houses are of the utmost irregularity in size, and of various simple forms to suit the angles of the streets and the means or taste of the builders. They have a general type: low walls, one or one and a half stories high, small windows, steep, high roofs, with one or two stories of dormer windows, and massive chimneys at the gable-ends. The picturesqueness of the houses lies as much in the diversity of their sizes and positions as in their strong and effective forms. And then they have a pleasant, moral aspect; for, although they are small, yet they are built of brick or stone, and there are no suggestions in them either of the shanty or of the pretentious city house. St. Roch, off the main street, is a region of these modest homes where small industries are carried on. The *porte-cochères* standing open

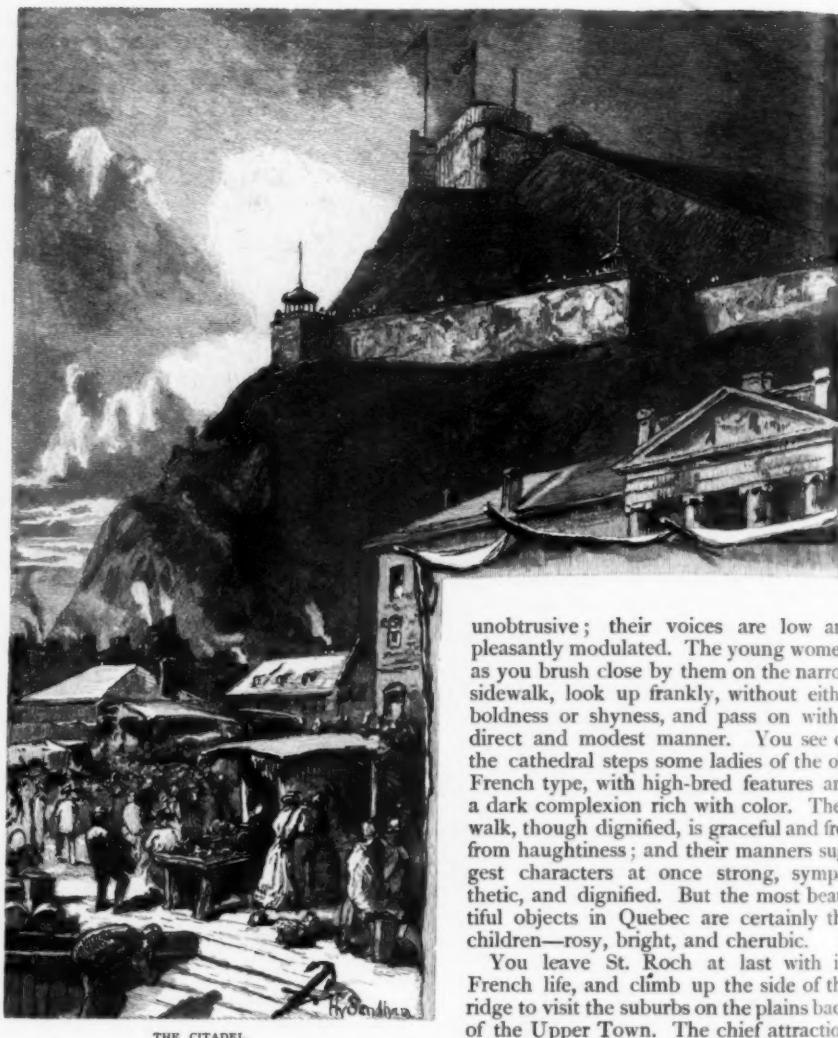
afford glimpses of shadowy court-yards, where artisans are working at their trades in the midst of their children; or you may see a horse passing and repassing an open door, while he turns a tanner's bark-mill, crunching in the darkness beyond. Now you look through a window and see a blacksmith's forge, or a wheelwright's bench, strewn with tools. These shops are under the living-rooms. One sees here and there the angular, wrinkled face of a Nor-



BREAKNECK STAIRS, CHAMPLAIN STREET.

mandy grandmother framed in a white cap. The notary and the architect also work at home. There are scarcely any signs on the streets. Even the corner grocery-store does not blaze with golden letters; it displays in a window a broom, or at the door a bunch of birch-bark; it does not seem a hard, commercial place of business, but an informal, friendly house, where you might borrow a little tea or sugar.

Quebec is, in fact, a quiet village of 68,000 people; you might think it much less of a place than it really is when you see the lamp-lighter cleaning the chimneys and trimming the wicks of the street-lamps.



THE CITADEL.

The French Canadian people have had the rare taste or luck to keep their surroundings in harmony with their character. I imagine the city would be dull, or even distasteful, if its drowsy and romantic spirit were replaced by a coarser life. The women of Quebec are attractive by their appearance or good health. Few of them are pretty, but many are good-looking and pleasant. You meet them at almost any hour, returning from mass or confession, dressed always in dark colors, and walking with a slow gait that might be taken for a sign of meditation. Their manners are

unobtrusive; their voices are low and pleasantly modulated. The young women, as you brush close by them on the narrow sidewalk, look up frankly, without either boldness or shyness, and pass on with a direct and modest manner. You see on the cathedral steps some ladies of the old French type, with high-bred features and a dark complexion rich with color. Their walk, though dignified, is graceful and free from haughtiness; and their manners suggest characters at once strong, sympathetic, and dignified. But the most beautiful objects in Quebec are certainly the children—rosy, bright, and cherubic.

You leave St. Roch at last with its French life, and climb up the side of the ridge to visit the suburbs on the plains back of the Upper Town. The chief attraction of this region is the extensive views it commands, either southward over the St. Lawrence and its opposite bluffs, or northward across the valley of the St. Charles and the slopes beyond running back to the mountains. You see in the distance Indian Lorette, Beauport, and many other French-Canadian villages; Montmorency Falls, many lakes among the foot-hills, and other attractive resorts, are scattered about, within the limits of the vast horizon. Indeed, few cities in the world may boast of such suburbs as Quebec; for the scenery through which you drive is not only beautiful in details, but large and noble in

proportions; and the French-Canadian villages and farmers are devoid of the raw, inharmonious, or glaring elements that mar so many country scenes on this continent. But these suburbs on the plains back of the Upper Town are of quite another sort. They are country-houses and extensive places in the

Plains of Abraham, where a monument marks the place of Wolfe's last battle, his victory and death, in 1759; also to the battle-field of Ste. Foye, where Prince Napoleon Bonaparte erected, in 1854, a monument in honor of the fruitless French victory of De Lévis over Murray in 1760. You pass also the massive



LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE INN.

English style lying along the edge of the bluffs overlooking the St. Lawrence or the St. Charles. In some of them, as Spencerwood, the official residence of the Governor of the Province of Quebec, you see good examples of landscape gardening.

On approaching the town you come to the

Martello towers, built in 1805,—and then are almost startled by coming upon the new Houses of Parliament and a few ornate modern houses, utterly out of keeping with the surroundings. At last you reach the walls of the city, which inclose it by following the edge of the cliffs all around the end of the ridge, and then crossing

the plains about a mile back of Cape Diamond. The old gates of the city have unfortunately been torn down, but new ones are building, and the walls are to be preserved and made into a boulevard encircling the Upper Town. The first fort at Quebec was built by Jacques Cartier on the banks of the St. Charles, in 1535; batteries, palisades, walls, and forts were built at various epochs after the founding of Quebec by Champlain, in 1608; and at last the present walls and citadel were begun under the sanction of the Duke of Wellington, in 1823. The citadel, with its cannon, its unique gate of chains, and its massive walls, is filled with a different sentiment from that of the cosey home region of Quebec; here you shrink from the glare, the silence, and the pall-like gloom that hover about the engines of death. We have almost completed our walk about the city, and now stand on the Durham Terrace, on the verge of the cliffs that rise above the

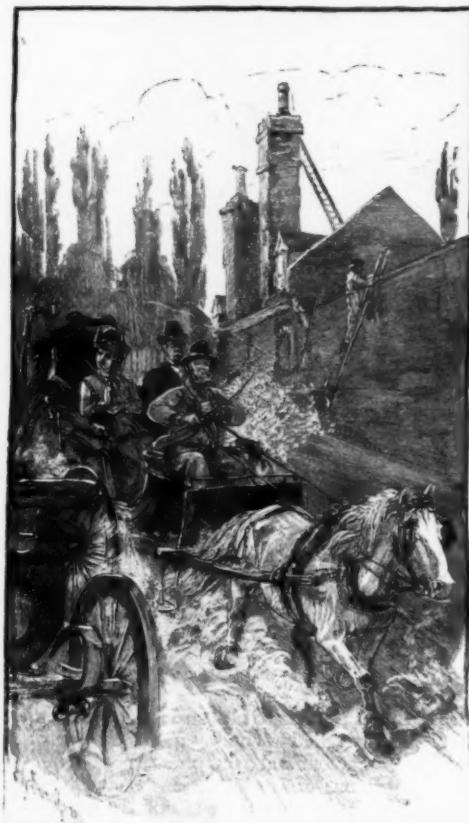
Lower Town. You may lean over the railing and look down the face of the crags into little winding streets, scarcely dividing the masses of extremely irregular roofs and chimneys, into back yards, here and there, with verandas along the rocks, or even into the dormer windows of garrets.

The surface of the plateau where the upper town stands is very rolling, sloping toward the St. Charles at many different angles. The narrow streets, with narrow sidewalks, wind about these slopes in the most erratic way, still following the paths of the Indians or the first settlers. To walk about Quebec is to turn the pages of a book full of pictures of the past. The view changes at each corner.

The cloisters of Quebec have always been its most important feature. They were indeed the heart of Canada; for the colonization of the country depended far more on the zeal of the priest than on the cupidity of the fur-trader. Quebec, under the French régime, was practically the capital of a theocracy. These institutions, among the very oldest on this continent, are still the chief power molding the character of the French-Canadian people; and they still preserve within their massive walls the life of the seventeenth century. With trifling exceptions they administer the educational and the charitable affairs of the city, and they indirectly, but not less efficiently, control the Government.

Tourists visit the convents of the Ursulines and the Hôtel-Dieu, dating from 1639, the Basilica or cathedral, 1647, the Seminary, 1663, the Naval University, the Libraries, and some other edifices, to see their paintings,—among others a Christ by Van Dyck,—their relics of heroes and martyrs, and their museums. Historians, however, will best enjoy these institutions, for their fancy will cover the walls with some of the most striking scenes known to history. The Jesuits' college, recently torn down, was especially venerable, in memories of the extraordinary labors and martyrdoms of the Jesuit missionaries over two hundred years ago. It was the seat of the most important power directing the destinies of the country. Yet it is only at this late day that the Canadians are collecting a national fund to build a chapel on the site of the college in honor of the Jesuit fathers, and to erect, at last, a monument to the memory of Champlain.

I spent a morning at the Ursuline Convent, talking through an iron grate with a nun. Another nun was kneeling behind the next grate and conversing in a low tone



A CALÈCHE.



UNDER CAPE DIAMOND.

with a man who wept silently. The white walls and the bare floor seemed bleak and chill to the spirit; and the cell-like space behind the grates was in shadow and silence. The serenity of the cloister was to me like the peace of the grave. The man was a peasant lad, whose dark face was set in hopeless grief. The kneeling nun, barred from human touch, was a motionless figure, draped in austere robes of black and white falling in unbroken folds from her head, and showing only her pale face. Now and then a word floated to my ear, as the bare walls ceased to echo our own talk:

"She was so good," said he again with a despairing sob.

"Yes, but she is an angel now," she answered with a smile, and a voice almost calm. They were brother and sister, talking of their mother's death; he in thought of his desolated home, she in the serenity of the cloister.

When I left the austere and silent place and returned to the quiet old streets of stone, I scarcely felt a change of scene, for you continually meet with priests and nuns, who form a pleasant element in the city, for its whole aspect is in harmony with their courteous and simple bearing.

The grandest season at Quebec is mid-winter. Then the great northern wilderness advances from the horizon of mountains and blockades the town. But the people light their fires, and make the city a social nest under the snow. The mountains and the plains are a desert of snow, tufted with a forest-fur of bare trees, and the white villages seem to be buried. The St. Lawrence grinds up vast fields of ice, and the sound of its resistless force is the only sign of life in the deserted port, and down its vistas, of polar desolation. The town itself is a polar scene. The walls and glacis of the fortifications are



PRESCOTT GATE.

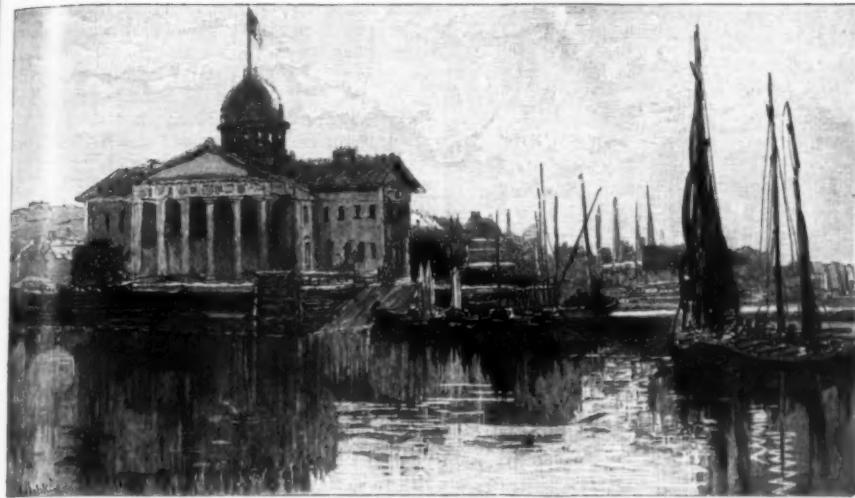
now great slopes of snow; the cliffs are bearded with enormous icicles; and the gables, dormers, and chimneys are almost all that look out of the great snow-drift covering the city. The street-life of Quebec, meanwhile, goes at its merriest pace. The market-place is thronged with country sleighs, with peasants that seem only masses of furs and wraps, and with city folk saluting their acquaintances and trading.

There are bearded, burly, fur-coated figures walking along the streets. Out on the *glacis* and the plains young people are snow-shoeing and tobogganning; picnics go to Montmorency Falls to slide on the cone of ice. Everybody seems cheerful and hearty.

Low sleighs, called "carrioles," are driving about the streets. Each is furnished with fur robes, under which the passengers nestle in comfort. Some of them, as those of the Tandem Club and many other private turnouts, are very elegant, with fine-blooded horses and with masses of rich, dark furs framing rosy faces.

There are also the baby sleighs, some with downy lamb's-wool and crowing cherubs; and others a simple soap-box, in which two babies and a molasses-jug are stowed with astonishing compactness. The public hack-horses take the least comfort, I fancy, though they are well blanketed. They are moved about the squares to suit the weather, getting shelter where they can and turning tail to the storms. The cabmen in winter are quite picturesque in their fur caps, and their long coats of coon, wolf, or buffalo skins, with a red sash tied about the waist.

A snowy twilight gives Quebec a still more striking aspect. The distance is hidden in the gray obscurity; gables, dormers, and chimneys loom out in single groups; and the view of picturesque, individual forms changes suddenly at every step. The place is muffled and veiled. People creep into their collars, bow their heads, or even turn their backs to the wind to get breath, as they hurry on to shelter, and life seems in risk from the fury

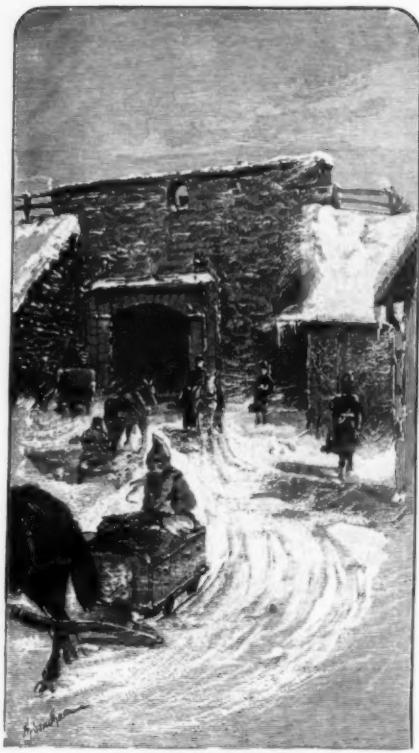


THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

of the elements even here in the sheltered streets. When you come out on the verge of the cliffs the citadel looms still farther above you, erect amid all the unchecked storms of heaven, and every brow shakes a hoary streamer of snow out into the night. As you



NEW ST. JOHN'S GATE.



OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.

go on, you pass close to the high walls of a cloister overtipped by snow-drifts, beside cannon pointing above the confusion of

roofs at the foot of the crag, and into the impenetrable veil of the storm. The gloom of the great northern wilderness bears down into your very soul, but the dormer windows over the wall of the cloister light up as friendly eyes, the Angelus sounds from the chapel of the nuns, and you feel again that you are near to the beating heart of the old city. Then let the clouds pass and the moonlight come, and the scene becomes enchanted. The street is as silent as a polar sea ; its broken, jagged lines of gables, dormers, and chimneys, in alternate light and shadow, rise against a sky of dark blue ; wherever the moonbeams touch the roofs, icicles and snow crystals gleam out in response. But, as the white earth reflects the light, the air itself seems luminous, and you see everything below the sky-line as if in a dream.

The bells of a sleigh sound for a moment from the busier thoroughfare into your retired lane ; and now and then a muffled figure crosses in the distance ; the creaking of steps on the snow dies away, and all relapses into an unbroken silence. On Christmas-eve you would find the same scene of rare and delicate beauty, only that on that sacred night the city heart would be all aglow — though little would escape through doors and windows into the silent streets. Now and then the strains of some ancient Christmas carols would sound faintly through the double sashes, as from some under-world, preluding the midnight music when the chimes break out, and the still air beats with the world's emotion. You look up, and the old city on the crags seems to lie close to the glory of the midnight sky.

Charles H. Farnham.

THE MINSTREL AT CASTLE GARDEN.

HARK, whence come those strange vibrations, whence that haunting monotone, Like a mournful voice in darkness, crooning softly and alone, Breathing melancholy whispers that might move a heart of stone ?

What lone soul, surcharged with sorrow, voices here its weird lament,— Here where Europe's eager exiles, still with hope and strength unspent, Throng beneath the wide-flung portals of this mighty continent ?

Hark ! methinks that in the music of that gently murmured strain I detect a Norseland cadence trembling through its sad refrain,— Something wild and vague, awaking strange responses in my brain.

Ah, behold ! there sits the minstrel high above the surging throng, On a heap of chests and boxes, playing dreamily along, Luring back his vanished Norseland by the tone's enchantment, strong !

Well I know those guileless features, mirroring the childlike soul, And those patient eyes and placid, that disguise nor joy nor dole, And the sturdy, rough-hewn figure, rugged like a fir-tree's bole.

In his violin whose hollow chambers plaintively resound
Is a hushed metallic tremor—shadow voices, felt, not found,
By the louder human bustle to the blunter senses drowned.

How they gently stir within me buried chords that long were mute;
And dim memories, awaking, quiver with a life acute,
Of my youth, with its ideals and the long and vain pursuit!

God, the judge, the stern and loving, dwelt among my childhood's hills,
And his voice was in the thunder and his whisper in the rills;
Visibly his hand extended in my little joys and ills.

And his eye, so large and placid, kept its watch behind the cloud;
Saw that all went right in Norway; cheered the humble, awed the proud;
And amid the forest stillness oft, methought, he spoke aloud.

Avalanches, hail, and lightning sped the message of his wrath;
He destroyed and he relented, spreading like a healing bath
Sun and rain to raise the harvest in the devastation's path.

Rude, perhaps, though not ignoble, was that calm and simple life,
Blooming in idyllic quiet and with hope and promise ripe,
Sheltered safe from vexing problems and from thought's harassing strife.

Hush, the minstrel's mood is changing! He has bade the old farewell!
From his sight has Norway faded, with the mountain-guarded dell
And the legend-haunted forests where the elves and nixies dwell.

Through a maze of wildering discords—*presto* and *prestissimo*,—
Runs the bow—a wild *legato* rocking madly to and fro,
As if wrestled in the music, hope and longing, joy and woe.

Joy has triumphed! See how broadens life beyond this moment's bar!
How the future brightens, beckons, wide, resplendent, star on star;
And the prairies' rolling harvest glimmers faintly from afar.

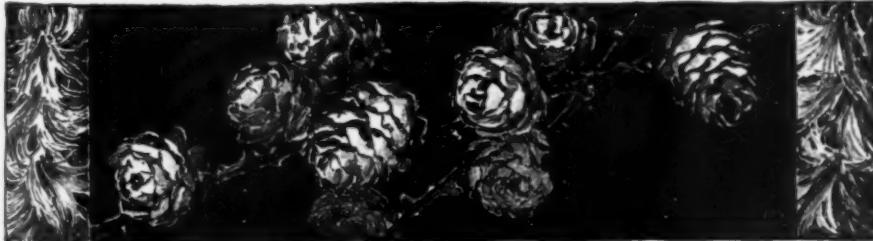
Blindly hast thou come, O minstrel, like a youth of old renowned,
Who his father's asses seeking, by good chance a kingdom found;
Awed, I ween, and wonder-stricken, standing sceptered, robed, and crowned.

Thus shalt thou, who bread art seeking, conquer boons undreamed, unsought;
Thou shalt learn to doubt and suffer; lose thy peace so cheaply bought;
Souls grow strong and blossom only on the battle-field of thought.

Thine shall be the larger knowledge which the daring age has won;
Thou shalt face the truth, unquailing, though thy faith be all undone.
Bats may blink in dusty corners; eagles gaze upon the sun.

Creeds may vanish, thrones may totter, empires crumble in decay;
But the ancient God of Battles is the God of strife alway;
Who shall bless his foe that wrestles bravely until dawn of day.

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.



TWO PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN.*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MARCH 6TH, 1865.)

THE portrait of President Lincoln which serves as the frontispiece of this number of the magazine, is a copy of an ambrotype which was taken in Springfield, Illinois, in 1860, two days after Mr. Lincoln's first nomination. The original was made in the presence of Marcus L. Ward, afterward Governor of New Jersey, who has kindly lent it to the magazine, and given its history in the accompanying letter. The smaller portrait, above, is a copy of a photograph which was taken six weeks before the President was assassinated, and under circumstances which are interestingly described by Mr. Alexander Starbuck, of Waltham, Massachusetts. The two pictures enable us to contrast the features of President Lincoln in their earlier strength, as they appeared two days after he was named for the presidency, with their thought-chiseled and careworn aspect a few days before his death:

" NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 19, 1881.
" EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.
" SIR : I send you with this the ambrotype portrait of our late President Lincoln, to be

used in such way as may be most useful to you. The history of the picture is as follows: On Friday, the 19th of May, 1860, the day succeeding Mr. Lincoln's nomination, I left Chicago for his home in Springfield, for the purpose of congratulating him and forming his personal acquaintance. I was kindly received, and invited to share his hospitalities. Though this kindness was declined, I was enabled to see much of him during the few days of my sojourn at Springfield. On the next day after my arrival,—the 20th,—I suggested to Mr. Lincoln that I would like to be the possessor of a good likeness of himself. He replied that he had not a satisfactory picture, 'but then,' he added, 'we will walk out together and I will sit for one.' The picture I send you was the result of that sitting. No one, I imagine, will fail to recognize in the expression of the face those noble qualities of the man—honesty, gentleness, and kindness of heart—which so endeared him to all who knew him.

" Very truly your friend,

" MARCUS L. WARD."

* For other original portraits of Lincoln see the frontispiece to this magazine for February, 1878, which was copied from what was supposed to be the last photograph taken from life; also the life-mask in the issue for December, 1881.

Mr. Starbuck's letter from Waltham, Mass., inclosed a copy of the other portrait, taken from the original negative, and gave its history as follows:

"About the last of February, 1865, Mr. H. F. Warren, a photographer of Waltham, Mass., left home, intending, if practicable, to visit the army in front of Richmond and Petersburg. Arriving in Washington on the morning of the 4th of March, and finding it necessary to procure passes to carry out the end he had in view, he concluded to remain there until the inauguration ceremonies were over, and, having carried with him all the apparatus necessary for taking negatives, he decided to try to secure a sitting from the President. At that time rumors of plots and dangers had caused the friends of President Lincoln to urge upon him the necessity of a guard, and, as he had finally permitted the presence of such a body, an audience with him was somewhat difficult. On the afternoon of the 6th of March, Mr. Warren sought a presentation to Mr. Lincoln, but found, after consulting with the guard, that an interview could be had on that day in only a somewhat irregular manner. After some conversation with the officer in charge, who became convinced of his loyalty, Mr. Warren was admitted within the lines, and, at the same

time, was given to understand that the surest way to obtain an audience with the President was through the intercession of his little son 'Tad.' The latter was a great pet with the soldiers, and was constantly at their barracks, and soon made his appearance, mounted upon his pony. He and the pony were soon placed in position and photographed, after which Mr. Warren asked 'Tad' to tell his father that a man had come all the way from Boston, and was particularly anxious to see him and obtain a sitting from him. 'Tad' went to see his father, and word was soon returned that Mr. Lincoln would comply. In the meantime Mr. Warren had improvised a kind of studio upon the south balcony of the White House. Mr. Lincoln soon came out, and, saying but a very few words, took his seat as indicated. After a single negative was taken, he inquired: 'Is that all, sir?' Unwilling to detain him longer than was absolutely necessary, Mr. Warren replied: 'Yes, sir,' and the President immediately withdrew. At the time he appeared upon the balcony the wind was blowing freshly, as his disarranged hair indicates, and, as sunset was rapidly approaching, it was difficult to obtain a sharp picture. Six weeks later President Lincoln was dead, and it is doubtless true that this is the last photograph ever made of him."

HOW LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED.

As the nomination of Lincoln to the Presidency was the central event of his life,—an event pregnant with the most important consequences to the nation, every incident bearing upon this nomination must always have exceptional interest and value. His biographers devote but little space to the history of the Republican National Convention which nominated him, and few details have been made public of the secret springs and inner workings of that convention. Henry J. Raymond, who, from his position as a leading journalist and politician of that period, must be supposed to have known much of the inside history of the nomination, in his "Life of Lincoln" gives less than two pages to the account of that part of the convention which preceded the final ballot. He says:

"Mr. Bates and Mr. Cameron were spoken of and pressed somewhat as candidates, but * * * from the first it was evident that the contest lay between Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln."

Before the convention assembled, it was generally believed that Governor Seward would be nominated almost by acclamation. He was the foremost leader and statesman of the Republican party, and there was just cause for the enthusiasm with which he was regarded. His "Irrepressible Conflict" and "Higher Law" speeches had placed him head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Contrasted with Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Buchanan, Cass, and others of their day, he stood on a moral height overtopping them all. Lincoln, on the other hand, had come into notice only through his debate with Douglas, in Illinois, in 1858, in the contest for the senatorship, and his Cooper Institute speech in New York, delivered less than three months before the convention met at Chicago; his one term in Congress, terminating in 1849, had attracted no special attention. So sanguine were the New York delegation and his friends everywhere that Seward would be nominated

on the first ballot, that preparations were made for a suitable celebration of the event at his home in Auburn, N. Y., and at other places, as soon as the announcement should be made. His supporters—and no candidate ever had warmer adherents—returned from Chicago saddened and disheartened, if not disgusted, at the result of the convention. His life-long friend, Thurlow Weed, was said to have shed tears upon his defeat. James W. Nye, afterward Senator from Nevada, said, in his inimitable way, with carpet-bag in hand, that he intended to travel nights and lie by days until he reached home, as he felt too mortified and ashamed to be recognized. Probably the supporters of no candidate were ever more disappointed at the result of a convention than were the friends of Governor Seward.

Indeed, they had the best of reasons to be confident. The convention met on Wednesday, May 16th, 1860, and as late as Thursday night, Horace Greeley (who was avowedly hostile to Seward, and was generally credited with securing his defeat) was convinced that all efforts to defeat him were futile, and telegraphed to the "Tribune":

"My conviction from all I can gather is, that the opposition to Governor Seward cannot concentrate on any other candidate, and that he will be nominated."

Raymond says:

"On Thursday, the 17th, the Committee on Resolutions reported the platform, which was enthusiastically adopted. A motion was made to proceed to the nomination at once, and, if that had been done, the result of the convention might have proved very different, as at that time it was thought that Mr. Seward's chances were the best. But an adjournment was taken till the morning, and during the night the combinations were made which resulted in the nomination of Mr. Lincoln."

The facts concerning the most important of the "combinations" referred to by Mr. Raymond are here first made public.

That Greeley, David Dudley Field, Hiram Barney, George Opdyke, and others from New York, went to Chicago with the purpose of defeating Seward, is well known. While Greeley expressed his preference for Judge Bates, whose cause he had advocated in the "Tribune," Mr. Field was an untiring worker for Lincoln. The influence of these two gentlemen upon the members of the convention was very great; but all efforts to defeat Mr. Seward probably would have failed, except for the work done in harmonizing the conflicting and antagonistic elements existing in the Pennsylvania delegation. This result was chiefly due to Andrew G. Curtin,

A. K. McClure, William B. Mann, and S. Newton Pettis, of that delegation. The opposition of these gentlemen to Seward was not embittered by personal animosity or political vindictiveness, but was based upon the sincere conviction that he could not obtain the electoral vote of Pennsylvania, and that without this vote he could not be elected in the event of his nomination.

The importance of the action of the Pennsylvania delegation at Chicago in its bearing on the nomination of Lincoln can scarcely be overestimated. It was said at Chicago, by Curtin, McClure, Mann, and Pettis, that if the convention nominated Seward, nearly the entire press of Philadelphia, that desired to successfully oppose the Democracy, would at once run up the "Bell and Everett" ticket. None knew better the strength of the "American" element and the weakness of the "Republican" organization in that city, at that time, than these gentlemen, and their opinion was shared by the best politicians in the State.

Mr. Curtin was at this time the Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. His statement, freely and frankly made, that, if Mr. Seward was nominated for President, the presidential election being in November, he (Curtin) would certainly be defeated for Governor at the State election in October, influenced the more sagacious and unselfish of the delegates from various Northern States, and especially from the doubtful States of Indiana and New Jersey. These two States, with Pennsylvania, were considered the pivotal States, and, by common consent, constituted the battle-ground.

At an informal meeting of the delegates from Pennsylvania on Monday, an effort was made by the friends of Simon Cameron to secure a united and solid vote of that delegation for him for President, but it failed, as did similar movements on Tuesday and Wednesday. More than two-thirds, or about that number of the delegates, favored his nomination; the other third inclined to Seward, Wade, and others. The delegates had been named by the State Convention the February before, and by a majority vote were instructed to vote as a unit for Mr. Cameron for President, when the National Convention assembled, while nearly a third of the delegates were from regions that preferred some other candidate, and refused to be bound by the unit rule of the State Convention.

Such being the situation, Mr. E. R. Tinker, of North Adams, Massachusetts, an active worker at the convention, though not a delegate, proposed that the delegations from the three doubtful States, Pennsylvania, In-

diana, and New Jersey, express their first, second, and third choices for a presidential candidate for whom their States could be carried, and report the same to a conference composed of a committee of three from each of those three States, whose duty it should be to learn the preferences of such three delegations, and report the same back to their several delegations. This suggestion found great favor. It was affirmed that, while the Massachusetts delegation was warmly attached to Seward, it desired the nomination to fall upon the man that could certainly be elected, and that it believed the electoral vote of Pennsylvania necessary to success in November; but that, in the opinion of the Massachusetts delegation, while there was no doubt that Pennsylvania could be carried for Cameron, it did not seem probable that Cameron could carry other States quite as necessary to success, and for that reason, if a majority of the Pennsylvania delegation should insist upon voting for Cameron all the time, the Massachusetts delegation would adhere to Seward; but, if Pennsylvania would agree upon the names of two other candidates, as second and third choice, Massachusetts, in order to insure success in November, would coöperate with Pennsylvania in endeavoring to secure the nomination of the candidate most likely to secure the majority of the convention.

It was late in the afternoon of Wednesday that the Pennsylvania delegation, in informal session, resolved that its chairman, Governor Reeder, appoint a committee of three, to meet a like number from the delegations from Indiana and New Jersey. Governor Reeder at once appointed Judge Wilmot of Bradford, Mr. Peterkin of Clinton, and Henry D. Moore of Philadelphia, all three being attached friends of Mr. Cameron.

Mr. Pettis, one of the younger men of the delegation, feeling that such a move was unfair and impolitic, at once went to Mr. Moore and asked him to decline serving, in order that some one of the minority might be put upon the committee, to which Mr. Moore readily consented. The chairman then submitted the question to the delegation whether or not Mr. Moore should be excused. Before a vote was taken, Mr. Pettis made a forcible appeal to the magnanimity of the majority, contending that it was illiberal and unfair to deny the minority representation on the committee. Several of Mr. Cameron's friends being convinced by this appeal, voted with Mr. Pettis, and Mr. Moore was "excused" by a majority of three.

Mr. Lowry, of Erie, then moved that Thaddeus Stevens be selected in place of Mr. Moore, to serve on the committee. Knowing that

Thaddeus Stevens was of all others the most pronounced friend of Mr. Cameron, Mr. Pettis moved to amend the motion by substituting the name of William B. Mann, of Philadelphia, again urging the injustice of denying those of the delegation opposed to Cameron representation upon the committee. Enough Cameron men again voted with Pettis to elect Mann, by a majority of five. Mr. Lowry, in a moment of excitement, charged Pettis with treachery to Cameron, and declared that he would be held responsible for the consequences of this action. The next thing in order was to declare the first, second, and third choices of Pennsylvania, to be communicated to the conference of nine.

To the surprise of every one in the room, Colonel Mann arose and moved to dispense with a vote as to the first choice, for all knew that a large majority of the Pennsylvania delegation were for Cameron as first choice, which being acquiesced in, Mann moved to proceed to ascertain the sense of the delegation as to its second choice, which was done. Philadelphia led off for Judge McLean, and others representing localities adjacent to that city followed its example; while the western portion of the State, which was to contribute the large Republican majorities, scattered on Seward and Wade, with a small sprinkling for Lincoln. Philadelphia's choice was declared to be the second choice. When expression was asked as to the third choice, the East again led off—this time for Judge Bates, of Missouri. The delegates from the western portion of the State, whether for Seward, Wade, or Lincoln, discovered that the only way to prevent Bates being named, was to throw to Lincoln the vote of all the Western delegates that had before been given to Wade, which was promptly done, and in this way Lincoln was made the third choice, by a majority of only three over Bates. The delegates then adjourned for supper, but met again the same evening to receive the report of the Committee of Three, consisting of Messrs. Wilmot, Peterkin, and Mann.

At the Briggs House, the head-quarters of Mr. Cameron's friends, there was much feeling over Pettis's action in putting Mann upon the Committee of Conference. Mann was known to be violently hostile to Cameron, and it was feared this would lead him to assail Cameron in the conference. Curtin expressed displeasure because the delegation had voted for Lincoln as its third choice, instead of Bates, who was preferred by Philadelphia. At nine o'clock P. M. the delegation met and heard the report of the Committee of Three. It then transpired that nothing had occurred

at the conference by which it could be inferred that Mann was any less a friend of Cameron's than the other two of the committee. After the report had been made and accepted, it became known that it was satisfactory to the delegates of Massachusetts and other New England States, who would leave Seward for Lincoln, but not for Cameron, Bates, or McLean.

Thursday noon, after the adoption of the platform, as the convention was about to adjourn for dinner, it was announced that an invitation would be extended to the members of the convention by the authorities of the city, or the citizens, for an excursion that afternoon upon Lake Michigan; but, as the proposition had not assumed any definite shape, no action was taken upon it, and the convention adjourned until two o'clock P. M. The leading opponents of Seward believed that if a vote were taken that afternoon (Thursday) Seward would certainly be nominated, but that if the convention could be induced to accept the invitation to go *boating*, adjourning over until morning, during the night a compromise upon some plan that would produce harmony among Seward's opponents might be effected. Curtin and his friends from Pennsylvania, and all others who shared his views, from other States, thereupon went among the delegates, and impressed upon them the fact that it would be an impoliteness bordering upon rudeness for the convention to decline the excursion invitation.

Upon the reassembling of the convention in the afternoon, the Seward men were eager to proceed to balloting at once, this being the next business in the regular order. But before a vote could be taken to proceed, Mr. Ashmun, the chairman, announced that the printed lists of ballots had not been delivered; whereupon, by a bare majority, the steamboat ride was ordered, the convention standing adjourned until Friday morning. This action, under ordinary circumstances so unimportant, sealed Seward's fate and secured the Republican triumph of 1860.

After supper, Thursday evening, the Pennsylvania delegation met in their hall, for the purpose of agreeing, if possible, upon some plan to secure *united* action, so essential in order to give Pennsylvania power in the convention in the selection of a candidate. About ten o'clock that night the formal motion was renewed, that, upon the meeting of the convention, a united vote be cast for Mr. Cameron, whereupon a bitter and excited discussion took place, Mr. Mann leading off against the motion, Messrs. Lowry, Peterkin, and Wilmot replying. The discussion lasted

till near midnight—when Mr. Pettis rose to a motion for adjournment, which, he stated, he would make, after reading a resolution he had hastily penciled on the back of an envelope, which he would offer at an informal meeting of the delegation the next morning. Mr. Pettis's resolution was in these words:

"Resolved, that in the proceedings of the Republican Convention to-morrow, the vote of this delegation be cast as a *unit* for General Simon Cameron until a majority of the delegation direct otherwise, then, its vote to be continued as a *unit*, for the candidate so designated by such majority."

Having read the resolution, Mr. Pettis said he did not propose to ask its consideration then, as all were too much excited to deliberate, much less to act dispassionately; whereupon his motion to adjourn until nine o'clock the next morning was carried without a dissenting voice. Immediately after the adjournment, the chairman, Governor Reeder, and Mr. Pettis went together to the room known as the Cameron head-quarters, at the Briggs House, where Pettis inquired of those known and acknowledged as Cameron's faithful adherents, whether, if the consent were obtained of the anti-Cameron members of the delegation to support his resolution, whereby Cameron would receive the solid vote of Pennsylvania in the convention Friday morning, they would be satisfied, and shield him from censure by the friends of Cameron, if he at any time, after a united vote have been given him, judged it necessary to leave him, and with a sufficient number of other Cameron delegates to constitute a majority of the delegation to change to some one who could in all probability carry Pennsylvania in November, and adhere in good faith to the *unit* rule embraced in his resolution? All said yes,—Mr. Cummings, of Philadelphia, remarking that Pettis would never succeed in getting the minority to consent to a *unanimous* vote for Cameron, in open convention; Pettis replied that he would try, and he believed he could do it. The remainder of the night he passed with the members of the delegation known to be opposed to Cameron's nomination.

It was nearly daylight, Friday morning, when the last man's consent was obtained to support the Pettis resolution. Curtin, Mann, and Pettis then adjourned to a private parlor, and Pettis made known the result of his labors with the anti-Cameron men. He then requested Mann to forego his hostility to Cameron long enough to go into an informal meeting at nine o'clock that morning, and vote for his resolution empowering Governor Reeder to cast the solid vote of Pennsylvania

for Cameron, at the same time assuring him as to what would ultimately be done by the delegation. Mann at first consented, when, fired by a remark of Senator Finney, who had joined the party, and was also hostile to Cameron, Mann denounced Cameron in the strongest manner, withdrawing the pledge he had just given Pettis to vote for him. Curtin joined his entreaties to those of Pettis, but Mann was unalterable in his purpose.

Shortly after five o'clock in the morning of that eventful Friday, Pettis went to Curtin's room at the Briggs House. He found Curtin in bed in one corner, McClure in another, and Mann in a bed which had been made on the floor. Pettis made an appeal to Mann to reconsider the position he had taken against Cameron. He stated that, in his judgment, Pennsylvania had it in her power that day to dictate the nomination of a candidate for President; that she could use such power or throw it away; that the responsibility of nominating a candidate that could be elected in November rested upon the Pennsylvania delegation then in Chicago,—in his opinion it rested upon one member of that delegation, and his name was William B. Mann. Pettis then made a personal request of Mann to stay out of the delegation caucus at nine o'clock that morning, unless he could vote in harmony with the other members of the delegation, whereupon he retired to his own room for an hour's rest.

At nine o'clock, Friday morning, the delegation met in caucus at their hall. The Pettis resolution being again read and formally offered, it was supported first by Judge Lewis, of Chester. Mr. McClure, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, although not a delegate, by invitation made an effective speech favoring the adoption of the resolution. Mr. Curtin was then called upon, and replied in a speech that thrilled the delegation. Upon the conclusion of Curtin's speech a vote was called for, and the resolution passed unanimously. This was the critical moment of the convention. The Pennsylvania delegation was believed to be hopelessly divided in their choice and counsels. Up to this moment no person in or out of Chicago had any authority to say that the vote of this delegation would be cast as a unit for anybody. This fact disproves the assertion made in Lamon's "Life of Lincoln," and often repeated, that Thursday night a "bargain" was made, by which, in consideration of the Pennsylvania votes being cast for Lincoln, Cameron was to have a seat in the Cabinet. Up to nine o'clock Friday morning it was not certain that the delegation would unite even upon Cameron. It is not

probable, then, that the solid vote could have been "bargained" to any other candidate. Mr. Lincoln himself said, a week before his inauguration, that he had not decided even then to offer Cameron a cabinet position. He added in his impressive way, that if, "after he reached Washington, the charges made against General Cameron were not disproved, he certainly should not offer him a seat in the Cabinet."

The Pettis resolution having passed unanimously, the caucus adjourned, and the delegates started with cheery steps for the wigwam, where the convention was assembling. The balloting soon commenced. When Pennsylvania was called, the vote was given through the chairman, Governor Reeder, for Simon Cameron.*

The insignificant vote cast for Cameron from other States than Pennsylvania, on the first ballot, and the very large vote cast for Seward, made evident the fact that, if Seward was to be defeated, it must be by Lincoln, and by concentrating upon him at the next ballot. The Pennsylvania delegation was seated at one end of the platform occupied by members of the convention, and convenient to a door leading to a large, unoccupied room, through which had they passed on entering the convention. The delegation, through Governor Reeder, asked leave from the convention to retire for consultation. They proceeded to this room, while preparations were being made by the convention for a second ballot. The moment the door was closed upon the delegation, Mr. Pettis—disregarding the action of the caucus which had named Judge McLean as second choice—moved that the second vote of the delegation be continued as a *unit* and cast for Abraham Lincoln, which passed almost unanimously. Wilmot, Pettis and Lowry then went to William Cameron, a brother of General Cameron, and a member of the delegation, and suggested to him the withdrawal of the General's name as a candidate. This was done. The delegation then returned to the convention, finding that the second ballot was being taken. The first ballot had shown 173½ votes for Seward to 102 for Lincoln, the rest being scattered. Massachusetts had been called on the second ballot, but had not responded. The delegates were evidently waiting to see if Pennsylvania was bound to adhere to Cameron, in which case

* The N. Y. "Tribune" report of the first ballot gave Seward 1½ votes, and Lincoln 4 votes from Pennsylvania. There is unquestionable authority for stating that this was incorrect. The first vote of Pennsylvania was given through the chairman, Governor Reeder, *solid* for General Cameron.

they would have voted for Seward. New Jersey had been called, but had not voted. When the Pennsylvania delegation returned, the President of the Convention, George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, inquired if Pennsylvania was ready to vote. Governor Reeder replied in a strong, clear voice, "*Pennsylvania casts her fifty-two votes for ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.*" Many delegates involuntarily rose to their feet, and cheer followed cheer. The multitude in the pit threw up their hats and canes, and hurrahd wildly. The thousands of ladies in the galleries waved their handkerchiefs, while the immense crowd outside the wigwam screamed and shouted. For several minutes rejoicing seemed to run riot, the New York delegation, meanwhile, remaining silent in their seats.

Order being restored, New Jersey was called, and changed her vote from Dayton to Lincoln. Vermont followed suit, changing from Collamer to Lincoln, and Massachusetts divided between Seward and Lincoln. The result of the second ballot gave 184½ votes for Seward, and 181 for Lincoln, a gain to Seward of 11 votes over the first ballot, while Lincoln had gained 79. The announcements by the Chairman of the votes given to Seward and Lincoln were received with deafening applause by the partisans of each candidate.

Then came the third ballot. All felt that this was to be decisive. Hundreds of pencils kept the record as the vote proceeded. Before the result was announced, Governor Andrew rose and gave the solid vote of Massachusetts to Lincoln. Then it was known that Lincoln had received 231½ votes, 233 being the number required to nominate. James A. Briggs, of New York, whispered to the Hon. David K. Carter and Joshua R. Giddings, of the Ohio delegation, who were sitting together: "Rise and call for four of your delegates to change their votes, and give Ohio the honor of completing the nomination." Mr. Carter, the chairman of that delegation, immediately arose, and, glancing over his associates, who, with the exception of Judge Carter, had voted steadily for Governor Chase, inquired if there were not four others in the Ohio delegation who would change from Chase to Lincoln. Four delegates instantly rose to their feet, giving their names, and the Convention at once burst into a state of uncontrollable excitement. The scene surpassed description. Men had been stationed upon the roof of the wigwam to communicate the result of the different ballots to the thousands outside, far outnumbering the packed crowd inside. To these men one of the secretaries

shouted: "Fire the salute! Abe Lincoln is nominated!" "Then," says Dr. Holland, in his "Life of Lincoln," "as the cheering inside died away, the roar began on the outside and swelled up from the excited masses like the noise of many waters. This the insiders heard, and to it they replied. Thus deep called to deep with such a frenzy of sympathetic enthusiasm that even the thundering salute of cannon was unheard by many on the platform." When the excitement had partly subsided, Mr. Evarts arose, and, in appropriate words, expressed his grief that Seward had not been nominated. He then moved that the nomination of Abraham Lincoln be made unanimous. John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and Carl Schurz, of Wisconsin, seconded the motion, and it was carried. Then the enthusiasm of the multitude burst out anew. A large banner, prepared by the Pennsylvania delegation, was conspicuously displayed, bearing the inscription "Pennsylvania good for twenty thousand majority for the people's candidate, Abe Lincoln." Delegates tore up the sticks and boards bearing the names of their several States, and waved them aloft over their heads. A brawny man jumped upon the platform, and, pulling his coat-sleeves up to his elbows, shouted: "I can't stop! Three times three more cheers for our next President, Abe Lincoln!" A full-length portrait of the candidate was produced upon the platform. Mr. Greeley telegraphed to the "Tribune": "There was never another such scene in America."

Chicago went wild. One hundred guns were fired from the top of the Tremont House. Friday night the city was in a blaze of glory. Bonfires, processions, torch-lights, fire-works, illuminations, and salutes, "filled the air with noise and the eye with beauty." "Honest Old Abe" was the utterance of every man in the streets. The Illinois delegation, before it separated, "resolved" that the millennium had come.

Mr. Seward was nominated in the convention by Mr. Evarts, of New York. Mr. Lincoln was nominated by Mr. Judd, of Illinois. The nomination of Mr. Lincoln was seconded by Mr. Delano, of Ohio, who said: "I desire to second the nomination of a man who can split rails and maul democrats—Abraham Lincoln." This probably originated the term "rail-splitter," which immediately became popular. Decorated and illuminated rails surrounded the newspaper offices, and became a leading feature of the campaign. "Rail-splitter Battalions" were formed in the different cities and minor villages of the North. At the great ratification meeting at Cooper Institute, June 8th,

after speeches by Messrs. Evarts, Blatchford, G. W. Curtis, General Nye, and Judge Tracey of California, the last-named said: "We wage no war upon the South, we harbor no malice against the South. We merely mean to *fence them in*" (pointing significantly to a rail exhibited on the platform); "this is all we propose to do to stop the extension of slavery, and Abe Lincoln has split the rails to build the fence."

What speaker at this time would have been so bold as to foretell that that man was raised up to free his country from slavery—that his hand would write the Proclamation of Emancipation?

Saturday, after the convention adjourned, the committee appointed by the convention to notify Lincoln formally of his nomination, with the Hon. George Ashmun, the Chairman of the Convention, at the head, went to Springfield, accompanied by several hundred men, carrying "rails," which, after marching in procession through the streets of Springfield, they stacked like muskets in

the Hall of Representatives of the State House. The cannon's roar responded to the flash of the telegraph throughout the country. Bonfires blazed everywhere. The enthusiasm of Lincoln's immediate friends and supporters was contagious, and spread throughout the North, as the record of the candidate became known.

The result of the convention, though unexpected to the country, was a natural one. As soon as the friends of the different candidates were ready to sacrifice their individual preferences to the demand for success, the contest was at an end.

Sunday night many of the delegates left Chicago for their homes. The sleeping-coaches were crowded. Col. Curtin and several of his friends occupied one of the sections. Just before dropping off to sleep, Curtin murmured: "Pettis, don't forget Reeder's announcement—the sweetest sound that ever greeted my ears—'Pennsylvania casts fifty-two votes for Abraham Lincoln of Illinois!'"

Frank B. Carpenter.



AN INSPIRED LIFE.

"Deep," "true," and "simple," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, "your audience should be very large." "So deeply and poetically thoughtful, so true in language, so complete as a whole, these sonnets stand apart here in these qualities," the elder Dana, the poet, wrote to William Cullen Bryant, who, cordially agreeing with his friend's praise, spoke of the sonnets as possessing "extraordinary grace and originality." Such was the judgment of our elder poets on the poetical work of Jones Very, which appeared in the year 1839—a modest little collection of three essays in prose and some fifty sonnets, published in Boston at the suggestion of Emerson.

That edition has long been exhausted; but the little volume is still treasured in many

private libraries, and some of the sonnets have since been widely copied into various publications. Hawthorne placed them long ago in his "virtuoso's collection," with the appreciative remark: "a poet whose voice is scarcely heard among us as yet, by reason of its depth."

On the 28th of August, 1813, Jones Very, the poet, was born at Salem on Massachusetts Bay, then the principal entry port of the country for East Indian merchandise. He was the son of Captain Jones Very, and of Mrs. Lydia Very, a cousin of his father. Both had by their own exertions acquired a considerable general culture, and both were fond of writing verses, an accomplishment possessed in a marked degree by two other

of their children besides our poet. The contributions of his brother, the Rev. Washington Very, and his sister Miss L. L. A. Very, may be found in various collections of household and sacred poetry.

Jones Very was a shy, modest lad, of a gentle, confiding nature, which endeared him to his teachers and intimate friends; though a certain reserve of manner and marked maturity of thought, very early developed, tended to limit somewhat the circle of his school-boy intimates. Until he was nine years old he was sent to a private day school for children; then he was taken to sea by his father, with whom he made several voyages. His father died in 1824, and young Jones was sent to a public grammar school in his native town, where he at once attracted attention by his exceptionally good scholarship and sedate demeanor. His great desire was to go to college and pursue a strictly literary life; "to go," as he expressed it, "to the depths of literature." This he had to postpone for the more immediate duty of assisting his mother in providing for her family of three younger children, his two sisters and the brother before alluded to. He, therefore, went into an auctioneer's room in Salem.

Obtaining from the proceeds of an exchange the books he needed in order to fit himself for college, he mastered their contents and prepared himself to teach till he could find means to enter Harvard. With the assistance of an uncle, he was, in 1834, enabled to do so, joining the sophomore class in that year. In 1836 he was graduated at Harvard with second honors, and was appointed a tutor in Greek, studying meantime at the theological school connected with the university, from which latter, however, owing to ill health, he was never formally graduated; in 1843 he was duly licensed as a preacher by the Cambridge Association.

In 1838 he returned to Salem in search of much-needed rest, and after his health was restored, he again assisted his former teacher, Mr. Oliver, in conducting his classical school. Very had an ardent love for the Greek language and its literature. His pupils say he "fairly breathed the spirit of Greek literature," and that the charm with which he surrounded the study vanished from Harvard with him. He sought, besides, to influence personally the young men under his charge. Many of his best sonnets appeared at this time (1837-8) often on the backs of the young men's Greek exercises, as another means of influencing them for good.

Very first printed his poems in the columns of the newspapers then published in his na-

tive town, where they may still be found side by side with the tales of his more widely known friend and admirer, Hawthorne. Later productions were contributed to the undergraduates' publication, "Harvardiana," and to "The Dial," the periodical edited by Margaret Fuller. In 1839, as has been said, Emerson induced Very to publish a selection of his work; and many letters, which at this time passed between them, and between Emerson and Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, show the warm interest which he took in Very, both as a man and as a writer. He writes to Miss Peabody, in 1838, of the "true and high satisfaction" he has had from Very's conversation and lecture, and "heartily congratulates" himself "on being, as it were, anew in such company."

The "lecture" here alluded to is the first of three prose essays included in the little volume before spoken of. It is on the subject of epic poetry, and is followed by two others on "Shakspeare" and on "Hamlet." They have much of the melodious movement that marks the lyric quality of his verse.

The poetry in this volume consists of some fifty sonnets, and with them a few lyrical pieces of rather more varying merit. Never was poetry more unpremeditated. The form is always the simpler Shaksperian measure of three quatrains and a couplet. Very himself regarded them as inspirations, and waited, like the prophets of old, for the message.

"Father, I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command
To roll rejoicing on its silent way.
The tongue of time abides the appointed hour
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;
The heavy cloud withdraws the pelting shower,
Then every drop speeds onward' at thy call;
The bird reposes on the yielding bough
With breast unswollen by the tide of song;
So does my spirit wait thy presence now
To pour thy praise in quickening life along,
Chiding with voice divine man's lengthened sleep
While round the Unuttered Word and Love their
vigils keep."

He was impressed with the belief that all sin consists in self-will, all holiness in unconditional surrender to the will of God; and therefore felt entirely confident that if any one would make it his object not to do his own will in anything, but constantly to obey the will of God, he would be led by Him and taught of Him in all things. Indeed, he strove with all his energies to surrender his own desires to the inward Light, and felt as a consequence, when he was moved to speak, that he knew absolutely the truth of what he delivered, though he was never other than humble and modest.

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THE PRESENCE.

"I sit within my room, and joy to find
 That Thou who always lov'st, art with me here,
 That I am never left by Thee behind,
 But by Thyself Thou keep'st me ever near;
 The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,
 And seems a kinder servant sent to me;
 With gladder heart I read Thy Holy Book,
 Because Thou art the eyes by which I see;
 This aged chair, that table, watch, and door
 Around in ready service ever wait;
 Nor can I ask of Thee a menial more
 To fill the measure of my large estate,
 For Thou Thyself, with all a father's care,
 Where'er I turn, art ever with me there."

Very constantly spoke of God in this way as he met his friends in the street; never with a trace of cant or puritanical whining, but as naturally and simply as if the subject were "the weather," or any other topic of common interest. He felt all this to be so intensely real and vital, he was often inexplicably grieved as he looked round among his fellows to find how much alone he stood; and at last he breaks out :

ENOCH.

"I looked to find a man who walked with God,
 Like the translated patriarch of old;—
 Though gladdened millions on His footstool trod,
 Yet none with Him did such sweet converse hold;
 I heard the wind in low complaint go by,
 That none its melodies like Him could hear;
 Day unto day, spoke Wisdom from on high,
 Yet none like David turned a willing ear;
 God walked alone, unhonored through the earth;
 For Him no heart-built temple open stood,
 The soul, forgetful of her nobler birth,
 Had hewn Him lofty shrines of stone and wood,
 And left unfinished and in ruins still
 The only temple He delights to fill."

It seemed to him that the world was becoming pagan. Men seemed to him to have lost their sight, and to be dying in the darkness of a prison. At the time these sonnets were produced (1838-39), he was in a state of great mental exaltation, and was thought, by persons who did not know him, to have lost his reason. But the persons who knew him intimately all declared that the statement that he had, in any sense, "lost his reason" was certainly untrue. Mr. Oliver, his teacher and near neighbor and friend, is positive on this point; as is Miss Peabody, who suggests that there was an intensity, rather than a lack of action of the higher intellectual powers. She says that the Rev. Dr. Channing, who saw Very at this time, was greatly impressed and touched with his gentleness and modesty, and his complete conviction that his word was the utterance of the Holy Spirit. The lower activities of the brain, upon which the senses

operate, seemed to have been in a measure suspended. "Yet," she reports Dr. Channing as saying, "there was an iron sequence of thought." "Men in general," said Dr. Channing, "have lost or never found this higher mind—their insanity is profound—his is only superficial. He has not," the Doctor concluded, "lost his reason; he has only suppressed his senses."

The Rev. Dr. Clarke observed in a notice of Very, prefacing some sonnets he sent at this time to "The Western Messenger": "that the fact that in his intellect all other thoughts had become merged as it were in the great thought of his connection with God, was more probably "an evidence of monomania than of mono-mania."

Emerson, whose house Very had been visiting, wrote to Miss Peabody under date of October, 1838: "I have been very happy in his visit. I wish the whole world were as mad as he. He is profoundly sane, and, as soon as his thoughts subside from their present excited to a more natural state, I think he will make all men sensible of it." Again in June, 1839, Emerson wrote to the same lady of another visit he has just induced Very to make him: "He has been serene, intelligent, and true in all the conversation I have had with him," and he added that he should himself go to town and arrange for the publication of Very's book.

After some time the undue exhilaration under which Very was acting ceased, and the work-a-day balance of his faculties was restored. He, however, still retained his view that complete self-abnegation was necessary to, and would result in, identification with the Holy Spirit.

After his return from Cambridge, Very did not again leave Salem for any length of time; but lived quietly with his mother, brother and sisters, and of late, since the death of his mother and brother, with his sisters alone. He was never married; nor was he permanently settled in charge of a parish, though he occasionally went from home to supply for a short time some Unitarian pulpit. It seemed to be with his ministerial as with his collegiate life: his rare gifts were not of the kind that would likely make him popular. Yet in the pulpit his extreme modesty never stood in his way; he felt there that he had a "message" not his own to deliver, and with great humility he confidently addressed himself to the task.

The verses he has left are of considerable amount and of varying poetical merit; in all that he has done the benign and gentle spirit of his personality makes itself felt.

Some of his happiest efforts have been transcriptions of Nature. Here is one that shows the delicate feeling in his poetry, and illustrates in a measure one phase of his quiet genius:

THE TREE.

"I love thee when thy swelling buds appear
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold:
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen,
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have strip thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam, when most we need
their love."

It is as simple and charming as Chaucer's apostrophe to the daisy, and how beautiful is the concluding couplet! Very constantly reminds us in this way of another age; and, even, in his personal appearance there was something that suggested a more tranquil past. Not that he was more conservative in his dress than many of his contemporaries in the quiet old town in which he lived; yet when one saw the tall, slight figure gazing off from some of the many rocky hill-tops of the wild pasture land about Salem,—outlined against a glowing twilight sky, or perhaps disappearing down some distant valley mellowed with a golden, afternoon sunlight,—it at once brought to mind the gentle presence in Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gipsy" "roaming the country side a truant boy,"

"With every doubt long blown by time away."

He was, however, far from being a recluse, and all sorts of men—clergymen, sportsmen, working-men, and, above all, children—loved to ramble with him, as indeed, he did with them. One of these sometimes rather strangely assorted companions of Very's walks said to the writer: "Well, yes! I did like to meet Mr. Very when I was out gunning; I don't set up to be much of a religious man, you know, but the fact is, you couldn't walk far with him without feeling better for it somehow."

Mr. Very spent his mornings in study, and his afternoons in these rambles, usually unaccompanied by friends.

"The flowers I pass have eyes that look at me,
The birds have ears that hear my spirit's voice,
And I am glad the leaping brook to see,
Because it does at my light step rejoice."

He would return from these rambles and commit to paper the words there "given" him. When one reads the remarkable sonnet on the Columbine, one feels that it is not all a pretty conceit of the poet's fancy, that he belongs indeed to the blithe company,

"Nodding our honey-bells 'mid pliant grass;"

one feels, too, that the spirit of a flower is speaking in these graceful, tremulous lines:

"Nature! my love for thee is deeper far
Than strength of words, though spirit-born, can tell;

For while I gaze they seem my soul to bar,
That in thy widening streams would onward swell,
Bearing thy mirrored beauty on its breast,—
Now, through thy lonely haunts unseen to glide,
A motion that scarce knows itself from rest,
With pictured flowers and branches on its tide:
Then by the noisy city's frowning wall,
Whose armed heights within its waters gleam,
To rush, with answering voice to ocean's call,
And mingle with the deep its swollen stream,
Whose boundless bosom's calm alone can hold
That heaven of glory in thy skies unrolled."

So this pure-hearted man lived his wholly uneventful life, and died, in the town where he was born; but the memory he has left still lingers as a benediction, to cheer and bless all who come under its gentle influence. Perhaps the best account of Very, as a man, is contained in an epitome of his character given by his life-long friend, the Rev. Robert C. Waterston :

"He was good as goodness itself, true as truth. With his knowledge and wisdom he was as simple as a child—transparent and artless. He was the extreme possible distance from pomposity or pretension, and when he believed that the poetry, which came to him like the breath of heaven, did actually come from heaven, it was so naturally and simply said one felt it was his profoundest conviction. It was a sacred idea—a divine reality."

On the 8th of May, 1880, Jones Very died, and entered on the "New Birth" he had long since sung in some of his noblest numbers:

"Tis a new life;—thoughts move not as they did
With slow, uncertain steps across the mind,
In thronging haste fast pressing on, they bid
The portals open to the viewless wind
That comes not, save when in the dust is laid
The crown of pride that gilds each mortal brow,
And from before man's vision melting fade
The heavens and earth,—their walls are falling now.

Fast crowding on, each thought asks utterance
strong;
Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the shore,
On from the sea they send their shouts along,
Back through the cave-worn rocks their thunders
roar;

And I, a child of God, by Christ made free,
Start from death's slumbers to Eternity."

William P. Andrews.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.*

THIRD PAPER: FROM THE ROCKIES TO THE CASCADE RANGE.

I TAKE up the thread of the narrative of north-western travel, which the reader may have followed in previous numbers of this magazine, at Missoula, a little trading town of perhaps eight hundred inhabitants, prettily situated on a plateau facing Hell Gate River, a few miles above its junction with the Bitter Root. South of Missoula, within rifle-shot, is the entrance to the great Hell Gate Cañon; westward across the angle formed by the two rivers rises the huge, dark wall of the Bitter Root Mountains, higher here, and more picturesque, than the main range of the Rockies, which are half concealed by the grassy swells of the foot-hills on the east. Lo-Lo Peak, the loftiest and most individual mountain of the Bitter Root chain, is covered with snow all summer; its altitude must be about ten thousand feet. North-west of the town the valley is broad enough for cultivation for a distance of twenty miles, when it closes in at the cañon of the Missoula River. A range for which there is not even a local name rims the valley on the north. One summit, called Skotah Peak, is a perfect pyramid in form. This cloud-compassed landmark we shall not lose sight of in three days' travel.

Up the Bitter Root Valley there are farms scattered for sixty miles. The valley is warmer than any other in Western Montana, and the small fruits and some hardy varieties of apples are grown. Herds of horses and cattle feed on the slopes of the mountains. Grain and potatoes are grown by irrigation, and the valley is a source of food-supply for military posts and mining-camps. Hogs are fattened upon peas and wheat, and the flavor of a Bitter Root ham is something altogether unique and appetizing. In June the bitter-root plant, from which the valley gets its name, covers all the uncultivated ground with its delicate rose-colored stars. The blossom, about as large as a wild rose, lies close upon the earth. The long, pipestem-like root is greatly relished by the Indians for food. When dried it looks like macaroni, and it is by no means unpalatable when cooked with a little salt or butter, or eaten raw. The squaws dig it with long sticks, and dry it for winter food. Another root, also a staple in the aboriginal larder, is the camas, which loves moist prairies,

where it flaunts its blue flowers in the early summer. In June, when the camas is ready to gather, even the most civilized Indian on the Flathead reservation feels the nomadic impulse too strong to resist. He packs his lodge upon ponies, and starts with his family for some camas prairie, where he is sure to meet a numerous company bent on having a good time.

The picturesque features of life in a Western Montana town like Missoula are best seen as evening approaches. Crowds of roughly clad men gather around the doors of the drinking-saloons. A group of Indians, who have been squatting on the sidewalk for two hours playing some mysterious game of cards of their own invention, breaks up. One of the squaws throws the cards into the street, which is already decorated from end to end with similar relics of other games. Another swings a baby upon her back, ties a shawl around it and herself, secures the child with a strap buckled across her chest, and strides off, her moccined feet toeing inward in the traditional Indian fashion. She wears a gown made of a scarlet calico bed-quilt, with leggings of some blue stuff; but she has somehow managed to get a civilized dress for the child. They all go off to their camp on the hill near by. Some blue-coated soldiers from the neighboring military post, remembering the roll-call at sunset, swing themselves upon their horses and go galloping off, a little the worse for the bad whisky they have been drinking in the saloons. A miner in blue woolen shirt and brown canvas trousers, with a hat of astonishing dimensions and a beard of a year's growth, trots up the street on a mule, and, with droll oaths and shuffling talk, offers the animal for sale to the crowd of loungers on the hotel piazza. No one wants to buy, and, after provoking a deal of laughter, the miner gives his ultimatum: "I'll hitch the critter to one of them piazza posts, and if he don't pull it down you may have him." This generous offer is declined by the landlord; and the miner rides off, declaring that he has not a solitary four-bit piece to pay for his supper, and is bound to sell the mule to somebody.

Toward nightfall the whole male population seems to be in the street, save the busy Chinamen in the laundries, who keep on

* See Map on page 770, September CENTURY.

sprinkling clothes by blowing water out of their mouths. Early or late, you will find these industrious little yellow men at work. One shuffles back and forth from the hydrant, carrying water for the morning wash in old coal-oil cans hung to a stick balanced across his shoulders. More Indians now—a "buck" and two squaws, leading ponies heavily laden with tent, clothes, and buffalo robes. A rope tied around a pony's lower jaw is the ordinary halter and bridle of the Indians. These people want to buy some article at the saddler's shop. They do not go in, but stare through the windows for five minutes. The saddler, knowing the Indian way of dealing, pays no attention to them. After a while they all sit down on the ground in front of the shop. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passes before the saddler asks what they want. If he had noticed them at first, they would have gone away without buying.

Now the great event of the day is at hand. The cracking of a whip and a rattle of wheels are heard up the street: the stage is coming. Thirty-six hours ago it left the terminus of the railroad one hundred and fifty miles away. It is the connecting link between the little isolated mountain community and the outside world. No handsome Concord coach appears, but only a clumsy "jerky" covered with dust. The "jerky" is a sort of cross between a coach proper and a common wagon. As an instrument of torture this hideous vehicle has no equal in modern times. The passengers emerge from its cavernous interior looking more dead than alive. A hundred able-bodied men, not one of them with a respectable coat or a tolerable hat, save two flashy gamblers, look on at the unloading of the luggage. The stage goes off to a stable, and the crowd disperses, to rally again, largely reinforced, at the word that there is to be a horse-race.

Now the drinking saloons—each one of which runs a faro bank and a table for "stud poker"—are lighted up, and the gaming and guzzling begin. Every third building on the principal business street is a saloon. The gambling goes on until daylight without any effort at concealment. In all the Montana towns keeping gaming-tables is treated as a perfectly legitimate business. Indeed, it is licensed by the Territorial laws. Some of the saloons have music, but this is a rather superfluous attraction. In one a woman sings popular ballads in a cracked voice, to the accompaniment of a banjo. Women of a certain sort mingle with the men and try their luck at the tables. Good order usually prevails, less probably from respect for law than from a prudent recognition of the fact that every

man carries a pistol in his hip-pocket, and a quarrel means shooting. The games played are faro and "stud poker," the latter being the favorite. It is a game in which "bluff" goes farther than luck or skill. Few whisky saloons in Montana are without a rude pine table covered with an old blanket, which, with a pack of cards, is all the outfit required for this diversion.

The main street of the frontier town, given up at night to drinking and gambling, by no means typifies the whole life of the place. The current of business and society, on the surface of which surges a deal of mud and drift-wood, is steady and decent. There are churches and schools and a wholesome family life.

From Missoula my route led northward over a range of mountains through the Corian defile, and across a forest of firs, pines, and tamaracks, down into the valley of the Jocko River, where the agency of the Flathead Indians is established. These are the Indians with whom General Garfield made a treaty in 1872. A portion of them lived in the Bitter Root Valley, and the negotiations conducted by Garfield were to induce them to remove to the reservation. Most of the chiefs signed the treaty, under the persuasive influence of a promise of five thousand dollars a year for ten years; but Charlo, the head chief, refused. He, with about three hundred followers, still lives on the Bitter Root, subject to no agency and receiving no annuity or other form of government gratuity. These Indians have farms and stock-ranges which they hold separately, not by any legal title, but by agreement among themselves.

The Flathead reservation contains about 1,500,000 acres of land, and is inhabited by less than twelve hundred Indians and half-breeds, belonging to the Flathead, Pend d'Oreille, Nez-Percé, and Kootenay tribes. I traversed it for its entire length of sixty miles along the Jocko and Pend d'Oreille rivers. Allowing only four persons to a family the area of the reservation amounts to five thousand acres for each family living upon it, a pretty liberal allowance when it is remembered that a white family can get only one hundred and sixty acres from the Government. Much of the reservation is mountain land of no value save for the timber on it, but there is ten times as much fine valley and grazing land as the Indians can make any use of. As a rule the Indian reservations take the best part of the Western country. They are absurdly large. Nearly half of Montana is Indian territory to-day. Five or six thousand Blackfeet, Gros Ventres and Piegan hold a country north of the Missouri River as large as the State of Pennsylvania; two thousand Crows occupy a region south of the Yellow-

stone equal in area to the State of Massachusetts, and twelve hundred Flatheads, and people of allied tribes, possess more square miles than are embraced in the State of Connecticut.

The Flathead agency is under the control of the Catholic Church, which supports a Jesuit mission upon it and has converted all of the inhabitants to at least a nominal adhesion to its faith. At the mission are excellent schools for girls and boys, a church, a convent, and a printing-office which has turned out, among other works, a very creditable dictionary of the Kalispel or Flathead language. The agent, Major Ronan, has been in office over five years, and with the aid of the Jesuit fathers has been remarkably successful in educating the Indians up to the point of living in log houses, fencing fields, cultivating little patches of grain and potatoes, and keeping cattle and horses. The Government supplies plows and wagons, and runs a saw-mill, grist-mill, blacksmith shop and threshing machine for their free use. There is no regular issue of food or clothing, but the old and the sick receive blankets, sugar, and flour. Probably nine-tenths of these Indians are self-sustaining. Some persist in leading a vagabond life, wandering about the country; but these manage to pick up a living by hunting, fishing, and digging roots, and sell ponies enough to buy blankets, tobacco, and powder. But even the best civilized, who own comfortable little houses with plank floors and porcelain door-knobs got from the Government, like to keep their canvas lodges pitched, and prefer to sleep in them in summer time. Farming is limited to a few acres for each family, but herding is carried on rather extensively. Thousands of sleek cattle and fine horses feed upon the bunch pastures along the Jocko and the Pend d'Oreille, on the Big Camas Prairie and by the shores of Flathead Lake. Many years ago, at a social gathering in Washington, the late President Garfield, then in the early part of his career in Congress, delivered a little extemporaneous address on the Indian question, in which he argued that the first step from barbarism toward civilization for all wild people was the pastoral life, and said that the Indian should be taught to rear cattle before being told to cultivate the soil. It was afterward a source of much satisfaction to him to learn that the tribe he visited in 1872 had become excellent herdsmen, and had already begun farming operations.

Probably there is no better example of a tribe being brought out of savagery in one generation than is afforded by the Flatheads,

and their cousins, the Pend d'Oreilles. Much of the credit for this achievement is no doubt due the Jesuit fathers, who, like all the Catholic religious orders, show a faculty for gaining an ascendancy over the minds of savages, partly by winning their confidence by devoting themselves to their interests, and partly, it may be, by offering them a religion that appeals strongly to the senses and superstitions. These Indians boast that their tribe never killed a white man. They are an inoffensive, child-like people, and are easily kept in order by the agent, aided by a few native policemen. Life and property are as secure among them as in most civilized communities. With them the agency system amounts only to a paternal supervision providing implements and machinery for husbandry, and giving aid only when urgently needed. It does not, as upon many reservations, undertake the support of the tribe by issuing rations and clothing. Instead of surrounding the agency with a horde of lazy beggars, it distributes the Indians over the reservation and encourages them to labor. It ought to result in citizenship and separate ownership of the land for the Indians. Many of them would now like deeds to the farms they occupy, but they cannot get them without legislation from Congress changing the present Indian policy. Practically they control their farms and herds as individual property; but they have no sense of secure ownership and no legal rights as against their agent or the chief. Some of them complain of the tyranny of the native police and of the practice of cruelly whipping women when accused by their husbands of a breach of marriage vows,—a practice established, it is charged, by the Jesuits; but in the main they seem to be contented and fairly prosperous. Among them are many half-breeds, who trace their ancestry on one side to Hudson's Bay Company servants or French Canadians,—fine-looking men and handsome women these, as a rule. They are proud of the white blood in their veins, and appear to be respected in the tribe on account of it; or perhaps it is their superior intelligence which gains for them the influence they evidently enjoy. Shiftless white men, drifting about the country, frequently attempt to settle in the reservation and get a footing there by marrying squaws; but they are not allowed to remain. The Indians do not object to their company so much as the agent.

The Kootenays (was the name originally *Court-nez*?), of whom there are a few lodges on the Flathead reservation, have strayed over the line from the British territory. They

do not take to the civilizing processes in force around them, and are great vagabonds and beggars, frequently wandering off with their dogs, ponies, squaws, and lodges to camp near some town and subsist on what they can pick up. They are as eloquent in begging as Italian lazzaroni. One of them expressed his feelings to the agent's wife the other day by saying plaintively: "My throat is thirsty for sugar, and my heart is hungry for fifty cents."

The Jocko Valley is one of the prettiest of the minor valleys of the Rocky Mountain system. It was all a green, flowery meadow when I traversed it in the month of June. Its width is about ten miles and its length perhaps thirty. Low, wooded mountain ranges surround it. That on the east is broken by the main branch of the stream, and through the rift can be seen the main chain of the Rockies—a mighty mass of crags and cliffs and snow-fields thrust up among the clouds. For thirty miles after the Jocko joins the Clark's Fork of the Columbia, called by most people in this region the Pend d'Oreille River, the main river is bordered by narrow green bottoms and broad stretches of grassy uplands rising to the steeper inclines of fir-clad mountains. Herds of horses are occasionally seen, and now and then the log hut of some thrifty Indian or half-breed, or the canvas lodge of a family that prefers the discomforts and freedom of savage life to the comforts and restraints of a local habitation. The first night out from the agency was spent at the hut of one of the queer characters that hang about Indian reservations,—a shiftless white man, who pays for the privilege of ferrying travelers across the river by taking the Indians over free. He lives in a dirty one-room hut. In response to a suggestion about supper, he declared that he would not cook for the Apostle Paul himself, but added that we were welcome to use his stove, and could take anything eatable to be found on the premises. His bill next morning was seven dollars—one dollar, he explained, for victuals for the party, and six for ferrage. A wagon-box offered a more inviting place for a bed than the floor of the ferryman's cabin. In the evening, after the old man had put a party of strolling Flatheads across the river, grumbling all the while because they paid no toll, he sat on a log, and, encouraged by the gift of a cigar and a cup of whisky, told of his adventures in the Far North-west when he was a Hudson's Bay Company's man, and had a squaw wife in every tribe he visited.

Another day's travel brought us out of the Flathead Reservation, and at the same time to the end of the wagon road and of the open country. The road did not, like one of those

western highways described by Longfellow, end in a squirrel track and run up a tree, but it stopped short at a saw-mill on the river's edge, where a hundred men were at work cutting logs and sawing bridge timber for the railroad advancing up the gorge eighty miles below.

In that day's journey we passed the Big Camas Prairie—not the one Chief Joseph fought for; that lies far to the west, in Idaho, across the Bitter Root Mountains. There are many camas prairies, big and little, in Montana and Idaho, and they all resemble each other in being fertile green basins among the mountains, in whose moist soil the camas plant flourishes. This was, perhaps, fifteen miles broad by twenty-five long—all magnificent grazing land. We passed an Indian village of a dozen lodges, the doors of the tents shaded by arbors of green boughs, under which sat the squaws in their red, green, and white blankets. On the plain fed herds of horses, and among them Indian riders galloped about seeking the animals they wanted to lariat for the next day's hunting expedition.

With the end of the wagon road came the question of further transportation. Between North-western Montana and the settlements in Northern Idaho and Washington Territory there is but one road—the old Mullan road—and that is impassable before the middle of July, because of the high water in the mountain streams. The most practicable way of getting to the other side of the huge wall of the Bitter Root Mountains and the Cœur d'Alenes, their northern extension, is to go around them by following Clark's Fork down to Pend d'Oreille Lake. This is the route surveyed for the Northern Pacific Railroad, whose engineers sought in vain for a pass that could be surmounted, and reluctantly turned the line northward, making a considerable détour. A trail runs through the dense forest along the river from the little saw-mill town of Weeksville to the end of the railroad, working southward up the valley from Pend d'Oreille Lake; and getting over it is only a matter of rough riding with a pack-train and three nights' camping in the solitudes of the woods. In some places the mountains, walling in the swift river, are too precipitous for even a bridle-path to cling to their sides. Then you scramble up to their summits, dragging your beast after you; but the climb is rewarded by magnificent views of the snowy ranges to the westward, the somber forest of pines, firs, and larches filling all the narrow valley, and the winding river far below looking like a canal, so regular is the outline of its banks.

The great Pend d'Oreille forest stretching

across the north-west corner of Montana and the pan-handle of Idaho into Eastern Washington is by no means forbidding and melancholy, when once you are in its depths. It is all a vast flower-garden. There is scarcely a square foot of the ground, save in the dark recesses along the courses of the small streams, which does not bear a blossom. You can gather handfuls of wild roses, without dismounting, almost anywhere along the trail; the white three-leaved Mariposa flower abounds; the quaint moccasin flower displays its clusters of dainty white slippers; there are patches of wild sunflowers, and a dozen other varieties; the service-berry bushes bear blossoms like the English hawthorn; festoons of light green moss hang from the branches of the trees; white clover makes the air fragrant, and scores of unnamed flowers brighten the glades. The woods are a pasture-field as well as a garden. Rich grasses grow luxuriantly. Our horses, turned loose every evening, found feed enough to keep in good condition for the hard work of the journey. Deer were seen every morning among the horses; fresh tracks of cinnamon and black bears were often found on the trail, and one day a wolf trotted across the path. The country abounds in game, and will one day, when the railroad makes it accessible, be a favorite resort for hunters, who will take home as trophies of their prowess, antlers of elk and deer, heads of the white mountain goat, and the huge, uncouth mountain sheep, and skins of bears, wolves, foxes, and badgers. There are plenty of speckled trout in the swift, cold streams that dash down from the mountain gorges to the river, and the least experienced fisherman has no difficulty in catching them with any sort of bait, so ignorant are they of the tricks of the angler.

Nor is the forest altogether lonely. Occasionally a pack-train is met, or a party of pedestrians, tramping with blankets, provisions, and frying-pans from the settlements or railroad camps west of the mountains to those in the mountain valleys, and sleeping *al fresco* wherever night overtakes them. Rough fellows these, but good-humored, and in no way dangerous. Indeed, there is no danger in any of the country I traversed on my north-western pilgrimage, to a traveler who minds his own business and keeps out of drinking dens. Almost everybody I met had a big pistol strapped to him; but I carried no weapon of any kind, and never once felt the need of one.

In Montana every traveler carries his bed, whether he depends upon hoofs or wheels for locomotion, or on his own legs. Even

the tramp who foots it over the prairies and through the mountains, pretending to look for work, but really on a summer pleasure tour, subsisting upon the country, has a pair of dirty blankets or an old quilt slung by a rope across his shoulders. The sleeping equipment of a traveler who can afford to pay some attention to comfort, consists of a buffalo robe and two pairs of blankets. With these, and perhaps a rubber poncho, he is prepared to stop wherever night overtakes him, fortunate if he has a roof over his head, and a pine floor to spread his buffalo upon, but ready to camp out under the stars. Along the stage roads one is rarely more than twenty miles from a house of some kind, but no one expects beds. The ranchman does not ask his guests if they would like to go to bed; he says: "Well, gents, are you ready to spread your blankets?"

Camping and traveling in the forest was a delightful experience, spite of rain and fatigue; but no one of our party was sorry one morning to be met on the river's bank by an engineer, who brought a package of letters, and the information that the camps of the Chinese graders on the railroad were just across the river, that there was a wagon-road to the end of the track, and that he had a skiff and two rowers to set us across the turbulent current. We had traversed the whole distance (six hundred miles) between the ends of the railroad, which are advancing to meet next year on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The news that we should see a locomotive that very day was received with enthusiasm. It meant beds, baths, clean clothes, newspapers, telegrams, napkins, silver forks, and a hundred other things never noticed or appreciated until out of reach. We rearranged our luggage, bestowed our bedding upon the half-breed Indian, the Kentucky negro, and the white lad, who jointly managed the pack-train, got over the river, and were soon driving through the camps of three thousand Chinese laborers. It was Sunday, and work on the grade was suspended. The canvas town swarmed with men. Some were having their heads shaved, others were combing and winding their pig-tails; others, stripped to their waist, were enjoying a sponge bath. One man was on his knees going through some religious ceremony over a chicken before dissecting it for the pot. There were Chinese stores, Chinese restaurants, and Chinese gambling tents. For fifteen miles the woods were literally full of Mongolians. Not a feature of their Asiatic life do they abandon, save that, from the necessity of working in mud and dust, they wear American boots. Their basket hats, blue blouses, and loose trousers are sup-

plied by Chinese merchants, and a large portion of their food—their rice and dried fish, and all their sweetmeats and dainties—comes across the Pacific. The road was lined with Chinamen driving fat hogs to the camps to be slaughtered for the Sunday dinner, or carrying bundles and boxes, and boards for tent-flooring, suspended to bamboo poles, balanced on the shoulders in the exact style of the pictures on the tea-chests.

The Chinese laborers on the railroad earn one dollar and sixteen cents a day, and are hired by gangs of forty from agents of the Six Companies in San Francisco. The usual estimate of the effectiveness of their labor is that three Chinamen are equal to two white men; but the superintendent of construction on the railroad asserts that he prefers the Chinese, man for man, to such white labor as can be had on the Pacific coast.

The railroad operations have caused to grow up at Cabinet Landing, a grotesque and hideous town of tents and shanties clinging to the hill-side, among the pines,—a town subsisting on the wants and weaknesses of the working men, and flaunting in their faces facilities for all the coarser forms of vice. Across the river from this pandemonium of frontier dirt, drunkenness, and debauchery, is another transient railroad town, where the engineers and overseers live, with their wives and children in clean tents, prettily embowered with evergreens. A swift ride of six miles down the rapid stream, in a yawl pulled by two stout oarsmen, brought us to a waiting train, and twenty miles by rail around the shores of Lake Pend d'Oreille, to the raw pine village of Sand Point, standing with its feet in the swollen waters of the lake, completed the day's journey. Lake Pend d'Oreille is of such irregular shape that I will not attempt to guess at its length or breadth. Perhaps it is three or four times as large as Lake George, It is surrounded by high mountains, and is in the heart of a vast forest. A foreign comparison for its bold, rocky precipices and snow-flecked peaks would best be found in the Königsee of the Bavarian Alps; but no comparison could do justice to the mosquitoes that dispute the occupancy of its shores with the railroad workmen. These pests have their one virtue, however. They draw off their forces at dark, and do not resume their attacks until daybreak.

Out of the woods next day, leaving the lake and the mountains behind and running across green plains past a few feeble beginnings of villages, with here and there a potato-patch or a wheat-field; past herds of horses fattening on the tall bunch-grass, past pine-clad hills and swift, cold trout streams, to

Spokane Falls, a budding town that hopes to grind the product of the new wheat region of Eastern Washington, and thus become the Minneapolis of the Pacific Coast. Its ambition in this direction rests upon the falls of the Spokane River, a superb water-power and a superb picture, too. The river, first dividing into three channels, makes three separate falls of about thirty feet, and then uniting its transparent green waters, plunges down a sheer descent of sixty feet, throwing up steaming columns of spray. Some small milling and wood-sawing industries have already grown up here, and the town, though barely two years old, counts twelve hundred inhabitants, and is clean, orderly, and respectable beyond the attainments of most new settlements in the North-west. North and north-west of it lies a good farming country just beginning to attract population. Southward is a belt of rocky forest land seven miles wide, and beyond that begins the high, grassy, billowy plateau that skirts the bases of the Coeur d'Alene, Bitter Root, and Blue Mountains for two hundred and fifty miles, with an average breadth of fifty miles, and constitutes the most productive new wheat-field in the United States. To see this wonderful new granary of the far West I went just an hour's journey farther by rail to Cheney (an energetic, successful village in the pine forest belt, named for a Boston capitalist, who has recently shown his sensible appreciation of the honor by giving it ten thousand dollars for a school-building), and then traveled southward by vehicles of one sort and another for five days, visiting the towns of Colfax, Moscow, Lewiston, Pomeroy, Dayton, and Walla-Walla. The immense grain and pasture country of Eastern Washington, lapping over a little into Idaho on the east and into Oregon on the south, is a region so peculiar in its natural features and its climate that it can be compared with no other. The well-worn simile of a sea in a storm might be applied to its surface, and would describe the fluid-like irregularity of the shape of the green hills; but the hills are ten times as high as the longest Atlantic storm waves. Their soil is a deep rich brown loam, with a basaltic foundation and a small admixture of alkali—the best possible grain-producing compound. Slopes, crests, and deep, narrow valleys are alike fertile. In its natural state the whole face of the country is covered with a heavy growth of bunch-grass and wild sunflowers, the sunflower plants growing separately among the grass at intervals of three or four feet. There is no timber save alder and willow along the streams, and a little stunted pine on the slopes of the profound depressions

made by the longer water-courses. Lumber for building and rails for fences must be hauled from the mountains. This is the only serious drawback the settlers of this new region have to contend with, and it will soon be modified when the roads building by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company reach the mountains. Cedar posts will then be easily obtained, and the barbed wire, so much used of late in the prairie States, will take the place of fence-rails.

The southern portion of the region around Walla-Walla and Dayton is tolerably well settled, and driving over its dusty roads, one is rarely out of sight of neat farm-houses, orchards, and fields of wheat and barley. In the northern portion nine-tenths of the land lies open, and much of it is still in the possession of the Government and available for homestead claims. Here the little, unpainted, one-room houses show that the people are just beginning, with small means, to open new farms. Life seems narrow and dreary in one of these shabby board boxes, without shade or shrubbery, and with no prospect but the grass and the sunflowers on the steep hillsides; but give the new settler a few years' start, and he will have a painted house of three or four rooms, a good barn, a garden, and a young orchard and ten acres of growing forest-trees planted and cared for, in order to obtain an additional quarter-section of land under the Timber-culture Act. His fields of wheat, flax, and barley will be thrown like mantles of green and gold over the surrounding hills, and his herds of cattle and horses will graze for miles around.

Attracted by a pretty farmstead, which contrasted strikingly with the bare board shanties I had passed during the morning's ride, I stopped one day to ask for dinner—a repast never denied in the far West. The people were from Ashtabula County, Ohio, and their farm and house showed how much comfort can be got by industry, taste, and thrift in this newest of all the new farming regions of the United States. There was a neat grassy door-yard in front of the pretty house, and back of it a garden with currant and raspberry bushes, strawberry beds, and young cherry trees. An orchard of plums and hardy apples covered a neighboring slope, and a plantation of box-alders was growing near the big barn to make a wind-break. The table was soon spread in the living-room, and the company was increased by the arrival of a rosy-cheeked daughter—"first of the hive to swarm," explained the mother—who came with her husband from a farm near by which he had just "taken up." The land of my host probably cost him nothing five years ago. With the

improvements he has put upon it, he counts it worth twenty dollars an acre.

Different parts of the region I am describing have local names derived from the streams that water them,—pretty names when taken from the Nez-Percé Indian language,—such as the Palouse Country, the Alpowa Country, the Assotin Country, and the Pataha Country; common-place or ugly, like most frontier names, when invented by the settlers, like Pine Creek, Thorn Creek, Deadman's Creek, and Hangman's Creek. Snake River, running north until it receives the Clearwater at Lewiston, turns sharply to the west and cuts this region across about midway of its length. This powerful stream, broad, rapid, and turbid, flows in a bare, basaltic crevice two thousand feet below the general level of the country it drains.

Where thirty bushels of wheat to the acre are an average crop, and fifty not an extraordinary one, and there is never a failure of a crop, the settler, even though the price be only fifty cents a bushel, soon gets fore-handed. While his crops are growing, his herds are increasing on the wide, natural pastures. Horses thrive out of doors the year round. North of Snake River, the farmers find it prudent to lay by a little winter fodder for cattle, and for this purpose sow a mixed crop of wheat and oats to cut green, or harvest the volunteer crop of wheat which comes up on unplowed stubble fields. A horse will paw the snow off the dry bunch-grass and shift very well for himself; but when there is a deep snowfall, a steer seeks a hollow in the hills and stands there till he dies.

The energetic farmer in this region, I have said, soon gets a fair share of the comforts of life about him. There is one class of settlers, however, who seem never to get beyond the bare-board-cabin period; they are the Missourians. Population in Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon is divided into two distinct elements—the Missourians and the people from other States. It is marvelous how many pioneers the half-settled State of Missouri has sent to the farther West, and equally marvelous is the faculty of inertia they display as to progress in civilization. The Missourian is an anomaly. He is a frontiersman by instinct, constantly emigrating to newer countries, and yet he lacks the energy to build a comfortable house, or cultivate a good crop, or put a serviceable fence around his land. Bayard Taylor once remarked upon the hostility of the Missourian to trees. His house stands in the glaring sun. If nature has provided a tree near by he cuts it down. Probably the reason is that he is too lazy to go far for wood, and consumes the

timber nearest at hand to broil his bacon and bake his corn pone. There are, it is only fair to say, a few active, competent people from Missouri in the towns of the North-west, but the rural population from that State is a dead weight upon any section they inhabit. It is a common saying in all the Western territories, that the left wing of "Pap" Price's army, after the Rebel defeat at Pea Ridge, never stopped running until it got beyond the Rocky Mountains. This saying has some basis of fact. Thousands of Price's soldiers deserted after the battle, and, returning home, put their families and valuables on wheels and crossed over the plains with ox-teams to the newly discovered mining gulches of Idaho, Montana, and Oregon. The dispersion of Price's army can only partly account, however, for the large population of Missouri origin to be found on the Pacific slope and in the Rocky Mountains. We must give these peculiar people, whom Col. John Hay has put into literature in his *Pike County Ballads*, credit for a deal of enterprise and hardihood in getting a long way off from their birth-place. Though satisfied with poor living, alleviated only by tobacco and whisky, they are good movers.

At Colfax, a busy little town squeezed into a mile of the crevice of the Palouse River Valley, I saw a large number of Spokane and Nez-Percé Indians, gorgeously arrayed in scarlet, yellow, and green. They were on their way to some rendezvous where they have an annual picnic and horse-race, and were spending a few days in the village, selling tough little ponies for ten dollars apiece, and drinking up all the essences in the drug-stores in lieu of whisky. There is a heavy penalty for selling liquor to an Indian. The law is broken by stealth, but the red man cannot always find a white brother willing to take the chances of imprisonment for half a dollar, so he is obliged to fall back on essences. It is a common mistake in the East to suppose that the Indians are confined upon their reservations. They roam over the white man's country pretty much as they please, but jealously keep the white man out of their territory. They are the aristocracy of the West: "they toil not, neither do they spin." Life is a continual excursion and holiday. With their Government blankets and annuities, and the proceeds of the sale of their ponies, the men are quite independent. They have money to buy fine felt hats, and feathers at the millinery stores to stick in them, and they are great consumers of vermillion paint, which they daub on their faces without regard to expense. The squaws get only a very moderate amount of the finery and paint; as with birds, the male sports the fine plumage. The tall, well-

made "bucks," arrayed in green blankets, red leggings, and white felt hats stuck around with feathers and tinsel, stalk about the streets of the frontier towns, looking scornfully upon the white people who work for a living, and no doubt regarding them as poor creatures.

The climate of the high, hilly plateau drained by Snake River and its tributaries is peculiar. The winters are about as cold as those of Maryland or Southern Ohio. There is some snow, two or three weeks of sleighing, perhaps, a few cold snaps, and a good deal of mild, open weather. In the summer the days are clear and hot, and the nights so cool that a pair of blankets are needed for comfort. Hot nights are unknown. Rain falls in light showers through June, but after that time there are three months of rainless weather, when the harvesting proceeds leisurely, the grain being threshed in the fields as soon as cut. There is a great difference, however, between the climate of the uplands, where the elevation is twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, and that of the deep, sunken river valleys. In going down from the plateau into the Snake River Valley at Lewiston, you seem to pass in an hour from the summer temperature of Maine to that of South Carolina. Never have I seen a more singular and striking landscape effect than that which suddenly burst into view one evening as I came out on the edge of the plateau above the junction of the Snake and Clearwater rivers. I had been traveling for sixty miles that day, up hill and down, among grain and flax fields and great sweeps of open bunch-grass country, the Coeur d'Alene Mountains ahead, now and then a farm-house in a hollow, and for a noon halt the smart, growing village of Moscow, just across the Idaho line,—not conscious any of the time of being above the ordinary level of a hill country,—when toward sunset the ground suddenly disappeared in front of my horses' heads, and there, two thousand feet below, in almost sheer descent, lay a little checker-board of a town at the meeting of two magnificent rivers. It was Lewiston—the houses mere white specks in a mass of foliage, the brown country brightened here and there by a square of green grain-field, rising in ridges to the Craig Mountains. How to get down into the warm nether region of water and verdure, where the town lay seemingly within a stone's throw, was a problem that appeared difficult, but was easily enough solved by a half-hour's fast drive down a zigzag road cut in the cliff side. With its rows of tall poplars and its groves of fruit-trees, Lewiston looks from the steep mountain road like some French

village on the Marne or the Meuse, and the illusion is heightened as you approach, by the sign "Hotel de France" on a cream-colored building half hidden by shade. It vanishes, however, when you get over the ferry on the dusty business street, bordered by mean little one-story wooden buildings. Yet the place is one of the most attractive of all the frontier towns, from the abundance of foliage and the pretty door-yards, with their lush turf, and their shrubbery and flowers,—rare adornments in this raw, utilitarian West. The heights one descends to reach the town from the country north of the Clearwater and the Snake, viewed from the valley, are bold, bare mountains of basaltic rock scantily covered with dry herbage. Their creased and bulging slopes, strangely colored in all shades of brown, have a fantastic appearance, and when their singular hues are brightened by sunset tints they look like the paint-and-canvas creation of the brain of some opium-eating artists rather than like real mountains of nature's own make.

Lewiston lies in Idaho, just across the line, and here the North Idaho question is sure to be put before the visitor. The mountain range, which at the end of the shank of the leg-of-mutton shaped territory divides it from Washington, bears off to the east, and leaves three good agricultural counties along its base. These counties have no relations with the other settled regions of Idaho except an enforced political one; and they demand separation and annexation to Washington, with which they are identical in their business interests and the character of their country. A range of mountains eighty miles across, and passable only by an Indian trail, divides them from South Idaho, and they are forced to make a détour of six hundred miles through Washington and Oregon to reach the territorial capital at Boisé City. All their lines of communication with the rest of the world lead by river and road across an artificial boundary traced on a map by a meridian line to the towns of Washington and Oregon. Their reasonable request is, that when Washington is admitted as a State they be joined to it. The only opposition to this plan comes from the politicians of South Idaho, who do not want to lose the taxes on the seven thousand prosperous people inhabiting the northern counties. Besides Lewiston, with its twelve hundred inhabitants, there lie in this region, Moscow with nearly a thousand, and half a dozen little budding towns living on trade with the grain farmers and stock-raisers. The eastward indentation in the mountain chain is thirty miles deep, and is drained by the Clearwater and its tributaries. The richest portion of it is called the Potlatch country.

Right across it lies the Nez-Percé Reservation, which the Lewiston people are eager to have broken up. Wherever there is an Indian reservation the white settlers near by want it abolished. They look upon the Indian as a cumberer of the ground, and would order him to move on if they could. The Nez-Percés are tolerably well advanced in civilization. One of them has sold eight thousand dollars' worth of horses and cattle this year. There are seventy houses on the reservation, but the occupants pitch their lodges close by, and would doubtless relapse into a nomadic life if the Government did not constantly encourage them to till the soil and look after their stock. These Nez-Percés look like harmless people. One of them dined near me at the hotel in Lewiston, and his manner of feeding was, if anything, a trifle less greedy than that of some of the white guests. It was the cousins of these same tamed barbarians, however, who, under Chief Joseph, refused to go on the reservation, cut the throats of the wives and children of the settlers on the Cottonwood, and massacred Lieutenant Raines and his thirteen soldiers. The Nez-Percé war was the tragedy of North Idaho, and the people are never weary of reciting this epic of the frontier, with its scenes of heroism and horror. It would be folly for the Government to bring back Joseph and his exiled band to the reservation. Their lives would not be safe from the wrath of the relatives and neighbors of the murdered settlers.

South and west of Lewiston the good arable country sweeps around by the base of the Blue Mountains to Walla-Walla, a distance of ninety miles. The whole fertile belt of East Washington, I have said before, may roughly be measured as two hundred and fifty miles long by fifty broad. It is all fertile, and amazingly fertile too. There is absolutely no waste land in it, save on the steep slopes of the Snake River Cañon. It is sparsely settled as yet, but immigrants are steadily streaming in, and it will soon contain a dense agricultural population. It is a better grain country than even Eastern Dakota, the average yield being considerably larger. Besides this magnificent farming belt, all parts of which are alike in their general characteristics of elevation, hilly surface, and uniformly productive soil, East Washington contains two other fertile regions: the Big Bend country, lying in the sweep of the Columbia—an extensive plain just beginning to attract settlers—and the Yakima country, a series of narrow valleys on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains. I have not visited either of them. Both are said to be good stock and wheat sections.

In traveling through the country south of Snake River (Lewis River, the people of Lewiston insist that it should be called,) I saw the rival villages of Pomeroy and Pataha City fighting each other at a distance of three miles for the honor and profit of the county-seatship of the new county of Garfield, and passed a night in the older and larger town of Dayton, snugly seated among elms and willows in a bend of the Touchet River. It is bustling and prosperous.

My journey next took me to Walla-Walla, largest and handsomest of all the East Washington towns. Doubtless the name of Walla-Walla brings no suggestion to the minds of most readers in the far-away East, save of a rude frontier settlement. Yet the place luxuriates in verdure and bloom, and many of its shady streets, bordered by pretty houses, with their lawns, orchards and gardens, would be admired in a New England village, while the business streets would do no discredit to an Ohio town of half a century's growth. In the homes of well-to-do citizens one finds the magazines and new books and newspapers from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and discovers that they manage to keep abreast of the ideas of the time quite as well as intelligent people on the Atlantic slope. The town has five thousand inhabitants, but in its importance as a center of trade and social influences it represents an Eastern town of many times its size. There is barely a trace of the frontier in the manners of the people, and none at all in their comfortable way of living; yet they are thousands of miles from New York by the only route of steam travel. A fairer or more fertile country than that which stretches south and east of Walla-Walla to the base of the Blue Mountains one might travel more than five thousand miles to find. In June it is all one immense rolling field of wheat and barley dotted at long intervals—for the farms are large—with neat houses, each in its orchard of apple and peach trees. The mountains rise in gentle slopes to snow-flecked summits. Over the wide plain move tall, tawny cloud-like columns of dust, in size and shape like water-sprouts at sea. From the foot-hills scores of these singular formations may be seen on any warm day, though the air seems still.

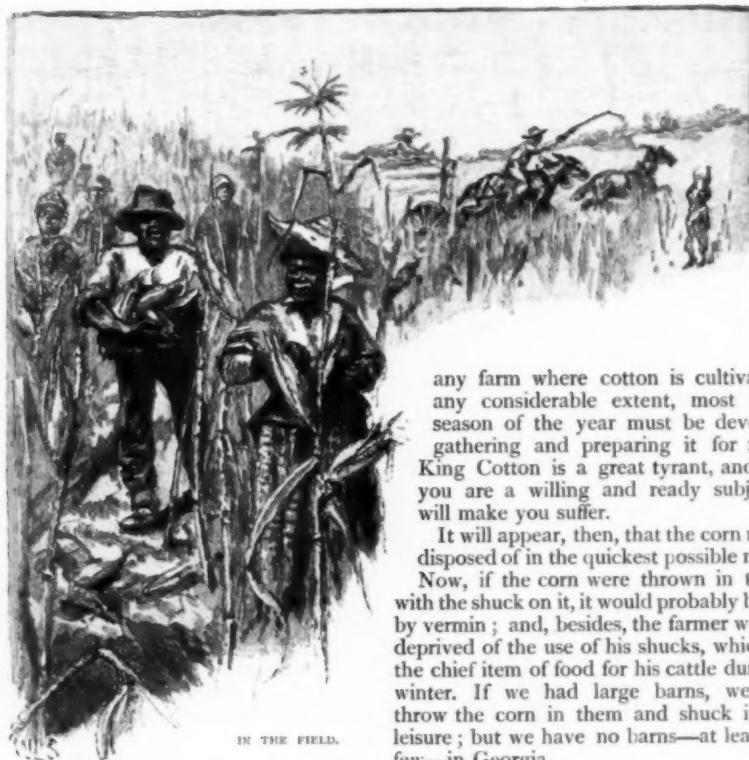
If the reader has followed me in my notes of travel through "The New North-west" in

this and previous numbers of this magazine, he will observe that the whole country traversed through the northern tier of territories from Eastern Dakota to Washington is a habitable region. There will be no break in the line. No alkali and greasewood deserts lie across the path of settlement, to make a blank space in future maps and divide the civilization of the North Pacific coast from that of the nearer North-west. This is an important fact for the statesman and sociologist to consider in their forecasts of the progress of the American Republic, and the development of the new American race now in process of amalgamation from diverse elements of Puritan and Southerner, Teuton, Celt, and Scandinavian, African, Mongolian, and Red Indian. The two coasts of the continent will be tied together by a broad band of continuously populated country, reaching from the Red River of the North to the mouth of the Columbia.

Indeed, the vacant spaces on this belt are already occupied here and there by the bivouacs of the advance guard of the approaching army of settlers. In the course of over six hundred miles of travel between the two ends of the Northern Pacific Railroad I slept under a roof every night, save when on an Indian reservation, or in the great forest on the Clark's Fork of the Columbia. Sometimes the roof was that of a herdsman's hut, or the shanty of an engineer party, but always there was shelter to be found for the night by rightly planning the day's journey. For the entire distance every square mile of the country is valuable either for farming, stock-raising, or timber-cutting. There is absolutely no waste land between the well-settled region of Dakota and the new wheat region of Washington Territory. Even on the tops of the Rocky Mountains there is good pasturage; and the vast timber belt enveloping Clark's Fork and Lake Pend d'Oreille, and the ranges of the Cabinet and Coeur d'Alene Mountains is more valuable than an equal extent of arable land, because it is destined to supply with lumber the treeless regions on both sides of it in Montana and Washington. Save on the ranges of the Rockies and their outlying groups and spurs, the country is practically destitute of good timber all the way east to the pine forests of Minnesota, and westward there is a wide stretch of bare hills and plains to the foot of the Cascade Range.

E. V. Smalley.

A GEORGIA CORN-SHUCKING.



IN THE FIELD.

THE first work toward gathering the corn crop in Georgia is to strip the stalks of their blades, *i. e.*, "pull the fodder," which is done in August or September. This work is done by hand, the laborer stripping the blades from stalk after stalk until he gets his hands full, and then tying them together with a few blades of the same; and this constitutes a "hand." These hands are hung on the stalks of corn a day or two until they are "cured," after which they are tied up, three or four together, in bundles, and these bundles are stacked in the fields, or hauled up to the stables and thrown into the fodder-loft. The corn is thus left on the naked stalk until some time in October or November, by which time it will have become hard and dry. If Georgians, like the Western farmers, had nothing to gather in the fall but the corn, we might spend the whole fall gathering it; but, on

any farm where cotton is cultivated to any considerable extent, most of this season of the year must be devoted to gathering and preparing it for market. King Cotton is a great tyrant, and unless you are a willing and ready subject, he will make you suffer.

It will appear, then, that the corn must be disposed of in the quickest possible manner.

Now, if the corn were thrown in the crib with the shuck on it, it would probably be eaten by vermin; and, besides, the farmer would be deprived of the use of his shucks, which form the chief item of food for his cattle during the winter. If we had large barns, we might throw the corn in them and shuck it at our leisure; but we have no barns—at least, very few—in Georgia.

Out of these conditions has sprung the corn-shucking; and it has grown into importance, even more as a social than as an economic feature among our farming people. It is peculiarly suited to negro genius. Among no other people could it flourish and reach the perfection which it here attains.

The farmer who proposes to give a corn-shucking selects a level spot in his lot, conveniently near the crib, rakes away all trash, and sweeps the place clean with a brush broom. The corn is then pulled off the stalks, thrown into wagons, hauled to the lot, and thrown out on the spot selected, all in one pile. If it has been previously "notarized" through the neighborhood that there is to be plenty to eat and drink at the corn-shucking, and if the night is auspicious, there will certainly be a crowd. Soon after dark the negroes begin to come in, and before long

the place will be alive with them,—men, women, and children. After the crowd has gathered and been moderately warmed up, two "gin'r'l's" are chosen from among the most famous corn-shuckers on the ground, and these proceed to divide the shuckers into two parties, later comers reporting alternately to one side or the other, so as to keep the forces equally divided. The next step, which is one of great importance, is

in a corn-shucker differs from that of the soldier in that the former is in greater danger than any of his followers; for the chances are that, should his side seem to be gaining, one of their opponents will knock the leader off the corn-pile, and thus cause a momentary panic, which is eagerly taken advantage of. This proceeding, however, is considered fair only in extreme cases, and not unfrequently leads to a general row. If it is possible, imagine



THE SHUCKING.

to divide the corn-pile. This is done by laying a fence-rail across the top of the corn-pile, so that the vertical plane, passing through the rail, will divide the pile into two equal portions. Laying the rail is of great importance, since upon this depends the accuracy of the division; it is accompanied with much argument, not to say wrangling. The position of the rail being determined, the two generals mount the corn-pile, and the work begins. The necessity for the "gin'r'l's" to occupy the most conspicuous position accessible, from which to cheer their followers, is one reason why they get up on top of the corn; but there is another, equally important, which is to keep the rail from being moved, it being no uncommon thing for one side to change the position of the rail, and thus throw an undue portion of the work upon their adversaries. The position of "gin'r'l"

a negro man standing up on a pile of corn, holding in his hand an ear of corn and shouting the words on the next page, and you will have pictured the "corn gin'r'l." It is a prime requisite that he should be ready in his improvisations and have a good voice, so that he may lead in the corn-song. The corn-song is almost always a song with a chorus, or, to use the language of corn-shuckers, the "gin'r'l's give out," and the shuckers "drone." These songs are kept up continuously during the entire time the work is going on, and though extremely simple, yet, when sung by fifty pairs of lusty lungs, there are few things more stirring.

The most common form is for the generals to improvise words, which they half sing, half recite, all joining in the chorus. As a specimen of this style of corn-song, the following will answer:

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First Gen. "Here is yer corn-shucker."
All Hands. "Oh ho ho ho ho."
Second Gen. "Here is yer nigger ruler."
All Hands. "Oh ho ho ho ho."
Both Gens. "Oh ho ho ho ho."
All Hands. "Oh ho ho ho ho."
First Gen. "Don't yer hyer me holler?"
All Hands. "Don't yer hyer me lumber?"
All Hands. "Oh ho ho ho ho," etc.

In this the generals frequently recount their adventures, travels and experiences. The writer knew of a negro who went down to the sea-coast, and when he returned, carried by storm a corn-shucking of which he was general, with the words: "I've bin ter de ilund."

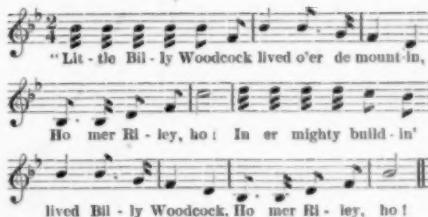
Of course "Brer Rabbit" must come in for his share of the honor, as he does in the following song, which is illustrative of the negro's appreciation of rabbit cunning. It is sung just as the other was, the generals and shuckers alternating:

Gen. "Rabbit in de gyordin."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Dog can't ketch um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Gun can't shoot um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Mon can't skin um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Cook can't cook um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Folks can't eat um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh," etc.

Any reader who has followed so far, may by courtesy be called a corn general, and is therefore at liberty to add indefinitely to the verses, or repeat them as he pleases. Any words at all may be taken and twisted into a chorus, as is illustrated in the following:

Gen. "Slip shuck corn little while."
Cho. "Little while, little while."
Gen. "Slip shuck corn little while."
Cho. "Little while, I say."
Gen. "I'm gwine home in little while," etc.

The finest corn-song of them all is one in which the chorus is, "Ho mer Riley ho." The words here given were some of them picked up in South-west Georgia, and some in other portions of the State. Competent judges say there is really music in this song, and for this reason, as well as to give readers who have never heard the corn-song an idea of the tunes to which they are sung, the notes of this song are given below. No full knowledge of the way in which the song is rendered can be conveyed by notes, but it is believed that the tune is properly reported.



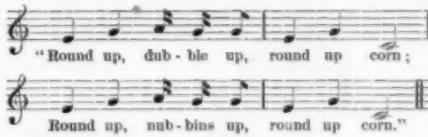
" Little Billy Woodcock got er mighty long bill.
 Ho mer Riley ho.
 He stuck it through de mountin and clinch it on
 tother side.
 Ho mer Riley ho.

" Possum up de gum stump, Raccoon in de holler.
 Ho mer Riley ho.
 Rabbit in de ole feel fat ez he kin waller.
 Ho mer Riley ho.

" Nigger in de wood-pile can't count seb'n.
 Ho mer Riley ho.
 Put him in de fedder bed he thought he wuz in
 Heb'n.
 Ho mer Riley ho.

" Did yer ever see er gin sling made outer bramdy?
 Ho mer Riley ho.
 Did you ever see er yaller gal lick 'lasses candy?
 Ho mer Riley ho."

There is one more very short song which is sung by all hands. The work of finishing the shucking of the last few ears is called "rounding up" the corn-pile, and is almost invariably in the following words:



These words are repeated, over and over, until the last of the corn is shucked, and the work finished.

An amount of work which would astonish the shuckers themselves, and which, if demanded of them in the day-time would be declared impossible, is accomplished under the excitement of the corn-song. They shuck the corn by hand, sometimes using a sharp stick to split open the shuck, but most commonly tearing them open with the fingers. As the feeling of rivalry grows more and more intense, they work faster and faster, stripping the shuck from the ears so fast that they seem to fly almost constantly from their hands.

A staid New-England farmer and his friends, gathered in a comfortable, well-lighted barn, quietly doing the laborious part

of his "husking-bee," would think they had been transferred to pandemonium if they could be conveyed to a Georgia corn-shucking and see how our colored farmers do the same work; and I imagine the social gathering which follows the husking-bee, and the frolic which is the after-piece of the corn-shucking, resemble each other as little as do their methods of work.

It is no rare occurrence for a corn-shucking to terminate in a row instead of a frolic. If one side is badly beaten, there is almost sure to be some charge of fraud; either that the rail has been moved, or part of the corn of the successful party thrown over on the other side "unbeknownst" to them, or some such charge. These offenses are common occurrences, and are aided by the dimness of the light. If any of these charges can be proved, a first-class row ensues, in which ears of corn fly thick and fast, and sometimes more dangerous weapons are used. The owner of the premises can always stop them, and does so. Negroes have great respect for proprietorship, and yield whenever it is asserted.

It is most often the case, however, that the race has been about an equal one, and that good humor pre-

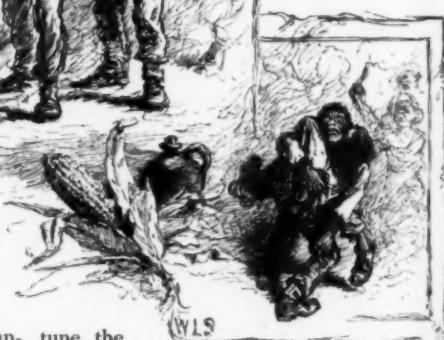
tune, the
chorus of
which is

"Walk away, walk away!" This honor, though of questionable comfort, or rather most unquestionable discomfort, must be undergone, for a refusal is considered most churlish, and a retreat gives too much license to the guests. The general feeling that most handsome behavior has been shown toward the host, raises the opinion the guests entertain for themselves, and they are prepared to begin in earnest the sports of the occasion. The fun usually begins by some one who is a famous wrestler (pronounced "rasler") offering to

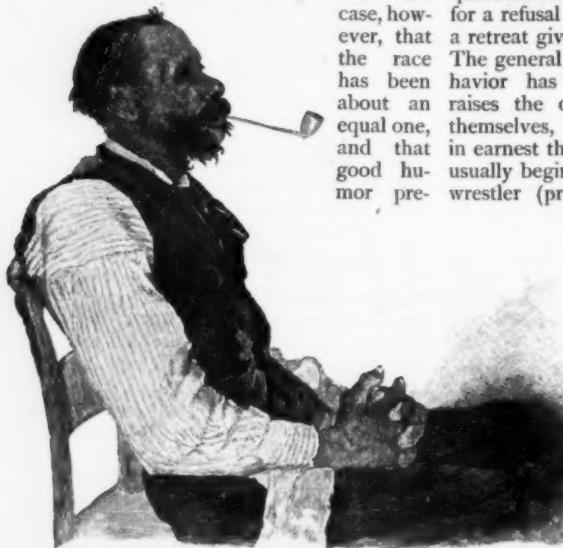
throw down anybody on the ground, accompanying the boast by throwing aside his coat and swaggering round, sometimes making a ring and inviting "eny gemman ez warnts ter git his pictur tuk on de groun'," to come in. The challenge is promptly accepted, and the spectators gather around, forming a ring, so that they may be in a position to watch, and, at the same time, encourage and advise their friends. They keep up a continual stream of talk during the

vails amid the great excitement.

The first thing in order is to express thanks for the entertainment, which is done by taking the host, putting him on the shoulders of two strong men, and then marching around, while all hands split their throats to a



THE WALK AROUND.—THE WRESTLE.



A RETIRED GIN'R'L.

whole time, and not unfrequently come to blows over the merits of the wrestlers.

The "rasler's" account of his performance is as much unlike his real conduct as can well be imagined. The fellow who swaggers around boastfully at the shucking will make himself out the most modest person in the world, in recounting his adventures next day. There is a famous corn-shucker and wrestler who is a tenant of the writer,

here ef he didn't git up en swor it wuz er dog-fall.* Gemini! den I got mer blood up. I sed, I did: 'Jest buckle round me.' En no sooner en he tuk his holt, en gin de word ter cut mer patchin, den I tuk him up wid de ole h'ist, en flung him clean over mer shoulder, right squar on top of his hed. De wust uv it wuz, arter dat he wanted ter go fite An' Kalline's little Jim, kase he sed: 'Dat jarred de gemman.' I tolle him ef he toch dat chile, I



THE DANCE.

named Nathan Mitchell, more commonly known in the neighborhood as "An' Fran's Nath." He loves to go over his adventures generally in about these words: "Mars Dave, yer know dis hyer Ike Jones whar live down Mr. Brittels'? Well, sir, I went down ter Miss Marfy Moore's night erfore las'. Dey had er little corn-shuckin' down dar, en arter we got done wid de shuckin', Ike he kermiced cuttin' up his shines, 'lowed he cud fling down enything ter his inches on de ground, en ef dey didn't b'lieve it, all dey had ter do wuz ter toe de mark. De boys dey all wanted me fer ter try 'im, but I wudn't do it, kase I knowed p'intedly ef I tuk holt er dat nigger he wuz bound ter git hurt. When he seed me sorter hol'in' back, he got wusser en wusser, twell finerly I sed: 'Beenst how yer so manish, I'll take one fall wid yer, jest ter give yer sattifacshun.' Wal, sir, I flung dat nigger so hard I got oneasy 'bout him; I wuz nattally feared I had kilt him, and I aint

gin de wust whippin' ever he toted. I don't like dat nigger, nohow."

I happened to hear this same man telling one of his companions about some corn- "gin'r'l," who "got up on de corn-pile en kep' singin' en gwine on twell I got tired, en took him berhine de year wid er year er corn en axed him down"; from which I inferred he had been guilty of the misconduct of throwing at the generals, which has already been mentioned, and which he was sufficiently ashamed of to try and hide from me.

A corn-shucking which is to be considered in the light of a finished performance should end with a dance. Of late years, colored farmers who are "members" frequently give corn-shuckings where no dancing is allowed, but it is common for the party to have a dance before they disperse. These dances take place either in one of the houses, or else

* I. e., a drawn battle, both striking the ground at the same moment.

out of doors on the ground. The dance of late years is a modification of the cotillon, the old-time jig having given place to this, just as in the cities the German and the others have ousted the old-time dances. There is a great deal of jig-dancing in these cotillons, and the man who cannot "cut the pigeon-wing" is considered a sorry dancer indeed; but still it purports to be a cotillon. Endurance is a strong point in the list of accomplishments of the dancer, and, other things being equal, that dancer who can hold out the longest is considered the best. The music is commonly made by a fiddler and a straw-beater, the fiddle being far more common than the banjo, in spite of tradition to the contrary. The fiddler is the man of most importance on the ground. He always comes late, must have an extra share of whisky, is the best-dressed man in the crowd, and unless every honor is shown him he will not play. He will play you a dozen different pieces, which are carefully distinguished by names, but not by tunes. The most skilled judge of music will be unable to detect any difference between "Run, Nigger, Run," "Arkansaw Traveler," "Forky Deer," and any other tune. He is never offended at a mistake which you may make as to what piece he is playing; he only feels a trifle contemptuous toward you as a person utterly devoid of musical knowledge. The straw-beater is a musician, the description of whose performances the writer has never "read or heard repeated." No preliminary training is necessary in this branch of music; any one can succeed, with proper caution, the first time he tries. The performer provides himself with a pair of straws about eighteen inches in length, and stout enough to stand a good smart blow. An experienced straw-beater will be very careful in selecting his straws, which he does from the sedge-broom;

this gives him an importance he could not otherwise have, on account of the commonness of his accomplishment. These straws are used after the manner of drumsticks, that portion of the fiddle-strings between the fiddler's bow and his left hand serving as a drum. One of the first sounds which you hear on approaching the dancing party is the *tum tee tum* of the straws, and after the dance begins, when the shuffling of feet destroys the other sounds of the fiddle, this noise can still be heard.

With the cotillon a new and very important office, that of "caller-out," has become a necessity. The "caller-out," though of less importance than the fiddler, is second to no other. He not only calls out the figures, but explains them at length to the ignorant, sometimes accompanying them through the performance. He is never at a loss, "Gentlemen to de right!" being a sufficient refuge in case of embarrassment, since this always calls forth a full display of the dancers' agility, and gives much time.

The corn-shucking is one of the institutions of the old plantations which has flourished and expanded since the negroes were freed. With the larger liberty they enjoy there has come increased social intercourse, and this has tended to encourage social gatherings of all kinds. Then, too, the great number of small farmers who have sprung up in the South since the war necessitates mutual aid in larger undertakings, so that at this time the corn-shucking, as an institution, is most flourishing. No doubt with improved culture its features will be changed, and, in time, destroyed. Indeed, already it is becoming modified, and the great improvement which the negro race is continually manifesting indicates that in time their simple songs and rough sports must yield to higher demands.

David C. Barrow, Jr.

THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

In dull, dead heaviness of sleep,
The earth lies weak and worn.
The haggard night forgets to keep
Her weary watch for morn.

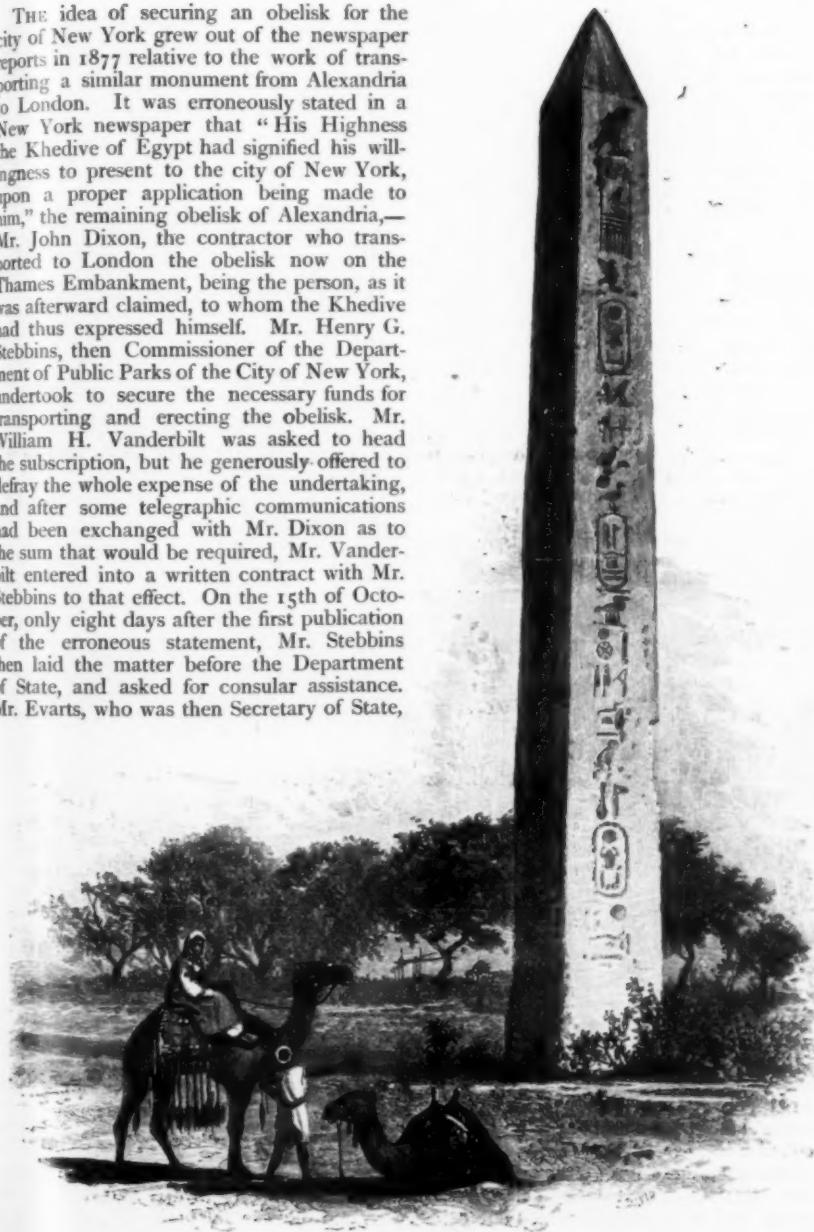
A numbness slowly seems to creep
On river, field, and hill.
The gloom falls momently more deep,
The stillness grows more still.

And over all there steals, intense,
A strangeness chill and gray,
A stolid, dull indifference,
The night's despair of day.

Robertson Trowbridge.

THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE OBELISK.

THE idea of securing an obelisk for the city of New York grew out of the newspaper reports in 1877 relative to the work of transporting a similar monument from Alexandria to London. It was erroneously stated in a New York newspaper that "His Highness the Khedive of Egypt had signified his willingness to present to the city of New York, upon a proper application being made to him," the remaining obelisk of Alexandria,—Mr. John Dixon, the contractor who transported to London the obelisk now on the Thames Embankment, being the person, as it was afterward claimed, to whom the Khedive had thus expressed himself. Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, then Commissioner of the Department of Public Parks of the City of New York, undertook to secure the necessary funds for transporting and erecting the obelisk. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt was asked to head the subscription, but he generously offered to defray the whole expense of the undertaking, and after some telegraphic communications had been exchanged with Mr. Dixon as to the sum that would be required, Mr. Vanderbilt entered into a written contract with Mr. Stebbins to that effect. On the 15th of October, only eight days after the first publication of the erroneous statement, Mr. Stebbins then laid the matter before the Department of State, and asked for consular assistance. Mr. Evarts, who was then Secretary of State,



THE OBELISK OF HELIOPOLIS.

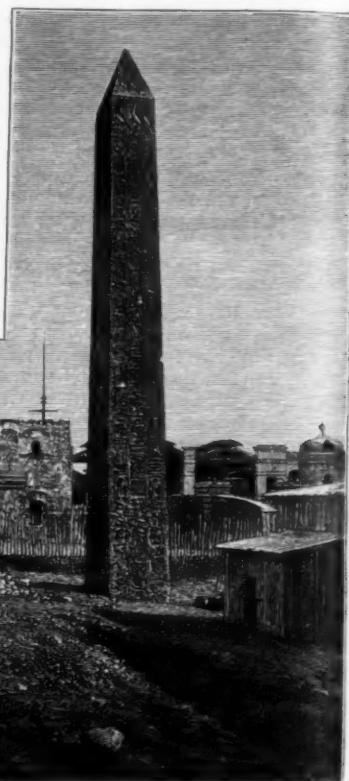
thereupon requested me, who, in virtue of my position as agent and consul-general at Cairo, was the diplomatic representative of the United States at the court of the Khedive, to "use all proper means of furthering the object."

The secretary's dispatch was a great surprise to me, for I was aware that the question of obtaining an obelisk for New York was entirely new in Egypt. I saw many serious difficulties in the way, and at once informed the Secretary of State of my fears, and made several suggestions. In the meantime Mr. Dixon had denied having any conversation with the Khedive, or intimation from him, on the subject. By my instructions from Mr. Evarts, under date of October 19, 1877, I was informed that the engrossed original of Mr. Stebbins's letter was to be presented to the Khedive by an authorized representative of Mr. Dixon. Neither Mr. Dixon nor his agent, nor the engrossed copy of Mr. Stebbins's letter ever came.

In February, 1878, nothing had been received relative to the obelisk, but I still waited until the month of March to give the persons in the United States ample time to act, if they had any intention of so doing. I had been

larger of the two at Karnak, the largest obelisk now known, still stands where it was placed 3400 years ago, and Egypt, I knew, would never consent to part with it. The smaller one standing near it—that of Thothmes I, whose mummy has lately been deposited in the Museum at Cairo—has one corner broken, and is cracked in a manner that would render its removal, without further injury, difficult, if not impossible.

On the 4th of March, 1878, I obtained an interview with the Khedive at the Palace of Abdin, the usual winter residence of His High-



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AS IT STOOD IN ALEXANDRIA.

for some time thinking of making an effort to secure an obelisk, if they should abandon the enterprise. During the Nile journey made by General Grant, I had concluded that the only obelisk in Egypt that we should be at all likely to obtain, and that would be desirable, was the one at Luxor. No one would think of removing that of Heliopolis, which antedates Cleopatra's needle a thousand years. The

ness, for the purpose of laying the matter before him. I informed him that the people of the United States desired one of the ancient obelisks of Egypt, and that a wealthy gentleman of New York had offered to defray all the expenses of its transportation. I mentioned the obelisk of Paris and that of London, and the natural desire of our people to have one in their metropolis, and suggested

that the obelisk at Alexandria was most accessible for shipment. I found the subject entirely new to the Khedive. He seemed at first to be surprised at the proposal. However, after various questions and observations, he said that, while it would be a great pleasure for him to be able to accede to my wishes, or to do anything in his power to gratify the people of the United States, the matter would have to be seriously considered; and as to the obelisk at Alexandria, he did not think it best even to mention it, since the people of that city would make too much opposition to its removal.

Not long after the first interview, the subject was again a topic of conversation between the Khedive and myself, and on this occasion I stated some of the reasons that occurred to me in favor of the removal of an obelisk to New York. I said that New York and the cities immediately adjoining already numbered two millions, and that their population was increasing rapidly; that the population of the United States was approaching fifty millions, and the time was not distant when it would be double that number; that a large portion of all these millions would at some time during their lives visit the city of New York; that, should an ancient Egyptian obelisk be erected there, it would be the one object, above all others, that every visitor would desire to see, and so, as the years and centuries passed, many millions who could never cross the Atlantic would see this monument, and, as they would be for the most part intelligent people, they would learn something of its ancient history, and that it was a gift of His Highness to the people of the United States; while, if the obelisk remained in Egypt, it would be seen by only a few hundred visitors annually, who would lose nothing by the removal of a single one of the remaining obelisks.

Soon after this conversation I was present at a dinner-party given by His Highness at the Palace of Abdin, and it was on this occasion that the first favorable intimation was given in regard to the obelisk. There were from thirty to forty persons present, and among the number M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. After dinner the company was standing in groups in the large parlors. The Khedive, who was constantly shifting his place, seemed in better spirits than was usual for him in those sad days of financial depression and embarrassment. We happened to meet near a settee, and he invited me to be seated. His first words were:

"Well, Mr. Farman, you would like an obelisk?"

I replied that we would like one very

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much. Some one came to join us, and we separated. A few minutes later I was in conversation with M. de Lesseps. This was at the time the Khedive was about to establish a commission of inquiry to ascertain the amount of the net revenues of the country with reference to determining what rate of interest could be paid on the public debt. The Nile had not risen to its customary height the year before, and a considerable portion of the valley of Upper Egypt, instead of being green with its accustomed winter crops, was only a parched and dusty desert, and it seemed impossible to continue the payment of interest at the rate of seven per cent. on the nearly one hundred millions of pounds of Egypt's indebtedness. The Khedive had named, or was about to name, M. de Lesseps president of the commission. During our conversation the Khedive joined us. M. de Lesseps, turning toward him, repeated something I had just said about the best manner of ascertaining the revenues. Either His Highness did not hear, or, what is more likely, he did not wish to enter upon the discussion of that subject. Interrupting the conversation, he said:

"Mr. Farman wishes an obelisk."

M. de Lesseps, who is a fine conversationalist and always polite, agreeable and quick in his replies, immediately said:

"That would be an excellent thing for the people of the United States;" and after a moment's hesitation, during which time the Khedive seemed to await his further reply, he added: "and I do not see why we could not give them one. It would not injure us much, and would be a very valuable acquisition for them."

M. de Lesseps had been so long in Egypt that, in speaking of Egyptian matters, he was accustomed to say "we," "us," and "ours."

The Khedive simply said: "I am considering the matter," and turned to speak with another person who was approaching.

When I made my dinner call two or three days afterward, the obelisk was again mentioned, and the Khedive told me he had concluded to give us one, but not that at Alexandria. He at once called his private secretary and directed him to write a note to Brugsch Bey (now Brugsch Pasha) requesting a list and description of all the obelisks remaining in Egypt, and an opinion as to which could best be spared. I thanked His Highness warmly, and, as I was leaving, he said that within a short time his secretary would inform me which obelisk we could have.

It was not many days after this interview that a reception and ball occurred at the palace. Brugsch Bey and myself hap-

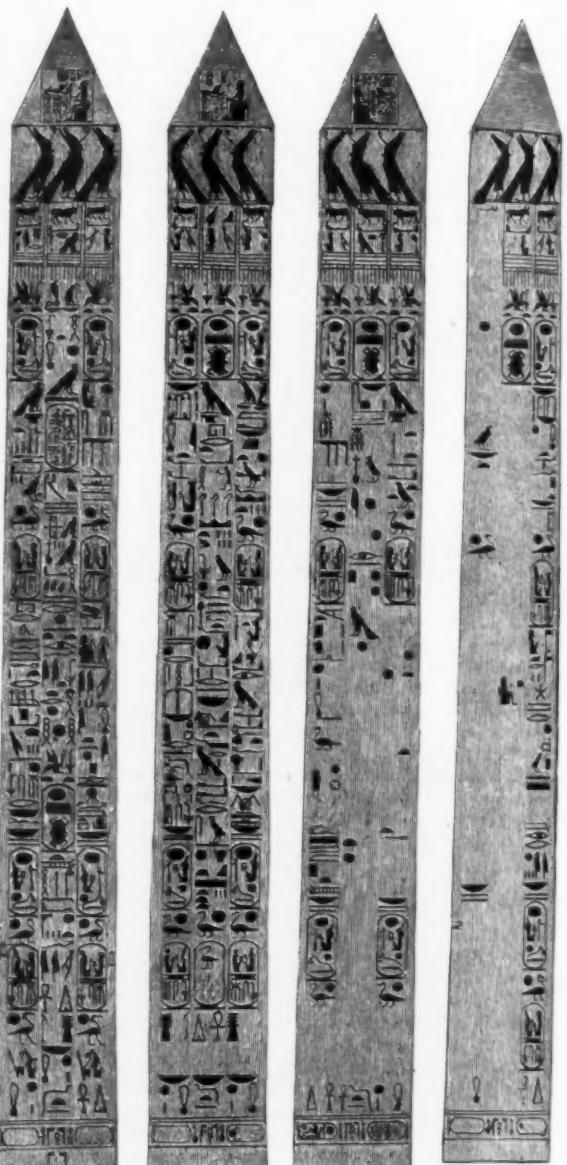
pene to meet, and after the exchange of a few words he said, in a rather reproachful tone :

" I learn you are trying to obtain an obelisk to take to New York."

" Why not ? They have one in Paris and one in London, and the people of New York wish one also."

" You will create a great amount of feeling ; all the scholars of Europe will oppose it. The Khedive has asked me to give a description of the obelisks remaining in Egypt, and to state which one can best be spared ; I have sent a description of the obelisks, but I shall not designate any to be taken away, for I am totally opposed to the removal of any of them."

Not desiring to enter into any discussion on the subject, I replied in a conciliatory manner, saying it was of no great importance ; that there were a number of obelisks in Egypt, and that the removal of one would not make much difference. He added that I would find there would be great opposition. This was the beginning of opposition that was to delay for more than a year the completion of the gift, and the fulfilment of a purpose which His Highness had deliberately fixed upon, without pressure from any source, and without any undue persuasion. Had this opposition come from Egyptians of position, who would have had a right to be heard, I should, through delicacy, have desisted at once from all further efforts in the matter. It, however, came wholly from Europeans, temporarily residing in Egypt, and who, whatever might be their opinions, and however well founded their conclusions, had, as against the United States, no rights to protect, and consequently were not entitled to be heard. The question of the propriety of the removal of the obelisk is open to discussion,



HIEROGLYPHS ON THE FOUR SIDES OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

and there will always be different views upon the subject. But it was not for Europeans, whose capitals are enriched with the treasures of Ancient Egypt, to say that not a single monument should be taken to the United States.

About this time I was informed by the

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English consul-general that the obelisk at Luxor, the only one I then had hopes of getting, belonged to his people; that it was given to them at the same time that the one at Paris was given to France, and that they claimed it, and should object to its being removed by any one else. The consul-general said he did not know that they should ever take it, but they claimed a right to do so. The Khedive afterward said to me that it was true the obelisk at Luxor was offered to the English at the same time that its companion was given to the French; and although they did not take it, they now objected to its being given to any one else; and that under the circumstances it would not do to interfere with it. This was a new and unexpected complication. The obelisk had been offered to the English by Mohammed Ali, fifty years ago, because he did not wish to create any ill feelings on account of his gift to France. They did not accept it, or at least did not take it; and after having accepted and removed to London another they suddenly renewed their claim to this one. Weeks passed, and no note came from the Khedive. In the mean time his private secretary had informed me that no obelisk had been designated to be given to the United States, for the reason that Brugsch Bey had given no opinion as to the one that could best be spared. I knew that special objections were being made in the case of each obelisk; that all the European influence was combined against me, and that the English claim of the Luxor obelisk was only one of the results of this combination. Once afterward, during the spring of 1878, the matter was mentioned by the Khedive, who had not yet fixed upon one to be given, but said that he would do so at no very distant day.

Serious difficulties came upon Egypt about this time. The Khedive was harassed and vexed in many ways. Notwithstanding the lowness of the Nile and the consequent impoverished condition of the country, resulting in a famine by which ten thousand persons perished, the English and French governments gave His Highness notice, in the month of April, that they should insist on the payment, at their maturity, of the May coupons of the unified debt. Sufficient money could not be collected, however, to pay the coupons, and the deficiency was raised on the notes of the three princes—the present Khedive and his two brothers—secured by a pledge on the wheat crop then growing. If this wheat had been left in the country, and distributed among the needy, the famine of the next fall would have been averted. M. de Lesseps, well knowing that he could not do justice

to Egypt and at the same time please the Paris bankers, had gone to France without entering upon the duties of the commission of inquiry. As early as the month of June the president of the commission demanded of the Khedive and the members of his family the surrender of their private estates. This demand was acceded to, and four hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of land were deeded to the Government and afterward mortgaged to secure the famous Rothschild loan of eight and a half millions of pounds. Measures of economy, demanded by the commission, also required the dismissal of many government employés, and the Americans in the military service of the Khedive were among the first to be discharged. Without any previous notice, they were informed that their term of service was ended. They all had due them considerable amounts of arrears of pay, and some of them had disputed claims and demands for indemnity, which complicated their affairs with the Government and rendered a settlement of their accounts difficult. I was called upon to aid my countrymen, and found myself suddenly thrown into an unpleasant contest. In this depressed state of Egyptian affairs, and among the embarrassments with which the Khedive found himself surrounded, there was no time for him to think of the obelisk. I therefore left Egypt about the middle of July, on a leave of absence, with permission to visit the United States.

On my return to Egypt, in November, I found a great change in governmental matters. What was called the Anglo-French ministry had been formed, with Nubar Pasha at its head. The ministry had been organized on the theory of its responsibility, and claimed to act independent of the Khedive. In Egypt there was no parliament, all the legislative as well as the executive power being vested in the Khedive. There was a Chamber of Notables, which was sometimes assembled to vote on questions of extraordinary taxation. This chamber was convoked in December, 1878, or in January following, but was utterly ignored by Mr. Wilson, the English representative in the ministry, who even refused to submit to it a report of his proceedings as Minister of Finance. The ministers, according to their theory, were independent of all restraint, and, as it seems, no one could rightfully remove them. At least this was claimed, and their subsequent removal by the Khedive cost him his throne. This was the ministry through which the obelisk was now to come, if at all—the Khedive, as they claimed, having no authority in the premises.

Mariette Bey, who had spent the summer at the Exposition in Paris, had arrived, and I knew he was making strenuous opposition to the gift; and as he was then really at the head of the Department of Antiquities, his opposition could not but embarrass and delay the negotiations, and at one time it seemed likely wholly to defeat the intentions of the Khedive.

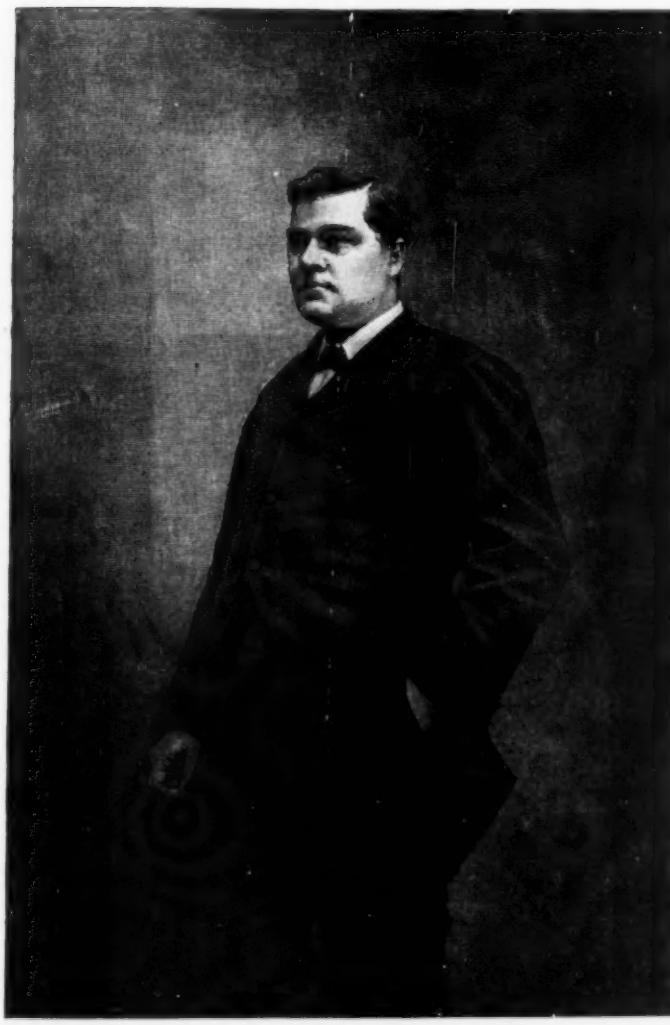
On my arrival I paid the customary visit to the Khedive, but no mention was made of the obelisk for a number of weeks. He finally signified his willingness to complete the gift, but did not hesitate to intimate to me that the matter of the obelisk was then in the hands of the ministers. Though I had little faith in any long continuance of this state of things, I took occasion to bring the subject before Nubar Pasha, whom I had never seen until my return to Egypt, he having been in disfavor with the Khedive, and having resided in Europe since 1875. I found that he already understood the question, not from the Khedive, but from those who were opposed to the gift. He, however, took a fair view of the matter, and said that, if the Khedive had expressed his intention to give us an obelisk, it should be considered as a *fait accompli*, and that there was no reason why the ministry should oppose it. He promised to see the Khedive and learn exactly what had been done, and then carry out His Highness's wishes. He, however, added that, if it were a new and open question, he should oppose it. Not long afterward he informed me that he had seen the Khedive, and that he would take the necessary measures to have the promise fulfilled.

About this time Mariette Bey laid before the Council of Ministers a memorial on the subject, in which he made strenuous opposition to the removal of any of the obelisks of Egypt, and particularly set forth the sacredness of the obelisks at Karnak and that of Heliopolis. It was this memorial and the declarations of Mariette that afterward determined the question as to what obelisk should be given us. He undoubtedly thought that there would be sufficient opposition from other sources to prevent the removal of the one at Alexandria; that the English would take care of theirs at Luxor; and, if he could prevent the selection of either of those at Karnak or the one at Heliopolis, the project would be defeated.*

In February Nubar Pasha informed me that,

* Previous to the time of his being employed by the Egyptian Government, Marietta Bey himself took to Paris the finest collection of antiquities that has ever been removed from Egypt. This collection is still in the Museum of the Louvre.

as the English claimed the one at Luxor, and Mariette Bey was so strongly opposed to the removal of those of Karnak and that of Heliopolis, he had determined to give us the obelisk of Alexandria, Cleopatra's Needle. At the same time he prepared a memorandum of a dispatch to the Minister of Public Works, who represented France in the ministry, asking him to institute the necessary formalities. Two or three days afterward, events happened that threw Egypt into intense excitement, and compelled Nubar Pasha to retire from the ministry. A large number of officers and soldiers had been discharged without receiving their arrears of pay, and it was also just at that time that we were getting details of the famine that had existed in Upper Egypt in the previous months of November and December. Public feeling had become very hostile toward what was known as the European ministry. This state of excitement culminated on the 18th of February in a street attack, by the discharged officers and others, upon Mr. Rivers Wilson and Nubar Pasha, as they were leaving their departments to go to their noon-day meal. They were roughly handled, taken back to the Department of Finance, and held as prisoners for some hours, until the Khedive came personally to their relief. It was then only with great difficulty, and after some shots had been fired, that order was restored. Nubar Pasha resigned the next morning, but the English and French ministers, supported by their respective governments, retained their places, and after thirty days of diplomatic negotiations the ministry was reorganized, but under such conditions that the two European ministers could virtually control the Government. The suspense was not destined to be of long duration. Turns of the wheel of fortune are not only frequent in Egypt, but they generally happen when least expected. It is called a country of surprises, and there is an Oriental proverb according to which only provisional things are permanent. An Arab does not finish his house for fear of some accident befalling it or its occupants. To keep off misfortune the structure is left unfinished, or some part of it is only provisional, to be replaced by that which is permanent at a future day. But this is always to be done and never is done. Conditions were formulated and imposed that were designed to insure the immovability of the ministers. But the Arab proverb held good, and the structure which rested on laborious negotiations lasting thirty days endured only eighteen days. On the 7th of April occurred what has been called the *coup d'état* of the Khedive Ismail Pasha.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HENRY H. GORRINGE. (FROM ARTOTYPE, BY MARROUN & BIERSTADT.)

After the events of the 18th of February, the Khedive claimed that it was necessary for the safety of the country that he should again take the government into his own hands, and form a new ministry composed wholly of Egyptians. He requested Cherif Pasha to take the presidency of a new ministry, and Cherif accepted. Once more the Khedive was the real as well as the nominal chief and head of the government, but the diplomatic and political circles of Europe were thrown into a state of great excitement; and at Paris, where the

feeling against the Khedive was intense, his dethronement was loudly demanded. I had known Cherif Pasha since the time of my first arrival in Egypt. He was admitted by all persons to be a noble, honest, and just man, who never entered into intrigues or speculations. In his youth he had received a good European education, and had begun his career as an army officer and had risen to the rank of colonel. Always frank and sincere, he enjoyed more of the confidence of the people than any other person the Khedive

could call into his service. It was not many days before matters were again smoothly running so far as the local government of Egypt was concerned.

Cherif Pasha had been conversant for some time with the effort to procure an obelisk for New York. About a month after the so-called *coup d'état*, when it seemed for the moment as if the European Powers were to acquiesce in the new order of things, I suggested to Cherif Pasha that I would like to have the matter of the obelisk terminated. Some days afterward, when I was calling upon him for another reason, he told me he desired to speak to the Khedive once more on the subject, that he should see him that evening, and if I would call on the morrow at eleven o'clock he would give me a definite answer, and I was led to understand that it would be a favorable one. The next day I went to the ministry at the hour designated, but was informed that Cherif Pasha was at the palace, and probably with the Khedive. On my return to the consulate, I stopped to visit the Pasha, who held the position of keeper of the seal, and who had rooms in that part of the palace in which the Khedive resided. I found there two of the princes, brothers of the present Khedive. We entered into conversation, and coffee was served according to the universal oriental custom. In a few minutes Cherif Pasha came in and, after the usual salutations, had a few words with the keeper of the seal in their own language. Starting to leave, he gave me an intimation to accompany him, and, bidding good morning to the others, we went out together. On shaking hands with Cherif, I noticed that he was much agitated, and I suspected that there was important and perhaps alarming news from the cabinets of Paris and London. We had passed through a large hall and down a stair-way, and were just going out of a door-way near where both of our carriages were awaiting us, when the Pasha said :

"It is the obelisk at Alexandria that you prefer, is it not?"

I replied that that one was more conveniently situated for removal than the others.

"Well," said the Pasha, "we have concluded to give it to you."

I said that I ought to have something in writing, confirming the gift, to send to the Secretary of State at Washington, and that though we had always talked of it as a gift to the United States, it was understood that it was to be erected in New York; and that I had been thinking that perhaps it would be better to give it directly to that city, as otherwise there might be some complication,

and perhaps an act of Congress would be required.

Cherif replied :

"We give you the obelisk, do as you wish with it;" and after a moment's reflection, he added: "write me a note, indicating what you wish to have done. State that all the expenses of removal are to be paid by the United States, or by the city of New York, if you prefer. Hand the note to my secretary-general, and tell him to prepare an answer confirming the gift in accordance with the suggestions you give, and to bring it to me for my signature."

Two hours later I handed to the Secretary-General of the Department of Foreign Affairs a letter giving the information desired, and at the same time I repeated what the Pasha had said. The next day I received the following reply :

"CAIRO, May 18, 1879.
TO MR. FARMAN, AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL
OF THE UNITED STATES.

"MR. AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL: I have taken cognizance of the dispatch which you did me the honor of writing on the 17th of the current month of May. In reply I hasten to transmit the assurance that the Government of the Khedive, having taken into consideration your representations, and the desire which you have expressed in the name of the Government of the United States of America, consent, in fact, to make a gift to the city of New York of the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, which is at Alexandria on the sea-shore. The local authorities will therefore be directed to deliver this obelisk to the representative of the American Government, and also to facilitate in every way possible the removal of this monument, which, according to the terms of your dispatch, is to be done at the exclusive cost and expense of the city of New York. I am happy to have to announce to you this decision, which, while giving to the great city an Egyptian monument, to which is attached, as you know, a real archaeological interest, will also be, I am likewise convinced, another souvenir and another pledge of the friendship that has constantly existed between the Government of the United States and that of the Khedive. Be pleased to accept, Mr. Agent and Consul-General, the expression of my high consideration.

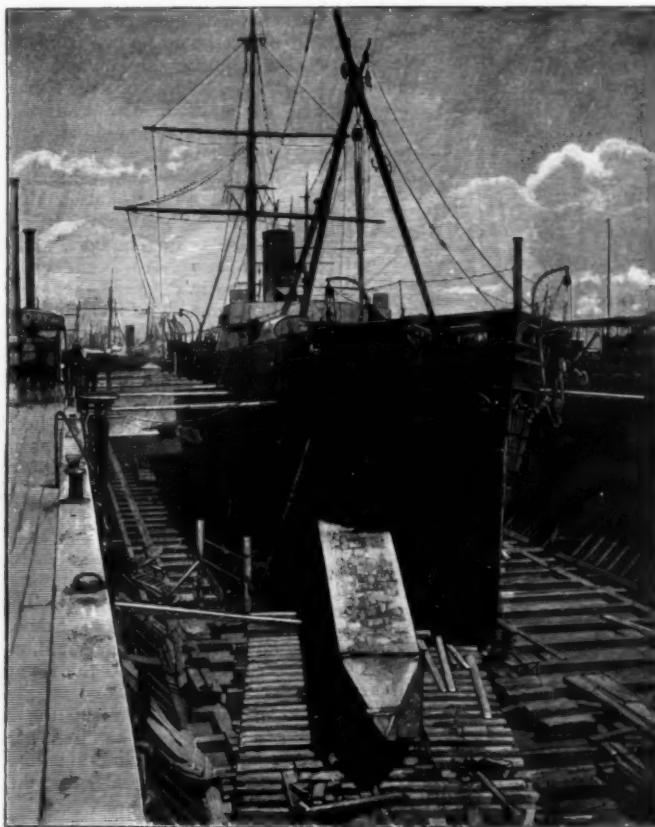
"CHERIF."

It will be seen from this note that the obelisk was given directly to the city of New York, and not, as is stated in the inscription on a claw of one of the crabs on which it now rests, to the United States.

The obelisk was secured, and the complications in the affairs of Egypt continued. From the time of the dismissal of the European ministers, on the 7th of April, France had not ceased to insist on the abdication of the Khedive, and had industriously labored with all the cabinets of Europe to obtain their support in effecting this purpose. The English Government gave its adhesion to this extreme measure with reluctance, acceding to the

wishes of France about the middle of June. Other powers soon followed, and on the 27th of the same month, the Khedive, in accordance with an order which France and England had induced the Sultan to give, abdicated in favor of his son Mehemet Tewfik Pasha, who, on the same day, was proclaimed Khedive of Egypt, at the citadel in Cairo, with the usual pomp and ceremony. Three days later the ex-Khedive went into exile. The

was secured were conducted so quietly that the first public information in Egypt that the gift had been made, came from New York through the medium of English newspapers. Very little was then said upon the subject by any of the local journals, but as soon as the Riaz ministry was organized, an attempt was made through the influence of certain Europeans to have the action of the late government reversed. The matter was two or three

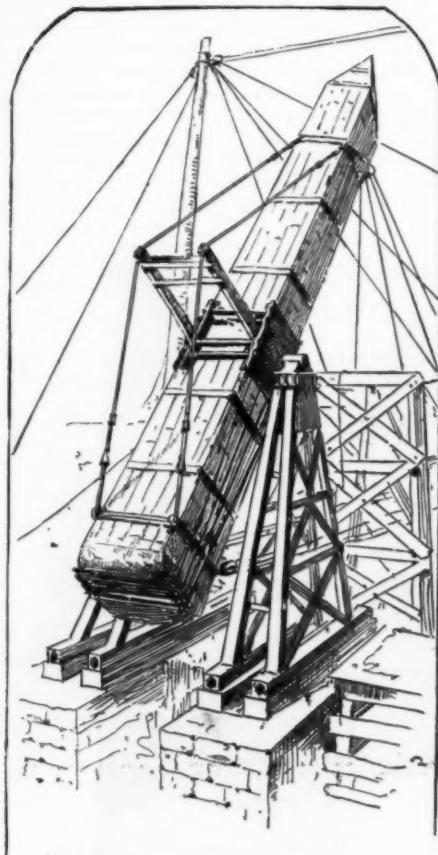


PUTTING THE OBELISK IN THE HOLD OF THE STEAMER.

experiment of European ministers was not again tried. Cherif Pasha was continued at the head of the administration during the summer, but early in the autumn, what was known as the Riaz ministry was formed, which remained in power until it was overthrown by a revolt of the Egyptian army in September, 1881, when Cherif was again called upon by the Khedive to form a new ministry.

The final negotiations by which the obelisk

times considered in the Council of Ministers, and commented upon by the European press of Egypt. The ministers, however, finding that the gift had been confirmed in writing by an exchange of official notes, decided that it was too late for them to take any action in the matter; and, on the arrival of Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe in October, 1879, the necessary orders were given to the local authorities of Alexandria for the delivery of the obelisk.



SWINGING INTO POSITION.

In the month of October, 1879, Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, who had been granted a leave of absence to enable him to remove the obelisk to the United States, arrived in Egypt, accompanied by Lieutenant Shroeder. The heavy constructions, made on a new plan from designs by the Commander, to aid him in the accomplishment of his work, arrived soon afterward, and on the 6th day of December, the huge shaft, poised on its improvised trunnions like a mammoth cannon, was turned to a horizontal position.

The Cleopatra's Needle, as is well known, is a single shaft of red granite from the quarries of Syene, now called Assouan, at the first cataract of the Nile, seven hundred miles from the Mediterranean. It is sixty-eight feet ten inches high, seven feet ten inches by eight feet two inches at the base, and tapers gradually upward to six feet one inch by six

feet three inches, terminating in a pyramidion seven feet high. Its weight is about two hundred and twenty tons. It stood upon the sea-shore at Alexandria, fifty feet from the water line, with its base buried in sand and earth that had been accumulating for centuries. Mr. Gorringe has given it as his opinion that, had it occupied its former site, it would have been destroyed during the recent bombardment of Alexandria.

The base of the obelisk, when uncovered, was found to be considerably rounded. It rested on two copper crabs placed at opposite corners, and on a stone at a third corner, while the fourth corner was unsupported. The crabs weighed about four hundred pounds each, but when they were entire they could not have weighed less than five hundred pounds.*

Most of the obelisks that have been removed from Egypt were taken by the Romans as conquerors. In modern times only two have been removed besides Cleopatra's Needle,—those in Paris and London. The negotiations over the London obelisk were had more than sixty years ago, at a time when Egypt was in a condition entirely different from that of to-day. This obelisk had also been lying for centuries nearly buried in sand and rubbish; it was much injured and, in comparison with the standing obelisks, was little prized. Yet it was considered a gift worthy to be bestowed upon His Majesty George IV. in return for great favors and valuable presents received from him by Mohammed Ali Pasha, then Viceroy of Egypt. The obelisk at Paris was given to France ten years later, in 1830, on account, as is claimed,

of services rendered to the viceroy. It stood at Luxor, a small village of mud huts, situated six hundred miles up the Nile, and inhabited by a few hundred natives. There were three other obelisks standing in its vicinity, and many colossal ruins, the most mag-

* On reaching New York, Mr. Gorringe dragged his ship upon a "marine railway" at Staten Island and rolled the obelisk out upon staging. Pontoon placed beneath rose with the tide and floated it. Towed to Manhattan Island, these pontoons, on sinking, deposited the monolith on a landing-stage. From the dock it made its journey on a cradle of rollers run on beams. A stationary engine fastened to the forward end of the cradle wound on its drum a rope which passed through a pulley-block stationed some distance ahead. The engine thus pulled itself and its burden up to the block, a process constantly repeated until the site in Central Park was reached. On January 22, 1881, the obelisk was erected on its pedestal by the same means employed in Alexandria to lay it on the ground.—EDITOR.

nificent and interesting in the world. The place was, however, at that period seldom visited by Europeans, and the removal of one of its obelisks was not an event to create any opposition. The European press of Egypt gave great importance to the fact that the London and Paris obelisks were both given on account of services and favors rendered by the governments of the countries to which they were presented, while there was no pretense of any such consideration for the gift of Cleopatra's Needle to the city of New York.

E. E. Farman.



THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.

DEAF.

As to a bird's song she were listening,
Her beautiful head is ever sidewise bent;
Her questioning eyes lift up their depths intent—
She, who will never hear the wild-birds sing.
My words within her ears' cold chambers ring
Faint, with the city's murmurous sub-tones blent;
Though with such sounds as suppliants may have sent
To high-throned goddesses, my speech takes wing.

Not for the side-poised head's appealing grace
I gaze, nor hair where fire in shadow lies—
For her this world's unhallowed noises base
Melt into silence; not our groans, our cries,
Our curses reach that high-removèd place
Where dwells her spirit, innocently wise.

H. C. Bunner.

HAND-WORK IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.



MR. LELAND'S MODELING CLASS AT WORK.

THE visitor to Philadelphia, who will on Tuesday or Thursday afternoons enter the Hollingsworth School Building, next door to the Academy of Music, may see an interesting sight which is at present without its exact counterpart anywhere in this country or even in Europe, namely, sixty or seventy public school children, from ten to sixteen years of age, girls and boys, engaged in different kinds of decorative work. At one long table the little ones are busy modeling, painting, and glazing faience, or ornamental clay-ware, which when finished will go to the pottery to be fired, and return as elegant vases, grotesque monsters for match-safes, flower-baskets, or such other caprices as the fancies of the juvenile artists may dictate. And what they execute is no bungling work; it brings a good price in the market. One little damsel, small for her twelve years, has a giant Frankenstein of a frog before her, which she is deftly shaping, and which with its gaping jaws seems almost able to swallow her. There are others, nearly all without even a drawing to guide them, covering cups with flowers, and making curious wares with all the confidence of the

most experienced workmen. After all, it is nothing more than many a visitor has seen done by little children in the art-potteries of Spain; but, strange enough, one never thinks of American youth as able to do what seems natural in foreigners.

At the next table are girls engaged in art-needle-work. This certainly is natural enough employment for such little maids, yet if the stranger will look into it, he will find even here a novelty. All the pupils are obliged to draw their own patterns. Another strange idea is also promulgated here: to those who say that plain sewing should be the first needle-work for children, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Moss, the teachers, will reply that crewel-work and outline embroidery are much easier, and that by familiarizing little girls with the needle in what they most readily learn, they do better in the end with more practical work. There is also another reason for not putting plain sewing strongly forward: of late years in every ragged school and drunkards' children mission, such work has been given so much prominence that the parents of pupils in the public schools have a not unnatural aversion to having it said

that their children are taught it gratis. "Let us respect prejudices," as Mirabeau said, and also the method by which these little damsels are led from aesthetic art up to housekeeping. We shall find this principle cropping out again in the school in all its branches.

Near them boys are carving walnut wood panels, which will be made into cabinets. They are not of the most elaborate Italian or French finish, but they are quite as good as the old Gothic originals which they imitate. It is a curious fact that the average boy, when accustomed to the same kind of designs, turns out very much the same kind of work as the grown-up artisan of the middle ages. He is readily familiarized with the best style of design, but it is hard to teach him machine-finish. This is even more perceptible in the *repoussé* work, brass plaques for the wall, made by these boys. They can produce admirable imitations of old German brass salvers, quaint and curious or beautiful, but without long practice they do not approach anything like the stamped brass plates which are now so common. It may be worth observing, however, that the revival of sheet brass *repoussé* work, in these plaques, and in this country, dates from this school. As the art is spreading extensively and rapidly, I trust that I may be allowed to mention that Mr. Karl Krall, of the firm of Barkentin and Krall, the famous artists in hand-made metal work of Regent street, London, has given me credit for reviving, in a book called "The Minor Arts," this interesting industry for amateurs. Embossed sheet brass is used for finger plates to doors, for panels in cabinets or chests, for strips or borders by fire-places, for bellows, and in fact, wherever ornamented surfaces are required. These boys have frequently filled orders for such work, and there is more than one in the class who has earned five dollars by three hours' labor.

At the next tables a number of boys and girls are engaged in drawing. The system pursued here is somewhat peculiar. The newcomer is first carefully taught how to draw a free-hand line with a hard pencil. Are there



BRASS REPOUSSÉ WORK.

many of my readers who were taught anything of the kind under the old methods? I certainly was not, even by the best drawing-masters. The pupil is told to make a line fine as a hair or a cobweb, free-flowing, without rubbing or "stumping," "painting" or "scratching." In the first stage, tracing on ground glass slates, or on thin paper, is encouraged, until the pupil can hold the pencil with ease. As soon as he can copy a simple leaf accurately and lightly, he is told to make a circle and repeat the leaf twenty times in different positions and in different sizes, so as to make a wreath. Compasses and rulers are allowed, or rather their use is encouraged to verify the work. It is rather remarkable that when pupils are obliged to use these forbidden aids, they soon get tired of them. Those who draw in light free-hand, or what may be called the Callirrhoe, or "fair-flowing" style, learn to draw accurately in half the time which was required by the old method. It is said that in mountain passes the fastest mules are the surest footed, and those who draw most rapidly are the most exact. It is almost needless to say that in elementary decorative drawing like this, no shading whatever is allowed. There is no copying of worn-out lithographs of cows and castles, landscapes and bouquets. The development of simple outline from spirals and waves into lines of construction, and so on to Gothic, Moorish, or Renaissance arabesques, form the first step, and from the beginning, the pupil having the finial given, or selecting one, develops all the design without aid. I have known one very exceptional case in which a girl at her third lesson designed in free-hand a very elegant pattern. It is not unusual for the pupils to manifest a perfect ability to design, even before they can draw the lines respectably. It is also a curious fact that, taking one with another, there is a greater fondness for, and most ability manifested in, the Moorish or Oriental styles of design. My own taste inclines to Anglo-Saxon and Neo-Celtic in decoration, and I find that the elder pupils follow me in this, but that their instincts are Eastern.



WOOD-CARVING.

It may interest the reader to know that in drawing and design the two sexes are, as regards skill, absolutely equal. The original design of a vase, from this school, which has been justly regarded as one of the most graceful works

foundation of all such work, every department of it being nothing but simple drawing worked out with tools, the fact that girls design quite as well as boys is very significant. Beyond this I have a still more interesting general



TWO BRASS PLAQUES.

of art executed by a child, was by a boy; but there is a girl of fourteen in the class who is his superior. In modeling there is nearly an equality, but on the whole the boys are the cleverer. In sheet-brass work the boys have the excellence all to themselves. Even in a class of grown-up ladies, I have never known one to produce so good a plaque, after many trials, as I have seen a boy make at a first effort—the reason being that boys are in this more deliberately careful, and far more desirous of being skilled than of merely producing something to show. For the same reason boys are better wood-carvers than girls, though there is not so much difference here as in brass. I incline to think that, in the long run, in wood-carving girls would equal boys. I once gave a few lessons in carving to a young lady in England,—a near relative of one of the cleverest women who ever lived,—and in less than a year at exhibitions my pupil took two prizes for her work. In modeling in clay the sexes are, however, again nearly equal as to ability, the boys being somewhat in advance, especially as regards original ideas. There is, however, one young girl—a German—whose faience work is equal to any made in the class. From all that I have observed, I should say that on the whole there is no difference whatever as regards the average skill of the two sexes in decorative art. As design is the

conclusion. I have for many years closely observed children as regards their capacity for such pursuits, and I have arrived at the conclusion that the American, while quite as clever as the European, and almost equal to the Oriental, is sadly handicapped by an impatience which in many cases entirely precludes real excellence. This is especially the case with women. I have spoken of Oriental children as excelling in decorative art. I have never seen anywhere children who were capable of such work as I have looked at by the hour being made by little girls and boys of six and seven years in Cairo.

It was in Cairo, and at Miss Whately's school, that there came upon me, as by inspiration, the solution of a problem which I had been seeking for years. This was the possibility of training children of both sexes, while yet in school, to learn how to make a living, or at least to teach them to use their hands. That this was allied to developing quickness of perception, or cleverness in general, I also believed, for great writers long ago held that this might be true. The first and most natural thought to a practical man would be to teach "trades"—shoe-making, carpentry, printing, and filing metal. But I found on inquiry that the practical men had tried all these in schools, and in vain. Such work required too much muscle, and brain, and

time. And though they might succeed with sturdy boys, what were the weak ones to do? —and, above all, what could be done for the girls? Men always can, or ought to, take care of themselves; but women! It used to be said that whoever makes two blades of corn grow, for one, is a benefactor. What then is he who provides independence for one woman?

In this school I saw children, almost babes, working *vis-à-vis*, with a frame between them, the most beautiful double embroidery "out of their heads," without patterns. Subsequently I saw this in the bazaars, where I also found small boys with tools as rude as those of English tinkers, making exquisite jewelry. I had before, in Switzerland, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and in Italy, found children quite as young carving wood with exquisite skill. I learned that it was the same as regarded *papier maché* in Persia, pottery in Spain, and soap-stone and varnish work in India. Children could also set mosaics and inlay wood. In fact, I found that all the decorative arts, such as make a house beautiful, were all within the power of women and children and the *weak*—of those who in this life are generally mere idle dependents. But it was necessary to test all this. Of all these arts I knew nothing practically but a little wood-carving and a very little drawing. I went to work to verify my theory. I hammered brass and worked in waxed leather. Mr. William Morris spoke to me of the latter as a lost art. So it was; but by research and inquiry I found how to revive it. I experimented with young pupils. I came to the conclusion that as the flower precedes the fruit, so, in education, decorative work must



VASE WITH DRAGON HANDLES.

precede the practical, simply because it is easier. We can set children of six years, profitably, at modeling in clay and setting mosaic cubes, the latter being indeed akin to some of their favorite games. Very soon they will carve wood or embroider. All the time they are becoming gradually familiar with working drawings or patterns and tools. The different arts are so easy that within a few months many pupils can master several of them. As the boys grow older they can be advanced, step by step, to technology or the most practical mechanical pursuits. Even if a boy has only carved panels, or modeled in clay, he does not find himself like a cat in a strange garret when taken into any kind of a work-shop or factory to learn a trade. It has been said by experienced and practical men that, in nine trades out of ten, a boy who can draw well has a vast advantage over one who can not. It has been demonstrated in the Philadelphia school that every child can not only learn to draw, but to use tools; nay, to earn money while at school. Little effort has, it is true, been made to sell the work of the pupils, but we have often had the pleasure of handing to one or another, as the result of sales, sums which were doubtless acceptable. The gratitude of the pupils and their general good behavior is remarkable. There are among them representatives from every public school in Philadelphia, and their quiet demeanor is remarked by all visitors. They are all little ladies and gentlemen.

There are many strangers who come to see the school, and they are, without exception, gratified, and generally astonished at the



VASE WITH WHITE GLAZE LIZARDS.



ORIGINAL DESIGNS.



ORIGINAL STUDY BY A GIRL OF FIFTEEN.

work performed by the children. On one occasion, however, I had to deal with a lady who, to everything shown, replied: "Yes, it is all very fine, but what is to come of it?" And to every argument there came the same answer: "What will come of it?" She did not know who would buy brass plaques or walnut panels if all of the one hundred and five thousand school children of Philadelphia were to make them. I might have answered to this that, in the rapidly increasing demand for home-made decoration for houses, such of the one hundred and five thousand as would be obliged to work for a living might find occupation. Ornament may even become as common as it was in Rome, Florence, or Nuremberg. Any one must be blind who does not see that increasing wealth is bringing us rapidly toward such an era. Day by day the cultivated are scorning more and more the machine-made. But beyond this is the consideration, which was too abstruse for my visitor, that even if the children should never make any money by selling their wares, the education of their fingers and brains is worth all the time and money it costs. One thing is at least true: in the thirty or forty varieties of decorative art which are practicable to anybody who has mastered two or three, there is always a resource—however slender it may be—by which any one can live. There is always the possibility for any boy or girl who can carve, inlay, design, and model, to obtain employment. In fact, at present, manufacturers find it a very difficult thing indeed to obtain just such young employees as the Philadelphia school is preparing for them. This is "what is to come of it." I pointed out long ago in a published lecture which I am happy to learn has given a suggestion and an impetus to others, that the present decay of the apprentice system is rapidly rendering industrial education in schools an absolute necessity. The education of the future will embrace hand-work at every stage, from the kindergarten upward. It will be artistic at first, because art is easy, but gradually it will ripen into the practical or technolog-

ical. It is proposed in this Philadelphia school gradually to enlarge the scope of instruction with the annual appropriations, until all that is most practical which can be taught shall be included in the course.

It was due to Mr. Edward J. Steel, the President of the Board of Education, and Mr. William Gulager, with his colleagues of the industrial art committee of that board, that this experiment was established, and that the funds were appropriated to carry it on. So little was then known of the subject that the fact that these gentlemen at once grasped it in all its possible results, is very much to their credit, and testifies to their fitness for the influential positions which they occupy. In England the great art schools had been tried and found insufficient, and then came the industrial schools in Russia, England, France, and Boston. This was better—but something still remained to be done. This something was to make hand-work a part of education in *all* public schools. And this is what the Philadelphia experiment has demonstrated to be perfectly practicable.

A beginning in this direction had been made by a lady in Shropshire, England, who, following a suggestion made in a book by me called "*The Minor Arts*," had succeeded in establishing several corresponding village art-schools. To this lady—Mrs. Jebb—belongs the credit of having first practically attempted to establish art-education generally on a grade below the great school, or on a popular basis. Recently a long letter in the London "*Times*," and a leading article in the London "*Standard*," as well as notices in several other English journals, have called attention to the Philadelphia experiment. It is now no longer an experiment but a success, and I am happy to say that it is now generally regarded as such. The appropriations made for the current year are all that could have been expected, and public interest in the school is rapidly increasing. One of its results has been the formation of a Ladies' Decorative Art Club in Philadelphia, with the same teachers of the



ORIGINAL DESIGN BY A GIRL OF FOURTEEN.



ORIGINAL DESIGN.



same branches, and with the same director. The club, having taken a building, has most kindly offered to dispose of the work of the pupils of the Industrial School, and has in every way manifested an earnest interest in the latter. As work for women forms an important factor in both, this interest will be readily understood. As may be supposed, there is also an understanding and a community of feeling between the ladies of New York and Philadelphia, the latter having profited not a little by the example of the former. Let us trust that the time is not far off when all the cities of the Union will boast of teaching in their schools all that can be practically taught, while each has, in its association of women devoted to industry and art, another protest against the old prejudice of allowing the weaker sex to work.

Somebody has said that the attempt to do good in this world is always a history of disillusionments. It does not seem, however, as if the effort to make industrial art a branch of education in the public schools is to be

added to the number of "ideas dissipated." From the first lesson, all that was anticipated has been realized, and a great facility which was not anticipated came most unexpectedly into the account. This is the interest which the children themselves take in the work, and which is so great that when I have been asked as to the discipline of the school, I have replied that there is no discipline whatever, none being needed. The pupils are too much absorbed in their work to talk; when they do converse it is usually to communicate ideas as to what they are engaged in. As a reward in a few special cases, some are allowed to attend twice a week. It is not unusual for them to ask permission to come on holidays. All of the sheet-brass work is of a voluntary character, being done only on Saturday afternoons.

It has been clearly demonstrated by this experiment, that if rooms and furniture can be provided, the work of the pupils could be sold to such advantage as to meet all other expenses. The gentlemen of the school board have, however, wisely refrained from urging prematurely this part of the experiment. In the words of William Gulager, "if a branch of study is worth teaching, it is worth paying for." It would have greatly embarrassed the direction if shop-keeping and sale had in the beginning formed a part of its duties. It is, however, established beyond question, that no objection can be raised to the introduction of hand-work into public schools on the score of additional expense, since, under judicious and honest management, the expenses may be reduced to almost nothing. Neither can it be said that hand-work is an additional tax on the brain, since it is accepted by the pupils as an amusement or relief. Let it be remembered, too, that every girl or boy should have some pocket-money, and that it depends entirely on the will of our pupils to make as much as they need.

It has been said that the greatest social curse of modern times is that of "gentility,"



STUDY IN OIL, FROM LIFE.



EMBOSSED LEATHER PANEL.

or rather the false gentility which makes a man ashamed to work. It is to escape manual labor that so many of our youth fly to counting-houses, quackery, anything in fact which will enable them to be "gentlemen," and not "vulgar mechanics." Now, if they were all familiarized with work in school, if it had been associated in their minds with art and design, it is possible, or rather certain, that all prejudice against it as *work* would disappear. In this antipathy to hand-labor the ordinary American shows himself to be practically the least republican of all civilized beings. In no country have I ever met so many men who boasted to me that they had never done a day's work with their hands, in their lives. If there is anything which can gradually dissipate this feeling or prejudice, it will be the making the young at first familiar with art-work, and then gradually leading them from that, by means of it, to trades.

In his late annual report before the School

Board of Philadelphia, President Steel says that "Mr. Leland has been assisted to demonstrate the feasibility of making industrial education part of the training of the public schools. It is now generally conceded among enlightened people that manual training must form a part of every system of education which aims at developing the faculties. This manual training must, of course, be of a preparatory character — the training of the eye and hand in design, and the principles of construction. The progress of the work has been steady and promising." Mr. Steel here announces a truth, which he was one of the first to grasp, that such work is inevitably destined to form a part of all public school education. Some years ago, in England, when I was engaged in studying and experimenting on this subject, I discussed it with Mr. Antony J. Mundella, M. P., who at once suggested that the subject should be brought before Parliament, and expressed a hope that he himself might be the means of doing so. It is no extravagant prediction that the time will come when every legislative body in the world will take cognizance of manual labor, based on drawing, design, and decorative art, as an essential part of education in every school.

Charles G. Leland.



YELLOW JAR WITH GREEN LIZARD.



WOOD-CARVING IN LOW RELIEF.

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XXXVI.

It was nearly two years after Atherton's marriage that Halleck one day opened the door of the lawyer's private office, and, turning the key in the lock, limped forward to where the latter was sitting at his desk. Halleck was greatly changed: the full beard that he had grown scarcely hid the savage gauntless of his face; but the change was not so much in lines and contours as in that expression of qualities which we call looks.

"Well, Atherton!"

"Halleck! You!"

The friends looked at each other; and Atherton finally broke from his amaze and offered his hand, with an effect, even then, of making conditions. But it was Halleck who was the first to speak again.

"How is she? Is she well? Is she still here? Have they heard anything from him yet?"

"No," said Atherton, answering the last question with the same provisional effect as before.

"Then he is dead. That's what I knew; that's what I said! And here I am. The fight is over, and that's the end of it. I'm beaten."

"You look it," said Atherton, sadly.

"Oh, yes; I look it. That's the reason I can afford to be frank, in coming back to my friends. I knew that with this look in my face I should make my own welcome; and it's cordial even beyond my expectations."

"I'm not glad to see you, Halleck," said Atherton. "For your own sake I wish you were at the other end of the world."

"Oh, I know that. How are my people? Have you seen my father lately? Or my mother? Or—Olive?"

A pathetic tremor shook his voice.

"Why, haven't you seen them yet?" demanded Atherton.

Halleck laughed cynically.

"My dear friend, my steamer arrived this morning, and I'm just off the New York train. I've hurried to your office in all the impatience of friendship. I'm very lucky to find you here so late in the day! You can take me

home to dinner, and let your domestic happiness preach to me. Come, I rather like the notion of that!"

"Halleck," said Atherton, without heeding his banter, "I wish you would go away again! No one knows you are here, you say, and no one need ever know it."

Halleck set his lips and shook his head, with a mocking smile.

"I'm surprised at you, Atherton, with your knowledge of human nature. I've come to stay; you must know that. You must know that I had gone through everything before I gave up, and that I haven't the strength to begin the struggle over again. I tell you I'm beaten, and I'm glad of it; for there is rest in it. You would waste your breath if you talked to me in the old way; there's nothing in me to appeal to, any more. If I was wrong—But I don't admit, any more, that I was wrong: by heaven, I was *right!*"

"You are beaten, Halleck," said Atherton, sorrowfully.

He pushed himself back in his chair, and clasped his hands together behind his head, as his habit was in reasoning with obstinate clients.

"What do you propose to do?"

"I propose to stay."

"What for?"

"What for? Till I can prove that he is dead."

"And then?"

"Then I shall be free to ask her." He added, angrily: "You know what I've come back for; why do you torment me with these questions? I did what I could; I ran away. And the last night I saw her, I thrust her back into that hell she called her home, and I told her that no man could be her refuge from that devil, her husband, when she had begged me in her mortal terror to go in with her and save her from him. *That* was the recollection I had to comfort me when I tried to put her out of my mind,—out of my soul! When I heard that he was gone, I respected her days of mourning. God knows how I endured it, now it's over; but I did endure it. I waited, and here I am. And you ask me to go away again. Ah!" He fetched his breath through

his set teeth, and struck his fist on his knee. "He is *dead!* And now, if she will, she can marry me. Don't look at me as if I had killed him! There hasn't been a time in these two infernal years when I wouldn't have given my life to save his—for her sake. I know that; and that gives me courage, it gives me hope."

"But if he isn't dead?"

"Then he has abandoned her, and she has the right to be free. She can get a divorce!"

"Oh!" said Atherton, compassionately, "has that poison got into *you*, Halleck? You might ask her, if she were a widow, to marry you; but how will you ask her, if she's still a wife, to get a divorce and then marry you? How will you suggest that to a woman whose constancy to her mistake has made her sacred to you?" Halleck seemed about to answer; but he only panted, dry-lipped and open-mouthed, and Atherton continued: "You would have to corrupt her soul first. I don't know what change you've made in yourself during these two years; you look like a desperate and defeated man, but you don't look like *that*. You don't *look* like one of those scoundrels who lure women from their duty, ruin homes, and destroy society—not in the old libertine fashion in which the seducer had at least the grace to risk his life, but safely, smoothly, under the shelter of our infamous laws. Have you really come back here to give your father's honest name, and the example of a man of your own blameless life, in support of conditions that tempt people to marry with a mental reservation, and that weaken every marriage bond with the guilty hope of escape whenever a fickle mind, or secret lust, or wicked will may dictate? Have you come to join yourself to those miserable specters who go shrinking through the world, afraid of their own past, and anxious to hide it from those they hold dear; or do you propose to defy the world, to help form within it the community of outcasts with whom shame is not shame, nor dishonor dishonor? How will you like the society of those uncertain men, those certain women?"

"You are very eloquent," said Halleck, "but I ask you to observe that these little abstractions don't interest me. I've a concrete purpose, and I can't contemplate the effect of other people's actions upon American civilization. When you ask me to believe that I oughtn't to try to rescue a woman from the misery to which a villain has left her, simply because some justice of the peace consecrated his power over her, I decline to be such a fool. I use my reason, and I see who it was that defiled and destroyed that marriage, and I know that she is as free in the sight of God

as if he had never lived. If the world doesn't like my open shame, let it look to its own secret shame—the marriages made and maintained from interest and ambition and vanity and folly. I will take my chance with the men and women who have been honest enough to own their mistake, and to try to repair it, and I will preach by my life that marriage has no sanctity but what love gives it, and that, when love ceases, marriage ceases, before heaven. If the laws have come to recognize that, by whatever fiction, so much the better for the laws!" Halleck rose.

"Well, then," cried Atherton, rising too, "you shall meet me on your own ground! This poor creature is constant in every breath she draws, to the ruffian who has abandoned her. I must believe, since you say it, that you are ready to abet her in getting a divorce, even one of those divorces that are 'obtained without publicity, and for any cause,'"—Halleck winced,—"that you are willing to put your sisters to shame before the world, to break your mother's heart and your father's pride—to insult the ideal of goodness that she herself has formed of you; but how will you begin? The love on her part, at least, hasn't ceased; has the marriage?"

"She shall tell me," answered Halleck. He left Atherton without another word, and in resentment that effaced all friendship between them, though after this parting they still kept up its outward forms, and the Athertons took part in the rejoicings with which the Hallecks celebrated Ben's return. His meeting with the lawyer was the renewal of the old conflict on terms of novel and hopeless degradation. He had mistaken for peace that exhaustion of spirit which comes to a man in battling with his conscience; he had fancied his struggle over, and he was to learn now that its anguish had just begun. In that delusion his love was to have been a law to itself, able to loose and to bind, and potent to beat down all regrets, all doubts, all fears, that questioned it; but the words with which Marcia met him struck his passion dumb.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come back!" she said. "Now I know that we can find him. You were such friends with him, and you understood him so well, that you will know just what to do. Yes, we shall find him now, and we should have found him long ago, if you had been here. Oh, if you had never gone away! But I can never be grateful enough for what you said to me that night when you would not come in with me. The words have rung in my ears ever since; they showed that you had faith in him, more faith than I had, and I've made them my rule and

my guide. No one has been my refuge from him, and no one ever shall be. And I thank you—yes, I thank you on my bended knees—for making me go into the house alone; it's my one comfort that I had the strength to come back to him, and let him do anything he would to me, after I had treated him so; but I've never pretended it was my own strength. I have always told everybody that the strength came from you!"

Halleck had brought Olive with him; she and Marcia's father listened to these words with the patience of people who had heard them many times before; but at the end Olive glanced at Halleck's downcast face with fond pride in the satisfaction she imagined they must give him. The old man ruminated upon a bit of broom-straw, and absently let the little girl catch by his hands, as she ran to and fro between him and her mother while her mother talked. Halleck made a formless sound in his throat, for answer, and Marcia went on.

"I've got a new plan now, but it seems as if father took a pleasure in discouraging *all* my plans. I *know* that Bartley's shut up, somewhere, in some asylum, and I want them to send detectives to all the asylums in the United States and in Canada,—you can't tell how far off he would wander in that state,—and inquire if any stray insane person has been brought to them. Doesn't it seem to you as if that would be the right way to find him? I want to talk it all over with you, Mr. Halleck, for I know *you* can sympathize with me; and if need be I will go to the asylums myself; I will walk to them, I will crawl to them on my knees! When I think of him shut up there among those raving maniacs, and used as they use people in some of the asylums—oh, oh, oh, oh!"

She broke out into sobs, and caught her little girl to her breast. The child must have been accustomed to her mother's tears; she twisted her head round, and looked at Halleck with a laughing face.

Marcia dried her eyes, and asked, with quivering lips, "Isn't she like him?"

"Yes," replied Halleck huskily.

"She has his long eyelashes exactly, and his hair and complexion, hasn't she?"

The old man sat chewing his broom-straw in silence; but when Marcia left the room to get Bartley's photograph, so that Halleck might see the child's resemblance to him, her father looked at Halleck from under his beetling brows: "I don't think we need trouble the *asylums* much for Bartley Hubbard. But if it was to search the State's-prisons and the jails, the rum-holes and the gambling-hells, or if it was to dig up the scoundrels who have

been hung under assumed names during the last two years, I should have some hopes of identifying him."

Marcia came back, and the old man sat in cast-iron quiet, as if he had never spoken; it was clear that, whatever hate he felt for Bartley, he spared her; and that if he discouraged her plans, as she said, it was because they were infected by the craze in which she canonized Bartley.

"You see how she is," said Olive, when they came away.

"Yes, yes, yes," Halleck desolately assented.

"Sometimes she seems to me just like a querulous, vulgar, middle-aged woman in her talk; she repeats herself in the same scolding sort of way; and she's so eager to blame somebody besides Bartley for Bartley's wickedness, that, when she can't punish herself, she punishes her father. She's merciless to that wretched old man, and he's wearing his homesick life out here in the city for her sake. You heard her just now about his discouraging her plans?"

"Yes," said Halleck, as before.

"She's grown commoner and narrower, but it's hardly her fault, poor thing! and it seems terribly unjust that she should be made so by what she has suffered. But that's just the way it has happened. She's so undisciplined, that she couldn't get any good out of her misfortunes—she's only got harm; they've made her selfish, and there seems to be nothing left of what she was two years ago but her devotion to that miserable wretch. You mustn't let it turn you against her, Ben; you mustn't forget what she might have been. She had a rich nature; but how it's been wasted and turned back upon itself! Poor, untrained, impulsive, innocent creature—my heart aches for her! It's been hard to bear with her at times, terribly hard, and you'll find it so, Ben. But you *must* bear with her. The awfulest thing about people in trouble is that they are such *bore*s; they tire you to death. But you'll only have to stand her praises of what Bartley was; and we had to stand them, and her hopes of what you would be if you were only at home, besides. I don't know what all she expects of you, but you must try not to disappoint her; she worships the ground you tread on, and I really think she believes you can do anything you will, just because you're good."

Halleck listened in silence. He was indeed helpless to be otherwise than constant. With shame and grief in his heart, he could only vow her there the greater fealty because of the change he found in her.

He was doomed at every meeting to hear

her glorify a man whom he believed a heartless traitor, to plot with her for the rescue from imaginary captivity of the wretch who had cruelly forsaken her. He actually took some of the steps she urged: he addressed inquiries to the insane asylums, far and near; and in these futile endeavors, made only with the desire of failure, his own reason seemed sometimes to waver. She insisted that Atherton should know all the steps they were taking; and his sense of his old friend's exact and perfect knowledge of his motives was a keener torture than even her father's silent scorn of his efforts, or the worship in which his own family held him for them.

XXXVII.

HALLECK had come home in broken health, and had promised his family, with the self-contempt that depraves, not to go away again, since the change had done him no good. There was no talk for the present of his trying to do anything but get well; and for a while, under the strong excitement, he seemed to be better. But suddenly he failed; he kept his room, and then he kept his bed; and the weeks stretched into months before he left it.

When the spring weather came, he was able to go out again, and he spent most of his time in the open air, feeling every day a fresh accession of strength. At the end of one long April afternoon, he walked home with a light heart, whose right to rejoice he would not let his conscience question. He had met Marcia in the public garden, where they sat down on a bench and talked, while her father and the little girl wandered away in the restlessness of age and the restlessness of childhood.

"We are going home to Equity this summer," she said, "and perhaps we shall not come back. No, we shall not come back. *I have given up.* I have waited, hoping—hoping. But now I know that it is no use waiting any longer: *he is dead.*"

She spoke in tearless resignation, and the peace of accepted widowhood seemed to diffuse itself around her.

Her words repeated themselves to Halleck as he walked homeward. He found the postman at the door with a newspaper, which he took from him with a smile at its veteran appearance and its probable adventures in reaching him. The wrapper seemed to have been several times slipped off, and then slit up; it was tied with a string now, and was scribbled with rejections in the hands of various Hallocks and Halletts, one of whom had finally indorsed upon it, "Try 97 Rumford street." It was originally addressed, as

he made out, to "Mr. B. Halleck, Boston, Mass., " and he carried it to his room before he opened it, with a careless surmise as to its interest for him. It proved to be a flimsy, shabbily printed country newspaper, with an advertisement marked in one corner.

State of Indiana, }
Tecumseh County, } ss.

In Tecumseh Circuit Court, April Term, 1879.

BARTLEY J. HUBBARD }
vs.
MARCIA G. HUBBARD. } Divorce. No. 5793.

It appearing, by affidavit this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the Tecumseh Circuit Court, that Marcia C. Hubbard, defendant in the above entitled action for divorce on account of abandonment and gross neglect of duty, is a non-resident of the State of Indiana, notice of the pendency of such action is therefore hereby given said defendant above named, and that the same will be called for answer on the 11th day of April, 1879, the same being the 3d judicial day of the April term of said court, for said year, which said term of said court will begin on the first Monday in April, 1879, and will be held at the Court House, in the town of Tecumseh, in said County and State, said 11th day of April, 1879, being the time fixed by said plaintiff, by indorsement on his complaint, at which said time said defendant is required to answer herein.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said court, this 4th day of March, 1879.



AUGUSTUS H. HAWKINS,
Clerk.

Milikin & Ayres, Att'y's for Plff.

Halleck read this advertisement again and again, with a dull, mechanical action of the brain. He saw the familiar names, but they were hopelessly estranged by their present relation to each other; the legal jargon reached no intelligence in him that could grasp its purport.

When his gaze began to yield, he took evidence of his own reality by some such tests as one might in waking from a long faint. He looked at his hands, his feet; he rose and looked at his face in the glass. Turning about he saw the paper where he had left it on the table; it was no illusion. He picked up the cover from the floor, and scanned it anew, trying to remember the handwriting on it, to make out who had sent this paper to him, and why. Then the address seemed to grow into something different under his eye; it ceased to be his name; he saw now that the paper was directed to Mrs. B. Hubbard, and that by a series of accidents and errors it had failed to reach her in its wanderings, and by a final blunder had fallen into his hands.

Once solved, it was a very simple affair, and he had now but to carry it to her; that was very simple too. Or he might destroy it; this was equally simple. Her words re-

peated themselves once more: "I have given up. He is dead." Why should he break the peace she had found, and destroy her last sad illusion? Why should he not spare her the knowledge of this final wrong, and let the merciful injustice accomplish itself? The questions seemed scarcely to have any personal concern for Halleck; his temptation wore a heavenly aspect. It softly pleaded with him to forbear, like something outside of himself. It was when he began to resist it that he found it the breath in his nostrils, the blood in his veins. Then the mask dropped, and the enemy of souls put forth his power against this weak spirit, enfeebled by long strife and defeat already acknowledged.

At the end Halleck opened his door, and called, "Olive, Olive!" in a voice that thrilled the girl with strange alarm where she sat in her own room. She came running, and found him clinging to his door-post, pale and tremulous. "I want you—want you to help me," he gasped. "I want to show you something—Look here!"

He gave her the paper, which he had kept behind him, clutched fast in his hand as if he feared it might somehow escape him at last, and staggered away to a chair.

His sister read the notice. "Oh, Ben!" She dropped her hands with the paper in them before her, a gesture of helpless horror and pity, and looked at him. "Does she know it? Has she seen it?"

"No one knows it but you and I. The paper was left here for me by mistake. I opened it before I saw that it was addressed to her."

He panted forth these sentences in an exhaustion that would have terrified her, if she had not been too full of indignant compassion for Marcia to know anything else. She tried to speak.

"Don't you understand, Olive? This is the notice that the law requires she shall have to come and defend her cause, and it has been sent by the clerk of the court there, to the address that villain must have given in the knowledge that it could reach her only by one chance in ten thousand."

"And it has come to you! Oh, Ben! Who sent it to *you*?" The brother and sister looked at each other, but neither spoke the awe-stricken thought that was in both their hearts. "Ben," she cried, in a solemn ecstasy of love and pride, "I would rather be you this minute than any other man in the world!"

"Don't!" pleaded Halleck. His head dropped, and then he lifted it by a sudden impulse. "Olive! —but the impulse failed, and he only said, "I want you to go to Atherton with me. We mustn't lose time. Have

Cyrus get a carriage. Go down and tell them we're going out. I'll be ready as soon as you are."

But when she called to him from below that the carriage had come and she was waiting, he would have refused to go with her if he durst. He no longer wished to keep back the fact, but he felt an invalid's weariness of it, a sick man's inadequacy to the further demands it should make upon him. He crept slowly down the stairs, keeping a tremulous hold upon the rail; and he sank with a sigh against the carriage cushions, answering Olive's eager questions and fervid comments with languid monosyllables.

They found the Athertons at coffee, and Clara would have them come to the dining-room and join them. Halleck refused the coffee, and, while Olive told what had happened, he looked listlessly about the room, aware of a perverse sympathy with Bartley, from Bartley's point of view; Bartley might never have gone wrong if he had had all that luxury; and why should he not have had it, as well as Atherton? What right had the untempted prosperity of such a man to judge the guilt of such men as himself and Bartley Hubbard?

Olive produced the newspaper from her lap, where she kept both hands upon it, and opened it in dramatic corroboration of what she had been telling Atherton. He read it and passed it to Clara.

"When did this come to you?"

Olive answered for him. "This evening—just now. Didn't I say that?"

"No," said Atherton, and he added to Halleck, gently: "I beg your pardon. Did you notice the dates?"

"Yes," answered Halleck, with cold refusal of Atherton's tone of reparation.

"The cause is set for hearing on the 11th," said Atherton. "This is the 8th. The time is very short."

"It's long enough," said Halleck, wearily.

"Oh, telegraph!" cried Clara. "Telegraph them instantly that she never dreamt of leaving him! Abandonment! Oh, if they only knew how she had been slaving her fingers off for the last two years to keep a home for him to come back to, they'd give her the divorce!"

Atherton smiled and turned to Halleck: "Do you know what their law is now? It was changed two years ago."

"Yes," said Halleck, replying to the question Atherton had asked and the subtler question he had looked, "I have read up the whole subject since I came home. The divorce is granted only upon proof, even when the defendant fails to appear, and if this were

to go against us,"—he instinctively identified himself with Marcia's cause,—“we can have the default set aside, and a new trial granted, for cause shown.”

The women listened in awe of the legal phrases; but when Atherton rose, and asked, “Is your carriage here?” his wife sprang to her feet.

“Why, where are you going?” she demanded, anxiously.

“Not to Indiana, immediately,” answered her husband. “We're first going to Clover street, to see Squire Gaylord and Mrs. Hubbard. Better let me take the paper, dear,” he said, softly withdrawing it from her hands.

“Oh, it's a cruel, cruel law!” she moaned, deprived of this moral support. “To suppose that such a notice as this is sufficient! Women couldn't have made such a law.”

“No, women only profit by such laws after they're made: they work both ways. But it's not such a bad law, as divorce laws go. We do worse, now, in some New England States.”

They found the Squire alone in the parlor, and, with a few words of explanation, Atherton put the paper in his hands, and he read the notice in emotionless quiet. Then he took off his spectacles, and shut them in their case, which he put back into his waistcoat pocket. “This is all right,” he said. He cleared his throat, and lifting the fierce glimmer of his eyes to Atherton's, he asked, drily, “What is the law, at present?”

Atherton briefly recapitulated the points as he had them from Halleck.

“That's good,” said the old man. “We will fight this gentleman.” He rose, and from his gaunt height looked down on both of them, with his sinuous lips set in a bitter smile. “Bartley must have been disappointed when he found a divorce so hard to get in Indiana. He must have thought that the old law was still in force there. He's not the fellow to swear to a lie if he can help it; but I guess he expects to get this divorce by perjury.”

Marcia was putting little Flavia to bed. She heard the talking below; she thought she heard Bartley's name. She ran to the stairs, and came hesitantly down, the old wild hope and wild terror fluttering her pulse and taking her breath. At sight of the three men, apparently in counsel, she crept toward them, holding out her hands before her like one groping his way. “What—what is it?” She looked from Atherton's face to her father's; the old man stopped, and tried to smile reassuringly; he tried to speak; Atherton turned away.

It was Halleck who came forward, and

took her wandering hands. He held them quivering in his own, and said gravely and steadily, using her name for the first time in the deep pity which cast out all fear and shame, “Marcia, we have found your husband.”

“Dead?” she made with her lips.

“He is alive,” said Halleck. “There is something in this paper for you to see,—something you *must* see—”

“I can bear anything, if he is not dead. Where—what is it? Show it to me.” The paper shook in the hands which Halleck released; her eyes strayed blindly over its columns; he had to put his finger on the place before she could find it. Then her tremor ceased, and she seemed without breath or pulse while she read it through. She fetched a long, deep sigh, and passed her hand over her eyes, as if to clear them; staying herself unconsciously against Halleck's breast, and, laying her trembling arm along his arm till her fingers knit themselves among his fingers, she read it a second time and a third. Then she dropped the paper, and turned to look up at him. “Why!” she cried, as if she had made it out at last, while an awful, joyful light of hope flashed into her face, “*It is a mistake!* Don't you see? He thinks that I never came back! He thinks that I meant to abandon him. That I—that I—But you know that I came back,—you came back with me! Why, I wasn't gone an hour,—a half-hour, hardly. O Bartley! poor Bartley! He thought I could leave him, and take his child from him; that I could be so wicked, so heartless— Oh, no, no, no. Why, I only stayed away that little time because I was afraid to go back! Don't you remember how I told you I was afraid, and wanted you to come in with me?” Her exultation broke in a laugh. “But we can explain it now, and it will be all right. He will see—he will understand—I will tell him just how it was—Oh, Flavia, Flavia, we've found papa, we've found papa! Quick!”

She whirled away toward the stairs, but her father caught her by the arm. “Marcia!” he shouted, in his old raucous voice, “you've got to understand! This”—he hesitated, as if running over all terms of opprobrium in his mind, and he resumed as if he had found them each too feeble—“Bartley hasn't acted under any mistake.”

He set the facts before her with merciless clearness, and she listened with an audible catching of the breath at times, while she softly smoothed her forehead with her left hand. “I don't believe it,” she said, when he had ended. “Write to him, tell him what I say, and you will see.”

The old man uttered something between a groan and a curse. "Oh, you poor, crazy child! Can nothing make you understand that Bartley wants to get rid of you, and that he's just as ready for one lie as another? He thinks he can make out a case of abandonment with the least trouble, and so he accuses you of that; but he'd just as soon accuse you of anything else. *Write* to him? You've got to *go* to him! You've got to go out there and fight him in open court, with facts and witnesses. Do you suppose Bartley Hubbard wants any explanation from you? Do you think he's been waiting these two years to hear that you didn't really abandon him, but came back to this house an hour after you left it, and that you've waited for him here ever since? When he knows that, will he withdraw this suit of his and come home? He'll want the proof, and the way to do it is to go out there and let him have it. If I had him on the stand for five minutes," said the old man, between his set teeth—"just five minutes—I'd undertake to convince him from his own lips that he was wrong about you! But I am afraid he wouldn't mind a letter. You think I say so because I hate him, and you don't believe me. Well, ask either of these gentlemen here whether I'm telling you the truth."

She did not speak, but, with a glance at their averted faces, she sank into a chair, and passed one hand over the other, while she drew her breath in long, shuddering respirations, and stared at the floor with knit brows and starting eyes, like one stifling a deadly pang. She made several attempts to speak before she could utter any sound; then she lifted her eyes to her father's: "Let us—let us—go—home! Oh, let us go home! I will give him up. I *had* given him up already; I told you," she said, turning to Halleck, and speaking in a slow, gentle tone, "only an hour ago, that he was dead. And this—this that's happened, it makes no difference. Why did you bring the paper to me when you knew that I thought he was dead?"

"God knows I wished to keep it from you."

"Well, no matter now. Let him go free if he wants to. I can't help it."

"You *can* help it," interrupted her father. "You've got the facts on your side, and you've got the witnesses."

"Would you go out with me, and tell him that I never meant to leave him?" she asked simply, turning to Halleck. "You—and Olive?"

"We would do anything for you, Marcia!"

She sat musing, and drawing her hands one over the other again, while her quivering

breath came and went on the silence. She let her hands fall nervelessly on her lap. "I can't go; I'm too weak; I couldn't bear the journey. No!" She shook her head. "I can't go!"

"Marcia," began her father, "it's your *duty* to go!"

"Does it say in the law that I have to go if I don't choose?" she asked of Halleck.

"No, you certainly need not go if you don't choose!"

"Then I will stay. Do you think it's my duty to go?" she asked, referring her question first to Halleck, and then to Atherton. She turned from the silence by which they tried to leave her free. "I don't care for my duty any more. I don't want to keep him, if it's so that he—left me—and—and meant it—and he doesn't—care for me any—more."

"Care for you? He *never* cared for you, Marcia! And you may be sure he doesn't care for you now!"

"Then let him go, and let us go home."

"Very well," said the old man; "we will go home, then, and before the week's out Bartley Hubbard will be a perjured bigamist."

"Bigamist?" Marcia leaped to her feet.

"Yes, bigamist! Don't you suppose he had his eye on some other woman out there before he began this suit?"

The languor was gone from Marcia's limbs. As she confronted her father, the wonderful likeness in the outline of their faces appeared. His was dark and wrinkled with age, and hers was gray with the anger that drove the blood back to her heart; but one impulse animated those fierce profiles, and the hoarded hate in the old man's soul seemed to speak in Marcia's thick whisper, "I will go."

XXXVIII.

THE Athertons sat late over their breakfast in the luxurious dining-room, where the April sun came in at the windows overlooking the Back Bay, and commanding at that stage of the tide a long stretch of shallow with a flight of white gulls settled upon it.

They had let Clara's house on the hill, and she had bought another on the new land; she insisted upon the change, not only because everybody was leaving the hill, but also because, as she said, it would seem too much like taking Mr. Atherton to board, if they went to housekeeping where she had always lived; she wished to give him the effect before the world of having brought her to a house of his own. She had even furnished it anew for the most part, and had banished as far as

possible the things that reminded her of the time when she was not his wife. He humored her in this fantastic self-indulgence, and philosophized her wish to give him the appearance of having the money, as something orderly in its origin, and not to be deprecated on other grounds, since probably it deceived nobody. They lived a very tranquil life, and Clara had no grief of her own, unless it was that there seemed to be no great things she could do for him. One day, when she whimsically complained of this, he said : "I'm very glad of that. Let's try to be equal to the little sacrifices we must make for each other ; they will be quite enough. Many a woman, who would be ready to die for her husband, makes him wretched because she won't live for him. Don't despise the day of small things."

"Yes, but when every day seems the day of small things!" she pouted.

"Every day *is* the day of small things," said Atherton, "with people who are happy. We're never so prosperous as when we can't remember what happened last Monday."

"Oh, but I can't bear to be always living in the present."

"It's not so spacious, I know, as either the past or the future ; but it's all we have."

"There!" cried Clara, "that's *fatalism*! It's *worse* than fatalism!"

"And is fatalism so very bad?" asked her husband.

"It's Mahometanism!"

"Well, it isn't necessarily a plurality of wives," returned Atherton, in subtle anticipation of her next point. "And it's really only another name for resignation, which is certainly a good thing."

"Resignation? Oh, I don't know about that!"

Atherton laughed, and put his arm round her waist—an argument that no woman can answer in a man she loves: it seems to deprive her of her reasoning faculties. In the atmosphere of affection which she breathed, she sometimes feared that her mental powers were really weakening. As a girl she had lived a life full of purposes, which, if somewhat vague, were unquestionably large. She had then had great interests,—art, music, literature,—the symphony concerts, Mr. Hunt's classes, the novels of George Eliot, and Mr. Fiske's lectures on the cosmic philosophy; and she had always felt that they expanded and elevated existence. In her moments of question as to the shape which her life had taken since, she tried to think whether the happiness which seemed so little dependent on these things was not beneath the demands of a spirit which was probably immortal and

was certainly cultivated. They all continued to be part of her life, but only a very small part ; and she would have liked to ask her husband whether his influence upon her had been wholly beneficial. She was not sure that it had ; but neither was she sure that it had not. She had never fully consented to the distinctness with which he classified all her emotions and ideas as those of a woman ; in her heart she doubted whether a great many of them might not be those of a man, though she had never found any of them exactly like his. She could not complain that he did not treat her as an equal ; he deferred to her, and depended upon her good sense to an extent that sometimes alarmed her, for she secretly knew that she had a very large streak of silliness in her nature. He seemed to tell her everything, and to be greatly ruled by her own advice, especially in matters of business ; but she could not help observing that he often kept matters involving certain moral questions from her till the moment for deciding them was past. When she accused him of this, he confessed that it was so, but defended himself by saying that he was afraid her conscience might sway him against his judgment.

Clara now recurred to these words of his as she sat looking at him through her tears across the breakfast table. "Was that the reason you never told me about poor Ben before?"

"Yes, and I expect you to justify me. What good would it have done to tell you?"

"I could have told you, at least, that if Ben had any such feeling as that, it wasn't his fault altogether!"

"But you wouldn't have believed that, Clara," said Atherton. "You know that, whatever that poor creature's faults are, coquetry isn't one of them."

Clara only admitted this fact passively.

"How did he excuse himself for coming back?" she asked.

"He didn't excuse himself; he defied himself. We had a stormy talk, and he ended by denying that he had any social duty in the matter."

"And I think he was quite right!" Clara flashed out. "It was his own affair."

"He said he had a concrete purpose, and wouldn't listen to abstractions. Yes, he talked like a woman. But you know he wasn't right, Clara, though *you* talk like a woman too. There are a great many things that are not wrong except as they wrong others. I've no doubt that, as compared with the highest love her husband ever felt for her, Ben's passion was as light to darkness. But, if he could only hope for its return through the perversion of her soul,—through teaching her to think

of escape from her marriage by a divorce,—then it was a crime against her and against society.

"Ben couldn't do such a thing!"

"No, he could only dream of doing it. When it came to the attempt, everything that was good in him revolted against it and conspired to make him help her in the efforts that would defeat his hopes if they succeeded. It was a ghastly ordeal, but it was sublime; and when the climax came,—that paper, which he had only to conceal for a few days or weeks,—he was equal to the demand upon him. But suppose a man of his pure training and traditions had yielded to temptation,—suppose he had so far depraved himself that he could have set about persuading her that she owed no allegiance to her husband, and might rightfully get a divorce and marry him,—what a ruinous blow it would have been to all who knew of it! It would have disheartened those who abhorred it, and encouraged those who wanted to profit by such an example. It doesn't matter much, socially, what undisciplined people like Bartley and Marcia Hubbard do; but if a man like Ben Halleck goes astray, it's calamitous; it 'confounds the human conscience,' as Victor Hugo says. All that careful nurture in the right since he could speak, all that lifelong decency of thought and act, that noble ideal of unselfishness and responsibility to others, trampled under foot and spit upon,—it's horrible!"

"Yes," answered Clara, deeply moved, even as a woman may be in a pretty breakfast-room, "and such a good soul as Ben always was naturally. Will you have some more tea?"

"Yes, I will take another cup. But as for natural goodness——"

"Wait! I will ring for some hot water."

When the maid had appeared, disappeared, reappeared, and finally vanished, Atherton resumed. "The natural goodness doesn't count. The natural man is a wild beast, and his natural goodness is the amiability of a beast basking in the sun when his stomach is full. The Hubbards were full of natural goodness, I dare say, when they didn't happen to cross each other's wishes. No, it's the implanted goodness that saves,—the seed of righteousness treasured from generation to generation, and carefully watched and tended by disciplined fathers and mothers in the hearts where they had dropped it. The flower of this implanted goodness is what we call civilization, the condition of general uprightness that Halleck declared he owed no allegiance to. But he was better than his word."

Atherton lifted, with his slim, delicate hand, the cup of translucent china, and drained off

the fragrant Souchong, sweetened, and tempered with Jersey cream to perfection. Something in the sight went like a pang to his wife's heart. "Ah!" she said, "it is easy enough for us to condemn. *We* have everything we want!"

"I don't forget that, Clara," said Atherton, gravely. "Sometimes when I think of it, I am ready to renounce all judgment of others. The consciousness of our comfort, our luxury, almost paralyzes me at those times, and I am ashamed and afraid even of our happiness."

"Yes, what right," pursued Clara, rebelliously, "have we to be happy and united, and these wretched creatures so——"

"No right—none in the world! But somehow the effects follow their causes. In some sort they chose misery for themselves,—we make our own hell in this life and the next,—or it was chosen for them by undisciplined wills that they inherited. In the long run their fate must be a just one."

"Ah, but I have to look at things in the short run, and I can't see any justice in Marcia's husband using her so!" cried Clara. "Why shouldn't you use me badly? I don't believe any woman ever meant better by her husband than she did."

"Oh, the meaning doesn't count! It's our deeds that judge us. He is a thoroughly bad fellow, but you may be sure she has been to blame. Though I don't blame the Hubbards, either of them, so much as I blame Halleck. He not only had everything he wished, but the training to know what he ought to wish."

"I don't know about his having everything. I think Ben must have been disappointed some time," said Clara evasively.

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Atherton, with the contented husband's indifference to sentimental grievances.

Clara did not speak for some moments, and then she summed up a turmoil of thoughts in a profound sigh. "Well, I don't like it! I thought it was bad enough having a man, even on the outskirts of my acquaintance, abandon his wife; but now, Ben Halleck, who has been like a brother to me—to have him mixed up in such an affair in the way he is—it's intolerable!"

"I agree with you," said Atherton, playing with his spoon. "You know how I hate anything that sins against order, and this whole thing is disorderly. It's intolerable, as you say. But we must bear our share of it. We're all bound together. No one sins or suffers to himself in a civilized state, or religious state—it's the same thing. Every link in the chain feels the effect of the violence more or less intimately. We rise or fall together in Chris-

tian society. It's strange that it should be so hard to realize a thing that every experience of life teaches. We keep on thinking of offenses against the common good as if they were abstractions!"

"Well, *one* thing," said Clara, "I shall always think unnecessarily shocking and disgraceful about it, and that is Ben's going out with her on this journey. I don't see how you could allow that, Eustace."

"Yes," said Atherton, after a thoughtful silence, "*it is* shocking. The only consolation is that *it is not* unnecessarily shocking. I'm afraid that it's necessarily so. When any disease of soul or body has gone far enough, it makes its own conditions, and other things must adjust themselves to it. Besides, no one knows the ugliness of the situation but Halleck himself. I don't see how I could have interfered; and upon the whole I don't know that I ought to have interfered, if I could. She would be helpless without him, and he can get no harm from it. In fact, it's part of his expiation, which must have begun as soon as he met her again after he came home."

Clara was convinced, but not reconciled. She only said, "I don't like it."

Her husband did not reply; he continued musingly: "When the old man made that final appeal to her jealousy,—all that there is really left, probably, of her love for her husband,—and she responded with a face as wicked as his, I couldn't help looking at Halleck."

"Oh, poor Ben! *How* did he take it? It must have scared, it must have disgusted him!"

"That's what I had expected. But there was nothing in his face but pity. He understood, and he pitied her. That was all."

Clara rose, and turned to the window, where she remained looking through her tears at the gulls on the shallow. It seemed much more than twenty-four hours since she had taken leave of Marcia and the rest at the station, and saw them set out on their long journey with its uncertain and unimaginable end. She had deeply sympathized with them all, but at the same time she had felt very keenly the potential scandalousness of the situation; she shuddered inwardly when she thought what if people knew; she had always revolted from contact with such social facts as their errand involved. She got Olive aside for a moment and asked her, "Don't you hate it, Olive? Did you ever dream of being mixed up in such a thing? I should die—simply die!"

"I shall not think of dying, unless we fail," answered Olive. "And, as for hating it, I haven't consulted my feelings a great deal; but I rather think I like it."

"Like going out to be a witness in an Indiana divorce case!"

"I don't look at it in that way, Clara. It's a crusade to me; it's a holy war; it's the cause of an innocent woman against a wicked oppression. I know how *you* would feel about it, Clara; but I never *was* as respectable as you are, and I'm quite satisfied to do what Ben, and father, and Mr. Atherton approve. They think it's my duty, and I am glad to go, and to be of all the use I can. But you shall have my heart-felt sympathy through all, Clara, for your involuntary acquaintance with our proceedings."

"Olive! You *know* that I'm proud of your courage and Ben's goodness, and that I fully appreciate the sacrifice you're making. And I'm not ashamed of your business: I think it's grand and sublime, and I would just as soon scream it out at the top of my voice, right here in the Albany Depot."

"Don't," said Olive. "It would frighten the child."

She had Flavia by the hand, and she made the little girl her special charge throughout the journey. The old Squire seemed anxious to be alone, and he restlessly escaped from Marcia's care. He sat all the first day apart, chewing upon some fragment of wood that he had picked up, and now and then putting up a lank hand to rasp his bristling jaw, glancing furtively at people who passed him, and lapsing into his ruminant abstraction. He had been vexed that they did not start the night before; and every halt the train made visibly afflicted him. He would not leave his place to get anything to eat when they stopped for refreshment, though he hungrily devoured the lunch that Marcia brought into the car for him. At New York he was in a tumult of fear lest they should lose the connecting train on the Pennsylvania road, and the sigh of relief with which he sank into his seat in the sleeping-car expressed the suffering he had undergone. He said he was not tired, but he went to bed early, as if to sleep away as much of the time as he could.

When Halleck came into their car, the next morning, he found Marcia and her father sitting together, and looking out of the window at the wooded slopes of the Alleghanies through which the train was running. The old man's impatience had relaxed; he let Marcia lay her hand on his, and he answered her with quiet submission, when she spoke now and then of the difference between these valleys, where the wild rhododendrons were growing, and the frozen hollows of the hills at home, which must be still choked with snow.

"But, oh! how much I would rather see

them!" she said at last with a homesick throb.

"Well," he assented, "we can go right back—afterward."

"Yes," she whispered.

"Well, sir, good morning," said the old man to Halleck, "we are getting along, sir. At this rate, unless our calculations were mistaken, we shall be there by midnight. We are on time, the porter tells me."

"Yes, we shall soon be at Pittsburg," said Halleck, and he looked at Marcia, who turned away her face. She had not spoken of the object of the journey to him since they left Boston, and it had not been so nearly touched by either of them before. He could see that she recoiled from it; but the old man, once having approached it, could not leave it.

"If everything goes well, we shall have our grip on that fellow's throat in less than forty-eight hours." He looked down mechanically at his withered hands, lean and yellow like the talons of a bird, and lifted his accipitral profile with a predatory alertness. "I didn't sleep very well the last part of the night, but I thought it all out. I shan't care whether I get there before or after judgment is rendered; all I want is to get there before he has a chance to clear out. I think I shall be able to convince Bartley Hubbard that there is a God in Israel yet! Don't you be anxious, Marcia; I've got this thing at my fingers' ends as clear as a bell. I intend to give Bartley a little surprise!"

Marcia kept her face averted, and Halleck relinquished his purpose of sitting down with them, and went forward to the state-room that Marcia and Olive had occupied with the little girl. He tapped on the door, and found his sister dressed, but the child still asleep.

"What is the matter, Ben?" she asked. "You don't look well. You oughtn't to have undertaken this journey."

"Oh, I'm all right. But I've been up a good while, with nothing to eat. That old man is terrible, Olive!"

"Her father? Yes, he's a terrible old man!"

"It sickened me to hear him talk, just now—throwing out his threats of vengeance against Hubbard. It made me feel a sort of sympathy for that poor dog. Do you suppose she has the same motive? I couldn't forgive her!" he said, with a kind of passionate weakness. "I couldn't forgive myself!"

"We've got nothing to do with their motive, Ben. We are to be her witnesses for justice against a wicked wrong. I don't believe in special providences, of course; but it does seem as if we had been called to this work, as mother would say. Your hap-

pening to go home with her, that night and then that paper happening to come to you—doesn't it look like it?"

"It looks like it, yes."

"We couldn't have refused to come. That's what consoles me for being here this minute. I put on a bold face with Clara Atherton, yesterday morning at the depot; but I was in a cold chill all the time. Our coming off, in this way, on such an errand, is something so different from the rest of our whole life! And I *do* like quiet, and orderly ways, and all that we call respectability! I've been thinking that the trial will be reported by some such interviewing wretch as Bartley himself, and that we shall figure in the newspapers. But I've concluded that we mustn't care. It's right, and we must do it. I don't shut my eyes to the kind of people we're mixed up with. I pity Marcia, and I love her—poor, helpless, unguided thing!—but that old man *is* terrible! He's as cruel as the grave where he thinks he's been wronged, and crueler where he thinks *she's* been wronged. You've forgiven so much, Ben, that you can't understand a man who forgives nothing; but *I* can, for I'm a pretty good hater myself. And Marcia's just like her father, at times. I've seen her look at Clara Atherton as if she could kill her!"

The little girl stirred in her berth, and then lifted herself on her hands, and stared around at them through her tangled golden hair. "Is it morning, yet?" she asked sleepily. "Is it to-morrow?"

"Yes; it's to-morrow, Flavia," said Olive. "Do you want to get up?"

"And is next day the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Then it's only one day till I shall see papa. That's what mamma said. Where is mamma?" asked the child, rising to her knees, and sweeping back her hair from her face with either hand.

"I will go and send her to you," said Halleck.

At Pittsburg the Squire was eager for his breakfast, and made amends for his fast of the day before. He ate grossly of the heterogeneous abundance of the railroad restaurant, and drank two cups of coffee that in his thin, native air would have disordered his pulse for a week. But he resumed his journey with a tranquil strength that seemed the physical expression of a mind clear and content. He was willing and even anxious to tell Halleck what his theories and plans were; but the young man shrank from knowing them. He wished only to know whether Marcia were privy to them, and this, too, he shrank from knowing.

XXXIX.

THEY left Pittsburg under the dun pall of smoke that hangs perpetually over the city, and ran out of a world where the earth seemed turned to slag and cinders, and the coal-grime blackened even the sheathing from which the young leaves were unfolding their vivid green. Their train twisted along the banks of the Ohio, and gave them now and then a reach of the stream, forgetful of all the noisy traffic that once fretted its waters, and losing itself in almost primitive wildness among its softly rounded hills. It is a beautiful land, and it had, even to their loath eyes, a charm that touched their hearts. They were on the borders of the illimitable West, whose lands stretch like a sea beyond its hilly Ohio shore; but as yet this vastness, which appalls and wearis all but the born Westerner, had not burst upon them; they were still among heights and hollows, and in a milder and softer New England.

"I have a strange feeling about this journey," said Marcia, turning from the window at last, and facing Halleck on the opposite seat. "I want it to be over, and yet I am glad at every little stop. I feel like some one that has been called to a death-bed, and is hurrying on and holding back with all her might, at the same time. I shall have no peace till I am there, and then shall I have peace?" She fixed her eyes imploringly on his. "Say something to me, if you can! What do you think?"

"Whether you will—succeed?" He was confounding what he knew of her father's feeling with what he had feared of hers.

"Do you mean about the lawsuit? I don't care for that! Do you think he will hate me when he sees me? Do you think he will believe me when I tell him that I never meant to leave him, and that I'm sorry for what I did to drive him away?"

She seemed to expect him to answer, and he answered as well as he could: "He ought to believe that—yes, he must believe it."

"Then all the rest may go," she said. "I don't care who gains the case. But if he shouldn't believe me—if he should drive me away from him, as I drove him from me—" She held her breath in the terror of such a possibility, and an awe of her ignorance crept over Halleck. Apparently she had not understood the step that Bartley had taken, except as a stage in their quarrel from which they could both retreat, if they would, as easily as from any other dispute; she had not realized it as a final, an almost irrevocable act on his part, which could only be met by reprisal on hers. All those points of law which had been

so sharply enforced upon her must have fallen blunted from her longing to be at one with him; she had, perhaps, not imagined her defense in open court, except as a sort of public reconciliation.

But at another time she recurred to her wrongs in all the bitterness of her father's vindictive purpose. A young couple entered the car at one of the country stations, and the bride made haste to take off her white bonnet, and lay her cheek on her husband's shoulder, while he passed his arm round her silken waist, and drew her close to him on the seat, in the loving rapture which is otherwise inconvenienced by publicity on our railroad trains. Indeed, after the first general recognition of their condition, no one noticed them except Marcia, who seemed fascinated by the spectacle of their unsophisticated happiness; it must have recalled the blissful abandon of her own wedding journey to her.

"Oh, poor fool!" she said to Olive. "Let her wait, and it will not be long before she will know that she had better lean on the empty air than on him. Some day he will let her fall to the ground, and when she gathers herself up all bruised and bleeding—But he hasn't got the all-believing simpleton to deal with that he used to have; and he shall pay me back for all—drop by drop, and ache for ache!"

She was in that strange mental condition into which women fall who brood long upon opposing purposes and desires. She wished to be reconciled, and she wished to be revenged, and she recurred to either wish for the time as vehemently as if the other did not exist. She took Flavia on her knee, and began to prattle to her of seeing papa to-morrow, and presently she turned to Olive, and said:

"I know he will find us both a great deal changed. Flavia looks so much older—and so do I. But I shall soon show him that I can look young again. I presume he's changed too."

Marcia held the little girl up at the window. They had now left the river-hills and the rolling country beyond, and had entered the great plain which stretches from the Ohio to the Mississippi; and mile by mile, as they ran southward and westward, the spring unfolded in the mellow air under the dull, warm sun. The willows were in perfect leaf, and wore their delicate green like veils caught upon their boughs; the May-apples had already pitched their tents in the woods, beginning to thicken and darken with the young foliage of the oaks and hickories; suddenly, as the train dashed from a stretch of forest, the peach orchards flushed pink beside the brick farm-

steads. The child gave a cry of delight, and pointed; and her mother seemed to forget all that had gone before, and abandoned herself to Flavia's joy in the blossoms, as if there were no trouble for her in the world.

Halleck rose and went into the other car; he felt giddy, as if her fluctuations of mood and motive had somehow turned his own brain. He did not come back till the train stopped at Columbus for dinner. The old Squire showed the same appetite as at breakfast: he had the effect of falling upon his food like a bird of prey; and as soon as the meal was dispatched he went back to his seat in the car, where he lapsed into his former silence and immobility, his lank jaws working with fresh activity upon the wooden toothpick he had brought away from the table. While they waited for a train from the north which was to connect with theirs, Halleck walked up and down the vast, noisy station with Olive and Marcia, and humored the little girl in her explorations of the place. She made friends with a red-bird that sang in its cage in the dining-hall, and with an old woman, yellow and wrinkled, and sunken-eyed, sitting on a bundle tied up in a quilt beside the door, and smoking her clay pipe as placidly as if on her own cabin threshold. "Pears like you ain't much afear'd of strangers, honey," said the old woman, taking her pipe out of her mouth, to fill it. "Where do you live at when you're home?"

"Boston," said the child, promptly. "Where do you live?"

"I used to live in Old Virginia. But my son he's takin' me out to Illinois, now. He's settled out there." She treated the child with the serious equality which simple old people use with children; and spat neatly aside in resuming her pipe. "Which o' them ladies yonder is your maw, honey?"

"My mamma?"

The old woman nodded.

Flavia ran away and laid her hand on Marcia's dress, and then ran back to the old woman.

"That your paw, with her?" Flavia looked blank, and the old woman interpreted, "Your father."

"No! We're going out to see papa—out West. We're going to see him to-morrow, and then he's coming back with us. My grandpa is in that car."

The old woman now laid her folded arms on her knees, and smoked oblivious. The little girl lingered a moment, and then ran off laughing to her mother, and pulled her skirt. "Wasn't it funny, mamma? She thought Mr. Halleck was my papa!" She hung forward by the hold she had taken, as

children do, and tilted her head back to look into her mother's face. "What is Mr. Halleck, mamma?"

"What is he?" The group halted involuntarily.

"Yes, what is he? Is he my uncle, or my cousin, or what? Is *he* going out to see papa, too? What is *he* going for? Oh, look, look!" The child plucked away her hand, and ran off to join the circle of idle men and half-grown boys who were forming about two shining negroes with banjos. The negroes flung their hands upon the strings with an ecstatic joy in the music, and lifted their black voices in a wild plantation strain. The child began to leap and dance, and her mother ran after her.

"Naughty little girl!" she cried. "Come into the car with me, this minute."

Halleck did not see Marcia again till the train had run far out of the city, and was again sweeping through the thick woods, and flashing out upon the levels of the fields where the farmers were riding their sulky-plows up and down the long furrows in the pleasant afternoon sun. There is something in this transformation of man's old-time laborious dependence into a lordly domination over the earth, which strikes the westward journeyer as finally expressive of human destiny in the whole mighty region, and which penetrated even to Halleck's sore and jaded thoughts. A different type of men began to show itself in the car, as the Western people gradually took the places of his fellow-travelers from the East. The men were often slovenly and sometimes uncouth in their dress; but they made themselves at home in the exaggerated splendor and opulence of the car, as if born to the best in every way; their faces suggested the security of people who trusted the future from the past, and had no fears of the life that had always used them well; they had not that eager and intense look which the Eastern faces wore; there was energy enough to spare in them, but it was not an anxious energy. The sharp accent of the seaboard yielded to the rounded, soft, and slurring tones, and the prompt address was replaced by a careless and confident neighborliness of manner.

Flavia fretted at her return to captivity in the car, and demanded to be released with a teasing persistence from which nothing she was shown out of the window could divert her. A large man leaned forward at last from a seat near by, and held out an orange.

"Come here to me, little Trouble," he said, and Flavia made an eager start toward this unlooked-for friend.

Marcia wished to check her; but Halleck pleaded to have her go.

"It will be a relief to you," he said.

"Well, let her go," Marcia consented. "But she was no trouble, and she is no relief." She sat looking dully at the little girl after the Westerner had gathered her up into his lap. "Should I have liked to tell her," she said, as if thinking aloud, "how we were really going to meet her father, and that you were coming with me to be my witness against him in a court—to put him down and disgrace him—to fight him, as father says?"

"You mustn't think of it in that way," said Halleck gently, but, as he felt, feebly and inadequately.

"Oh, I shall not think of it in that way long," she answered. "My head is in a whirl, and I can't hold what we're doing before my mind in any one shape for a minute at a time. I don't know what will become of me—I don't know what will become of me?"

But in another breath she rose from this desolation, and was talking with impersonal cheerfulness of the sights that the car-window showed. As long as the light held, they passed through the same opulent and monotonous landscape; through little towns full of signs of material prosperity, and then farms and farms again; the brick houses set in the midst of evergreens, and compassed by vast acreages of corn-land, where herds of black pigs wandered, and the farmers were riding their plows, or heaping into vast winrows for burning the winter-worn stalks of the last year's crop. Where they came to a stream the landscape was roughened into low hills, from which it sank again luxuriously to a plain. If there was any difference between Ohio and Indiana, it was that in Indiana the spring night, whose breath softly buffeted their cheeks through the open window, had gathered over those eternal corn-fields, where the long, crooked winrows, burning on either hand, seemed a trail of fiery serpents writhing away from the train as it roared and clattered over the track.

They were to leave their car at Indianapolis, and take another road which would bring them to Tecumseh by daylight next morning. Olive went away with the little girl, and put her to bed on the sofa in the state-room, and Marcia suffered them to go alone; it was only by fits that she had cared for the child, or even noticed it.

"Now tell me again," she said to Halleck, "why we are going."

"Surely you know."

"Yes, yes, I know; but I can't think—I don't seem to remember. Didn't I give it up

once? Didn't I say that I would rather go home, and let Bartley get the divorce, if he wanted?"

"Yes, you said that, Marcia."

"I used to make him very unhappy; I was very strict with him, when I knew he couldn't bear any kind of strictness. And he was always so patient with me; though he never really cared for me. Oh, yes, I knew that from the first! He used to try; but he must have been glad to get away. Poor Bartley! It was cruel, cruel, to put that in about my abandoning him when he knew I would come back; but perhaps the lawyers told him he must; he had to put in something! Why shouldn't I let him go? Father said he only wanted to get rid of me, so that he could marry some one else—Yes, yes; it was that that made me start! Father knew it would! Oh," she grieved, with a wild self-pity that tore Halleck's heart, "he knew it would!" She fell wearily back against the seat, and did not speak for some minutes. Then she said, in a slow, broken utterance: "But now I don't seem to mind even that any more. Why shouldn't he marry some one else that he really likes, if he doesn't care for me?"

Halleck laughed in bitterness of soul, as his thought recurred to Atherton's reasons.

"Because," he said, "you have a *public* duty in the matter. You must keep him bound to you, for fear some other woman, whose husband doesn't care for her, would let *him* go, too, and society be broken up and civilization destroyed. In a matter like this, which seems to concern yourself alone, you are only to regard others."

His reckless irony did not reach her through her manifold sorrow.

"Well," she said, simply, "It must be that. But, oh! how can I bear it? how can I bear it?"

The time passed; Olive did not return for an hour; then she merely said that the little girl had just fallen asleep, and that she should go back and lie down with her—that she was sleepy too.

Marcia did not answer, but Halleck said he would call her in good time before they reached Indianapolis.

The porter made up the berths of such as were going through to St. Louis, and Marcia was left sitting alone with Halleck.

"I will go and get your father to come here," he said.

"I don't want him to come! I want to talk to you—to say something—What was it? I can't think!"

She stopped, like one trying to recover a faded thought; he waited, but she did not speak again. She had laid a nervous clutch

upon his arm, to detain him from going for her father, and she kept her hand there mechanically; but after a while he felt it relax; she drooped against him, and fell away into a sleep in which she started now and then like a frightened child. He could not release himself without waking her; but it did not matter; her sorrow had unsexed her; only the tenderness of his love for this hapless soul remained in his heart, which ached and evermore heavily sank within him.

He woke her at last when he must go to tell Olive that they were running into Indianapolis. Marcia struggled to her feet: "Oh, oh! Are we there? Are we there?"

"We are at Indianapolis," said Halleck.

"I thought it was Tecumseh!" She shuddered. "We can go back; oh, yes, we can still go back!"

They alighted from the train in the chilly midnight air, and found their way through the crowd to the eating-room of the station. The little girl cried with broken sleep and the strangeness, and Olive tried to quiet her. Marcia clung to Halleck's arm, and shivered convulsively. Squire Gaylord stalked beside them with a demoniac vigor. "A few more hours—a few more hours, sir!" he said. He made a hearty supper, while the rest scalded their mouths with hot tea, which they forced with loathing to their lips.

Some women who were washing the floor of the ladies' waiting-room told them they must go into the men's room, and wait there for their train, which was due at one o'clock. They obeyed, and found the room full of emigrants, and the air thick with their tobacco-smoke. There was no choice; Olive went in first and took the child on her lap, where it straightway fell asleep; the Squire found a seat beside them, and sat erect, looking round on the emigrants with the air of being amused at their outlandish speech, into which they burst clamorously from their silence at intervals. Marcia stopped Halleck at the threshold. "Stay out here with me," she whispered. "I want to tell you something," she added, as he turned mechanically and walked away with her up the vast lamp-shot darkness of the depot. "*I am not going on!* I am going back. We will take the train that goes to the East; father will never know till it is too late. We needn't speak to him about it."

Halleck set himself against this delirious folly: he consented to her return; she could do what she would; but he would not consent to cheat her father. "We must go and tell him," he said, for all answer to all her entreaties. He dragged her back to the waiting-room; but at the door she started at the figure of a man who was bending over a group

of emigrant children asleep in the nearest corner—poor, uncouth, stubbed little creatures, in old-mannish clothes, looking like children roughly blocked out of wood, and stiffly stretched on the floor, or resting wood-only against their mother.

"There!" said the man, pressing a mug of coffee on the woman. "You drink that! It'll do you good,—every drop of it! I've seen the time," he said, turning round with the mug, when she had drained it, in his hand, and addressing Marcia and Halleck, as the most accessible portion of the English-speaking public, "when I used to be down on coffee—I thought it was bad for the nerves; but I tell you, when you're travelin', it's a brain-food if ever there was a brain —"

He dropped the mug, and stumbled back into the heap of sleeping children, fixing a ghastly stare on Marcia.

She ran toward him.

"Mr. Kinney!"

"No, you don't! No, you don't."

"Why, don't you know me—Mrs. Hubbard?"

"He—he—told me you—was dead!" roared Kinney.

"He told you I was dead?"

"More'n a year ago! The last time I seen him! Before I went out to Leadville!"

"He told you I was dead," repeated Marcia huskily. "He must have wished it!" she whispered. "Oh, mercy, mercy, mercy!" She stopped, and then she broke into a wild laugh: "Well, you see he was wrong. I'm on my way to him now to show him that I'm alive!"

XL

HALLECK woke at daybreak from the drowsy into which he had fallen. The train was creeping slowly over the track, feeling its way, and he heard fragments of talk among the passengers about a broken rail that the conductor had been warned of. He turned to ask some question, when the pull of rising speed came from the locomotive, and at the same moment the car stopped with a jolting pitch. It settled upon the track again; but the two cars in front were overturned, and the passengers were still climbing from their windows, when Halleck got his bewildered party to the ground. Children were crying, and a woman was led by with her face cut and bleeding from the broken glass; but it was reported that no one else was hurt, and the trainmen gave their helplessness to the inspection of the rotten cross-tie that had caused the accident. One of the passengers kicked the decayed wood with his boot.

"Well," he said, "I always like a little accident like this, early; it makes us safe the rest of the day." The sentiment apparently commended itself to popular acceptance. Halleck went forward with part of the crowd to see what was the matter with the locomotive; it had kept the track, but seemed to be injured somehow; the engineer was working at it, hammer in hand; he exchanged some dry pleasantries with a passenger who asked him if there was any chance of hiring a real fast ox-team in that neighborhood, in case a man was in a hurry to get on to Tecumseh.

They were in the midst of a level prairie that stretched all round to the horizon, where it was broken by patches of timber; the rising sun slanted across the green expanse, and turned its distance to gold; the grass at their feet was full of wild flowers, upon which Flavia flung herself as soon as they got out of the car. By the time Halleck returned to them, she was running with cries of joy and wonder toward a windmill that rose beautiful above the roofs of a group of commonplace houses, at a little distance from the track; it stirred its mighty vanes in the thin, sweet inland breeze, and took the sun gayly on the light gallery that encircled it.

A vision of Belgian plains swept before Halleck's eyes. "There ought to be storks on its roof," he said absently.

"How strange that it should be here, away out in the West!" said Olive.

"If it were less strange than we are here, I couldn't stand it," he answered.

A brakeman came up with a flag in his hand, and nodded toward Flavia. "She's on the right track for breakfast," he said. "There's an old Dutchman at that mill, and his wife knows how to make coffee like a fellow's mother. You'll have plenty of time. This train has come here to stay—till somebody can walk back five miles and telegraph for help."

"How far are we from Tecumseh?" asked Halleck.

"Fifty miles," the brakeman called back over his shoulder.

"Don't you worry any, Marcia," said her father, moving off in pursuit of Flavia. "This accident makes it all right for us, if we don't get there for a week."

Marcia answered nothing. Halleck began to talk to her of that Belgian landscape in which he had first seen a windmill, and he laughed at the blank unintelligence with which she received his reminiscence of travel. For the moment, the torturing stress was lifted from his soul; he wished that the breakfast in the miller's house might never come to an end; he explored the mill with Flavia; he

bantered the Squire on his saturnine preference for steam power in the milling business; he made the others share his mood; he pushed far from him the series of tragic or squalid facts which had continually brought the end to him in reveries in which he found himself holding his breath, as if he might hold it till the end really came.

But this respite could not last. A puff of white steam showed on the horizon, and after an interval the sound of the locomotive's whistle reached them, as it came backing down a train of empty cars toward them. They were quickly on their journey again, and a scanty hour before noon they arrived at Tecumseh.

The pretty town, which in prospect had worn to Olive Halleck's imagination the blended hideousness of Sodom and Gomorrah, was certainly very much more like a New England village in fact. After the brick farmsteads and coal-smoked towns of Central Ohio, its wooden houses, set back from the street with an ample depth of door-yard, were appealingly familiar, and she exchanged some homesick whispers with Marcia about them, as they drove along under the full-leaved maples which shadowed the way. The grass was denser and darker than in New England, and, pretty as the town was, it wore a more careless and unscrupulous air than the true New England village; the South had touched it, and here and there it showed a wavering line of fence and a faltering conscientiousness in its paint. Presently all aspects of village quiet and seclusion ceased, and a section of conventional American city, with flat-roofed brick blocks, showy hotel, stores, paved street, and stone sidewalks, expressed the readiness of Tecumseh to fulfill the destiny of every Western town, and become a metropolis at a day's notice, if need be. The second-hand omnibus, which reflected the actuality of Tecumseh, set them down at the broad steps of the court-house, fronting on an avenue which for a city street was not very crowded or busy. Such passers as there were had leisure and inclination, as they loitered by, to turn and stare at the strangers; and the voice of the sheriff, as he called from an upper window of the court-house the names of absentee litigants or witnesses required to come into court, easily made itself heard above all the other noises.

It seemed to Halleck as if the sheriff were calling them; he lifted his head and looked at Olive, but she would not meet his eye; she led by the hand the little girl, who kept asking, "Is this the house where papa lives?" with the merciless iteration of a child. Halleck dragged lamely after the Squire, who had mounted the steps with unnatural vigor; he

promptly found his way to the clerk's office, where he examined the docket, and then returned to the party triumphant. "We are in time," he said, and he led them on up into the court-room.

A few spectators, scattered about on the rows of benching, turned to look at them as they walked up the aisle, where the cocoa matting, soaked and dried, and soaked again with perpetual libations of tobacco-juice, mercifully silenced their footsteps; most of the faces turned upon them showed a slow and thoughtful movement of the jaws, and, as they were dropped or averted, a general discharge of tobacco-juice seemed to express the general adoption of the new-comers, whoever they were, as a necessary element of the scene, which it was useless to oppose and about which it was idle to speculate. Before the Squire had found his party seats on one of the benches next the bar, the spectators had again given their languid attention to the administration of justice, which is everywhere informal with us, and is only a little more informal in the West than in the East. An effect of serene disoccupation pervaded the place, such as comes at the termination of an interesting affair; and no one seemed to care for what the clerk was reading aloud in a set, mechanical tone. The judge was busy with his docket; the lawyers, at their several little tables within the bar, lounged in their chairs, or stalked about laughing and whispering to each other; the prosecuting attorney leaned upon the shoulder of a jolly-looking man, who lifted his face to joke up at him, as he tilted his chair back; a very stout, youngish person, who sat next him, kept his face dropped, while the clerk proceeded:

"And now, on motion of plaintiff, it is ordered by the Court that said defendant be now here three times called, which is done in open court, and she comes not; but wholly makes default therein. And this cause is now submitted to the Court for trial, and the Court having heard the evidence, and being fully advised, find for the plaintiff—that the allegations of his complaint are true, and that he is entitled to a divorce. It is therefore considered by the Court that said plaintiff be and he is hereby divorced, and the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between said parties are dissolved and held for naught."

As the clerk closed the large volume before him, the jolly lawyer, as if the record had been read at his request, nodded to the Court, and said, "The record of the decree seems correct, your honor." He leaned forward, and struck the fat man's expanse of back with the flat of his hand. "Congratulate you, my dear boy!" he said in a stage whisper that

was heard through the room. "Many happy returns of the day!"

A laugh went round, and the judge said severely:

"Mr. Sheriff, see that order is kept in the court-room."

The fat man rose to shake hands with another friend, and at the same moment Squire Gaylord stretched himself to his full height before stooping over to touch the shoulder of one of the lawyers within the bar, and his eyes encountered those of Bartley Hubbard in mutual recognition.

It was not the fat on Bartley's ribs only that had increased: his broad cheeks stood out and hung down with it, and his chin descended by the three successive steps to his breast. His complexion was of a tender pink, on which his blonde mustache showed white; it almost vanished in the tallowy pallor to which the pink turned as he saw his father-in-law, and then the whole group which the intervening spectators had hitherto hidden from him. He dropped back into his chair, and intimated to his lawyer, with a wave of his hand and a twist of his head, that some hopeless turn in his fortunes had taken place. That jolly soul turned to him for explanation, and at the same time the lawyer whom Squire Gaylord had touched on the shoulder responded to a few whispered words from him by beckoning to the prosecuting attorney, who stepped briskly across to where they stood. A brief dumb-show ensued, and the prosecutor ended by taking the Squire's hand, and inviting him within the bar; the other attorney politely made room for him at his table, and the prosecutor returned to his place near the jury-box, where he remained standing for a moment.

"If it please the Court," he began, in a voice breaking heavily upon the silence that had somehow fallen upon the whole room, "I wish to state that the defendant in the case of Hubbard *vs.* Hubbard is now and here present, having been prevented, by an accident on the road between this place and Indianapolis, from arriving in time to make defense. She desires to move the Court to set aside the default."

The prosecutor retired a few paces, and nodded triumphantly at Bartley's lawyer, who could not wholly suppress his enjoyment of the joke, though it told so heavily against him and his client. But he was instantly on his feet with a technical objection.

The judge heard him through, and then opened his docket at the case of Hubbard *vs.* Hubbard. "What name shall I enter for the defense?" he inquired formally.

Squire Gaylord turned with an old-fashioned

state and deliberation which had their effect, and cast a glance of professional satisfaction in the situation at the attorneys and the spectators. "I ask to be allowed to appear for the defense in this case, if the Court please. My friend, Mr. Hathaway, will move my admission to this bar."

The attorney to whom the squire had first introduced himself promptly complied: "Your honor, I move the admission of Mr. F. J. Gaylord, of Equity, Equity County, Maine, to practice at this bar."

The judge bowed to the Squire, and directed the clerk to administer the usual oath. "I have entered your name for the defense, Mr. Gaylord. Do you desire to make any motion in the case?" he pursued, the natural courtesy of his manner further qualified by a feeling which something pathetic in the old Squire's bearing inspired.

"Yes, your honor, I move to set aside the default, and I shall offer in support of this motion my affidavit, setting forth the reasons for the non-appearance of the defendant at the calling of the cause."

"Shall I note your motion as filed?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor," replied the old man. He made a futile attempt to prepare the paper; the pen flew out of his trembling hand. "I can't write," he said in despair that made other hands quick to aid him. A young lawyer at the next desk rapidly drew up the paper, and the Squire duly offered it to the clerk of the Court. The clerk stamped it with the file-mark of the Court, and returned it to the Squire, who read aloud the motion and affidavit, setting forth the facts of the defendant's failure to receive the notice in time to prepare for her defense, and of the accident which had contributed to delay her appearance, declaring that she had a just defense to the plaintiff's bill, and asking to be heard upon the facts.

Bartley's attorney was prompt to interpose again. He protested that the printed advertisement was sufficient notice to the defendant, whenever it came to her knowledge, or even if it never came to her knowledge, and that her plea of failure to receive it in time was not a competent excuse. This might be alleged in any case, and any delay of travel might be brought forward to account for non-appearance as plausibly as this trumped-up accident in which nobody was hurt. He did his best, which was also his worst, and the judge once more addressed the Squire, who stood waiting for Bartley's counsel to close. "I was about to adjourn the Court," said the judge, in that accent which is the gift of the South to some parts of the West; it is curiously soft and

gentle, and expressive, when the speaker will, of a caressing deference. "But we have still some minutes before noon in which we can hear you in support of your motion, if you are ready."

"I am m-ready, your honor!" The old man's nasals cut across the judge's rounded tones, almost before they had ceased. His lips compressed themselves to a waving line, and his high hawk-beak came down over them; the fierce light burned in his cavernous eyes, and his grizzled hair erected itself like a crest. He swayed slightly back and forth at the table, behind which he stood, and paused as if waiting for his hate to gather head.

In this interval it struck several of the spectators, who had appreciative friends outside, that it was a pity they should miss the coming music, and they risked the loss of some strains themselves that they might step out and inform these *dilettanti*. One of them was stopped by a man at the door. "What's up, now?" The other impatiently explained; but the inquirer, instead of hurrying in to enjoy the fun, turned quickly about, and ran down the stairs. He crossed the street, and, by a system of alleys and by-ways, modestly made his way to the outlying fields of Tecumseh, which he traversed at heightened speed, plunging at last into the belt of timber beyond. This excursion, which had so much the appearance of a chase, was an exigency of the witness who had corroborated on oath the testimony of Bartley in regard to his wife's desertion. Such an establishment of facts, purely imaginary with the witness, was simple enough in the absence of rebutting testimony; but, confronted with this, it became another affair—it had its embarrassments, its risks.

"M-ready," repeated Squire Gaylord, "m-ready with facts and *witnesses*!" The word, in which he exulted till it rang and echoed through the room, drew the eyes of all to the little group on the bench next the bar, where Marcia, heavily veiled in the black which she had worn ever since Bartley's disappearance, sat with Halleck and Olive. The little girl, spent with her long journey, rested her head on her mother's lap, and the mother's hand tremulously smoothed her hair, and tried to hush the grieving whisper in which she incessantly repeated, "Where is papa? I want to see papa!"

Olive looked straight before her, and Halleck's eyes were fixed upon the floor. After the first glance at them, Bartley did not lift his head, but held it bent forward where he sat, and showed only a fold of fat red neck above his coat-collar. Marcia might have

seen his face in that moment before it blanched and he sank into his chair; she did not look toward him again.

"Mr. Sheriff, keep silence in the Court!" ordered the judge, in reprimand of the stir that ensued upon the general effort to catch sight of the witnesses.

"Silence in the Court! Keep your seats, gentlemen!" cried the sheriff.

"And I thank the Court," resumed the Squire, "for this immediate opportunity to redress an atrocious wrong, and to vindicate an innocent and injured woman. Sir, I think it will prejudice our cause with no one, when I say that we are here not only in the relation of attorney and client, but in that of father and daughter, and that I stand in this place singularly and sacredly privileged to demand justice for my own child!"

"Order, order!" shouted the sheriff. But he could not quell the sensation that followed; the point had been effectively made, and it was some moments before the noise of the people beginning to arrive from the outside permitted the Squire to continue. He waited, with one lean hand hanging at his side, and the other resting in a loosely folded fist on the table before him. He took this fist up as if it were some implement he had laid hold of, and swung it in the air.

"By a chance which *I* shall not be the last to describe as providential,"—he paused, and looked round the room as if defying any one there to challenge the sincerity of his assertion,—"the notice, which your law requires to be given by newspaper advertisement to the non-resident defendant in such a case as this, came, by one chance in millions, to her hand. By one chance more or less, it would not have reached her, and a monstrous crime against justice would have been irrevocably accomplished. For she had mourned this man as dead,—dead to the universal frame of things, when he was only dead to honor, dead to duty, and dead to her; and it was that newspaper, sent almost at random through the mail, and wandering from hand to hand, and everywhere rejected, for weeks, before it reached her at last, which convinced her that he was still in such life as a man may live who has survived his own soul. We are therefore *here*, standing upon our right, and prepared to prove it God's right and the everlasting truth. Two days ago, a thousand miles and a thousand uncertainties intervened between us and this right, but now we are here to show that the defendant, basely defamed by the plea of abandonment, returned to her home within an hour after she had parted there with the plaintiff, and has remained there day and night ever since." He

stopped. "Did I say she had never absented herself during all this time? I was wrong. I spoke hastily. I forgot." He dropped his voice. "She did absent herself at one time, —for three days,—while she could come home to close her mother's dying eyes, and help me to lay her in the grave!" He tried to close his lips firmly again, but the sinuous line was broken by a convulsive twitching. "Perhaps," he resumed with the utmost gentleness, "the plaintiff returned in this interval, and, finding her gone, was confirmed in his belief that she had abandoned him."

He felt blindly about on the table with his trembling hands, and his whole figure had a pathos that gave the old dress-coat statuesque dignity. The spectators quietly changed their places, and occupied the benches near him, till Bartley was left sitting alone with his counsel. We are beginning to talk here at the East of the decline of oratory; but it is still a passion in the West, and his listeners now clustered about the Squire in keen appreciation of his power; it seemed to summon even the loiterers in the street, whose ascending tramp on the stairs continually made itself heard; the lawyers, the officers of the court, the judge, forgot their dinner, and posed themselves anew in their chairs to listen.

No doubt the electrical sphere of sympathy and admiration penetrated to the old man's consciousness. When he pulled off his black satin stock—the relic of ancient fashion which the piety of his daughter kept in repair—and laid it on the table, there was a deep, inarticulate murmur of satisfaction which he could not have mistaken. His voice rose again:

"If the plaintiff indeed came at that time, the walls of those empty rooms, into which he peered like a thief in the night, might have told him—if walls had tongues to speak as they have ears to hear—a tale that would have melted even *his* heart with remorse and shame. They might have told him of a woman waiting in hunger and cold for his return, and willing to starve and freeze, rather than own herself forsaken; waiting till she was hunted from her door by the creditors whom he had defrauded, and forced to confess her disgrace and her despair, in order to save herself from the unknown terrors of the law invoked upon her innocent head by his villainy. This is the history of the first two weeks of those two years, during which, as his perjured lips have sworn, he was using every effort to secure her return to him. I will not enlarge now upon this history, nor upon that of the days and weeks and months that followed, wringing the heart and all but crazing the brain of the wife who

would not, in the darkest hours of her desolation, believe herself willfully abandoned. But we have the record, unbroken and irrefragable, which shall not only right his victim, but shall bring yonder perjurer to justice."

The words had an iron weight; they fell like blows. Bartley did not stir; but Marcia moved uneasily in her chair, and a low, pitiful murmur broke from behind her veil. Her father stopped again, panting, and his dry lips closed and parted several times before he could find his voice again. But at that sound of grief he partly recovered himself, and went on brokenly.

"I now ask this Court, for due cause, to set aside the default upon which judgment has been rendered against the defendant, and I shall then ask leave to file her cross-petition for divorce."

Marcia started half-way from her chair, and then fell back again; she looked round at Halleck as if for help, and hid her face in her hands. Her father cast a glance at her as if for her approval of this development of his plan.

"Then, may it please the Court, upon the rendition of judgment in our favor upon that petition—a result of which I have no more doubt than of my own existence—I shall demand under your law the indictment of yonder perjurer for his crime, and I shall await in security the sentence which shall consign him to a felon's cell in a felon's garb ——"

Marcia flung herself upon her father's arm, outstretched toward Bartley.

"No! No! No!" she cried with deep, shuddering breaths, in a voice thick with horror. "Never! Let him go! I will not have it! I didn't understand! I never meant to harm him! Let him go! It is *my* cause, and I say ——"

The old man's arm dropped; he fixed a ghastly, bewildered look upon his daughter, and fell across the table at which he stood. The judge started from his chair; the people leaped over the benches, and crushed about the Squire, who fetched his breath in convulsive gasps. "Keep back!" "Give him air!" "Open the window!" "Get a doctor!" cried those next him.

Even Bartley's counsel had joined the crowd about the Squire, from the midst of which broke the long, frightened wail of a child. This was Bartley's opportunity. When his counsel turned to look for him, and advise his withdrawal from a place where he could do no good, and where possibly he might come to harm, he found that his advice had been anticipated: Bartley's chair was vacant.

XLI.

THAT night, when Halleck had left the old man to the care of Marcia and Olive, for the time, a note was brought to him from Bartley's lawyer, begging the favor of a few moments' interview on very important business. It might be some offer of reparation or advance in Marcia's interest, and Halleck went with the bearer of the note. The lawyer met him hospitably at the door of his office. "How do you do, sir?" he said, shaking hands. Then he indicated a bulk withdrawn into a corner of the dimly lighted room; the blinds were drawn, and he locked the door after Halleck's entrance. "Mr. Hubbard, whom I think you know," he added. "I'll just step into the next room, gentlemen, and will be subject to your call at any moment."

The bulk lifted itself and moved some paces toward Halleck; Bartley even raised his hand, with the vague expectation of taking Halleck's, but seeing no responsive gesture on his part, he waved a salutation and dropped it again to his side.

"How d'y'e do, Halleck? Rather a secret, black, and midnight interview," he said jocosely. "But I couldn't very well manage it otherwise. I'm *not* just in the position to offer you the freedom of the city."

"What do you want, Hubbard?" asked Halleck, bluntly.

"How is the old Squire?"

"The doctor thinks he may rally from the shock."

"Paralysis?"

"Yes."

"I have spent the day in the 'tall timber,' as our friends out here say, communing with nature; and I've only just come into town since dark, so I hadn't any particulars." He paused, as if expecting that Halleck might give them; but, upon his remaining silent, he resumed. "Of course, as the case now stands, I know very well that the law can't touch me. But I didn't know what the popular feeling might be. The Squire laid it on pretty hot, and he might have made it livelier for me than he intended: he isn't aware of the inflammable nature of the material out here." He gave a nervous chuckle. "I wanted to see you, Halleck, to tell you that I haven't forgotten that money I owe you, and that I mean to pay it all up some time yet. If it hadn't been for some expenses I've had lately,—doctor's bills, and so forth,—I haven't been very well, myself;"—he made a sort of involuntary appeal for Halleck's sympathy,—"*and I've had to pay out a good deal of money,—I should be able to pay most of it now.* As it is, I can only give you five hun-

dred of it." He tugged his portemonnaie with difficulty up the slope of his pantaloons. "That will leave me just three hundred to begin the world with; for of course I've got to clear out of here. And I'd got very comfortably settled after two years of pretty hard work at the printing business, and hard reading at the law. Well, it's all right. And I want to pay you this money, now, and I'll pay you the rest whenever I can. And I want you to tell Marcia that I did it. I always meant to do it."

"Hubbard," interrupted Halleck, "you don't owe me any money. Your father-in-law paid that debt two years ago. But you owe some one else a debt that no one can pay for you. We needn't waste words. What are you going to do to repair the wrong you have done the woman and the child—" He stopped; the effort had perhaps been too much.

Bartley saw his emotion, and in his benighted way he honored it. "Halleck, you are a good fellow. You are *such* a good fellow that you can't understand this thing. But it's played out. I felt badly about it myself, at one time; and if I hadn't been robbed of that money you lent me on my way here, I'd have gone back inside of forty-eight hours. I was sorry for Marcia; it almost broke my heart to think of the little one; but I knew they were in the hands of friends; and the more time I had to think it over, the more I was reconciled to what I had done. That was the only way out for either of us. We had tried it for three years, and we couldn't make it go; we never could have made it go; we were incompatible. Don't you suppose I knew Marcia's good qualities? No one knows them better, or appreciates them more. You might think that I applied for this divorce because I had some one else in view. Not any more in mine at present! But I thought we ought to be free, both of us; and if our marriage had become a chain, that we ought to break it." Bartley paused, apparently to give these facts and reasons time to sink into Halleck's mind. "But there's one thing I should like to have you tell her, Halleck: she was wrong about that girl; I never had anything to do with her. Marcia will understand." Halleck made no reply, and Bartley resumed, in a burst of generosity, which marked his fall into the abyss as nothing else could have done. "Look here, Halleck, I can't marry again for two years. But, as I understand the law, Marcia isn't bound in any way. I know that she always had a very high opinion of you, and that she thinks you are the best man in the world: why don't *you* fix it up with Marcia?"

Bartley was in effect driven into exile by the accidents of his suit for divorce, which have been described. He was not in bodily danger after the first excitement passed off, if he was ever in bodily danger at all; but he could not reasonably hope to establish himself in a community which had witnessed such disagreeable facts concerning him; before which, indeed, he stood attainted of perjury, and only saved from the penalty of his crime by the refusal of his wife to press her case.

As soon as her father was strong enough to be removed, Marcia returned to the East with him, in the care of the friends who continued with them. They did not go back to Boston, but went directly to Equity, where in the first flush of the young and jubilant summer, they opened the dim old house at the end of the village street, and resumed their broken lives. Her father, with one side palsied-stricken, wavered out every morning to his office, and sat there all day, the tremulous shadow of his former will. Sometimes his old friends came in to see him, but no one expected now to hear the Squire "get going." He no longer got going on any topic; he had become as a little child—as the little child that played about him there, in the still, warm summer days and built houses with his law-books on the floor. He laughed feebly at her pranks, and submitted to her rule with pathetic meekness in everything where Marcia had not charged them both to the contrary. He was very obedient to Marcia, who looked vigilantly after his welfare, and knew all his goings and comings, as she knew those of his little comrade. Two or three times a day she ran out to see that they were safe; but for the rest she kept herself closely housed, and saw no one whom she was not forced to see; only the meat-man and the fish-man could speak authoritatively concerning her appearance and behavior before folks. They reported the latter as dry, cold, and uncommunicative. Doubtless the bitter experiences of her life had wrought their due effect in that passionate heart; but probably it was as much a morbid sensitivity as a hardened indifference that turned her from her kind. The village inquisitiveness that invades, also suffers much eccentricity; and after it had been well ascertained that Marcia was as queer as her mother, she was allowed to lead her mother's unmolested life in the old house, which had always turned so cold a shoulder to the world. Toward the end of the summer the lame young man and his sister, who had been several times in Equity before, paid her a visit; but stayed only a day or two, as was accurately known by persons who had noted the opening and

closing of the spare-chamber blinds. In the winter he came again, but this time he came alone, and stayed at the hotel. He remained over a Sunday, and sat in the pulpit of the Orthodox church, where the minister extended to him the right hand of fellowship, and invited him to make the opening prayer. It was considered a good prayer, generally speaking, but it was criticised as not containing anything attractive to young people. He was understood to be on his way to take charge of a backwoods church down in Aroostook County, where probably his prayers would be more acceptable to the popular taste.

That winter Squire Gaylord had another stroke of paralysis, and late in the following spring he succumbed to a third. The old minister who had once been Mrs. Gaylord's pastor was now dead; and the Squire was buried by the lame man, who came up to Equity for that purpose, at the wish, often expressed, of the deceased. This at least was the common report, and it is certain that Halleck officiated.

In entering the ministry, he had returned to the faith which had been taught him almost before he could speak. He did not defend or justify this course on the part of a man who had once thrown off all allegiance to creeds; he said simply that for him there was no other course. He freely granted that he had not reasoned back to his old faith; he had fled to it as to a city of refuge. His unbelief had been helped, and he no longer suffered himself to doubt; he did not ask if the truth was here or there, any more; he only knew that he could not find it for himself, and he rested in his inherited belief. He accepted everything; if he took one jot or tittle away from the Book, the curse of doubt was on him. He had known the terrors of the law, and he preached them to his people; he had known the Divine mercy, and he also preached that.

The Squire's death occurred a few months before the news came of another event to which the press of the State referred with due recognition, but without great fullness of detail. This was the fatal case of shooting which occurred at Whited Sepulchre, Arizona, where Bartley Hubbard pitched his tent, and set up a printing-press after leaving Tecumseh. He began with the issue of a Sunday paper, and made it so spicy and so indispensable to all the residents of Whited Sepulchre, who enjoyed the study of their fellow-citizens' affairs, that he was looking hopefully forward to the establishment of a daily edition, when he unfortunately chanced to comment upon the domestic relations of "one of Whited Sepulchre's leading citizens." The leading

citizen promptly took the war-path, as an esteemed contemporary expressed it, in reporting the difficulty with the cynical lightness and the profusion of felicitous head-lines with which our journalism often alleviates the history of tragic occurrences: the parenthetical truth in the closing statement, that "Mr. Hubbard leaves a (divorced) wife and child somewhere at the East," was quite in Bartley's own manner.

Marcia had been widowed so long before that this event,—consequence or penalty, as we choose to think it,—could make no outward change in her. What inner change, if any, it wrought, is one of those facts which fiction must seek in vain to disclose. But, if love such as hers had been did not deny his end the pang of a fresh grief, we may be sure that her sorrow was not unmixed with self-accusal as unavailing as it was passionate, and perhaps as unjust.

One evening, a year later, the Athertons sat talking over a letter from Halleck, which Atherton had brought from Boston with him. It was summer, and they were at their place on the Beverly shore. It was a long letter, and Atherton had read parts of it several times already, on his way down in the cars, and had since read it all to his wife. "It's a very morbid letter," he said, with a perplexed air, when he had finished.

"Yes," she assented. "But it's a very good letter. Poor Ben!"

Her husband took it up again, and read here and there a passage from it.

"But I am turning to you now for help in a matter on which my own conscience throws such a fitful and uncertain light that I cannot trust it. I know that you are a good man, Atherton, and I humbly beseech you to let me have your judgment without mercy: though it slay me, I will abide by it. . . . Since her father's death, she lives there quite alone with her child. I have seen her only once, but we write to each other, and there are times when it seems to me at last that I have the right to ask her to be my wife. The words give me a shock as I write them; and the things which I used to think reasons for my right rise up in witness against me. Above all, I remember with horror that he approved it, that he advised it!

. . . . It is true that I have never, by word or deed, suffered her to know what was in my heart; but has there ever been a moment when I could do so? It is true that I have waited for his death; but, if I have been willing he should die, am I not a potential murderer?"

"Oh, what ridiculous nonsense!" Clara indignantly protested.

Atherton read on: "These are the questions which I ask myself in my despair. She is free, now; but am I free? Am I not rather bound by the past to perpetual silence? There are times when I rebel against these tortures; when I feel a sanction for my love of her, an assurance from somewhere that it is right and good to love her; but then I sink again, for, if I ask whence this assurance comes—I beseech you to tell me what you think. Has my offence been so great that nothing can atone for it? Must I sacrifice to this fear all my hopes of what I could be to her, and for her?"

Atherton folded up the letter, and put it back into its envelope, with a frown of exasperation. "I can't see what should have infatuated Halleck with that woman. I don't believe now that he loves her; I believe he only pities her. She is altogether inferior to him: passionate, narrow-minded, jealous—she would make him miserable. He'd much better stay as he is. If it were not pathetic to have him deifying her in this way, it would be laughable."

"She had a jealous temperament," said Clara, looking down. "But all the Hallecks are fond of her. They think there is a great deal of good in her. I don't suppose Ben himself thinks she is perfect. But—"

"I dare say," interrupted her husband, "that he thinks he's entirely sincere in asking my advice. But you can see how he *wishes* to be advised."

"Of course. He wishes to marry her. It isn't so much a question of what a man ought to have, as what he wants to have, in marrying, is it? Even the best of men. If she is exacting and quick-tempered, he is good enough to get on with her. If she had a husband that she could thoroughly trust, she

would be easy enough to get on with. There is no woman good enough to get on with a bad man. It's terrible to think of that poor creature living there by herself, with no one to look after her and her little girl; and if Ben—"

"What do you mean, Clara? Don't you see that his being in love with her when she was another man's wife is what he feels it to be—an indelible stain?"

"She never knew it; and no one ever knew it but you. You said it was our deeds that judged us. Didn't Ben go away when he realized his feeling for her?"

"He came back."

"But he did everything he could to find that poor wretch, and he tried to prevent the divorce. Ben is morbid about it; but there is no use in our being so."

"There was a time when he would have been glad to profit by a divorce."

"But he never did. You said the will didn't count. And now she is a widow, and any man may ask her to marry him."

"Any man but the one who loved her during her husband's life. That is, if he is such a man as Halleck. Of course, it isn't a question of mere right and wrong, of gross black and white—there are degrees, there are shades; there might be redemption for another sort of man in such a marriage; but for Halleck there could only be loss—deterioration—lapse from the ideal. I should think he might suffer something of this even in her eyes—"

"Oh, how hard you are! I wish Ben hadn't asked your advice. Why, you are worse than he is! You're *not* going to write that to him?"

Atherton flung the letter upon the table, and drew a troubled sigh. "Ah, I don't know! I don't know!"

THE END.

THE STATUE.

THERE was a statue, only common clay,
Which in the sunshine stood one summer day,
And just through one brief magic hour—I'm told,
Because the sun shone so, seemed finest gold.

There was a hero, hero but to one,
Who had his gilded hour beneath Love's Sun,
And then, Ah me! the sunshine died away,
And left the hero—bare, dull, common clay.

L'ENVOI.

ARE you the hero, or are you the sun?
A word, *mon ami*, and my fable's done.
If you must blame,—be just, and blame the sun.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LATE CENSUS.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE FIRST CENSUS.

NINETY years ago, the words United States designated a federal republic occupying seventeen degrees of latitude along the middle Atlantic coast of North America, and stretching westward to the Mississippi River from that entire ocean front, except that the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes formed its limit on the north. The tract thus bounded comprised about 820,000 square miles.

I have said that the republic occupied this vast extent of territory; but, indeed, it was only by its sovereignty that the republic could be said to occupy it entire. The population of 1790 was 3,929,214, being about 4.9 inhabitants to the square mile of the territory of that date—about 1.3 inhabitants to the square mile of the territory of to-day.

But this population was far from being spread uniformly over the vast surface offered for settlement to the citizens of the new nation. At a varying distance from the coast, a range of mountains, of what may be called the third-class, ran north-east and south-west through nearly the entire length of the country, shedding the waters from their eastern slope into the Atlantic, across plains which, extending from the north temperate to the semi-tropical zone, exhibited almost as wide diversities of character and climate, and of consequent adaptation to the uses of man, for habitation or for cultivation, as those which exist between the shores of the Baltic and of the Mediterranean. Irregular as was the course of this mountain-chain, at some points much more closely approaching the coast than at others, it yet divided the then existing territory of the United States into two nearly equal parts.

It was almost wholly on the Atlantic slope of the Appalachian range that the population of 1790 was found by the first census. About 125,000 adventurous pioneers, chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, had crossed the mountains and settled about the Licking, Kentucky, Salt, and Green rivers in Kentucky, and in smaller numbers upon the Cumberland in Tennessee.

Of the area of the original thirteen States, only a little more than one-half was settled to an appreciable extent—but about 226,000 square miles being occupied by two or more inhabitants to the square mile, the region outside remaining destitute of all inhabitants or being visited only by the trapper or axman. Adding 14,000, sparsely populated, in the Ohio Valley, we have as the settled area of 1790, 240,000

square miles, with an average density of 16.4 inhabitants. This sum was divided almost equally between three classes: 83,000 had between 2 and 6 inhabitants; 83,000 between 6 and 18 inhabitants; 74,000 between 18 and 45 inhabitants to the square mile. Fifty-seven per cent. of the population resided upon eight per cent. of the territory of the United States, which was eighteen per cent. of the region east of the mountains. The region thus preferred for settlement extended south-westward from Portland, Maine, covering Concord (New Hampshire), Albany, Poughkeepsie, Harrisburgh, Harper's Ferry, Richmond, Lynchburg, Danville, and Raleigh.

Outside of this lay an irregular tract of sparse settlement, covering the immediate coast of Maine, along its entire length, extending upward well toward the northern limits of New Hampshire and Vermont; holding close to Lake Champlain and the Hudson, in New York, except as it ran out, in a narrow tongue, to include the central lakes of that State; crossing the Delaware almost coincident with the line of denser settlement, but spreading out to cover the southern half of Pennsylvania, then receding to follow in general the course of the Blue Ridge southward to the north-east corner of Georgia, where it ran down parallel to the Savannah River, and only the depth of a single county from it, till it reached the coast below the city of that name, whence it ran south to include four coast counties devoted to the rice culture, leaving all the rest of Georgia to those formidable Indian nations, the Creeks and Cherokees.

Six cities only, having a population of 8,000 or more, were in 1790 embraced within the limits described, comprising but one-thirtieth of the total population of the country, that is, having in the aggregate a population about equal to that of Newark to-day.

The occupations of the people were mainly agriculture and the fisheries, both pertaining to the so-called "extractive" industries. Throughout the northern half of the country the soil was cultivated by the mass of citizens, and the land was held in small tracts. The men who tilled the soil were not a peasantry. I will not say that they belonged to the same class,—for there were no class distinctions known to the society of that day,—but they were the same sort of men, without distinction, as those who filled the learned professions or held the offices of state. At the South, however, a widely different condition of things existed: the actual cultivators of the soil were

slaves, of a subject and degraded race; the land was held in large estates, and a social aristocracy wielded great political power by virtue of wealth, birth, and education.

With the surplus produce of agriculture and the fisheries, the United States of 1790 carried on a small foreign trade which supported the six little cities of that day. From Europe they obtained scanty supplies of manufactured goods; from the West Indies and the South American main-land came liberal stores of their characteristic products—coffee, sugar, rum, and molasses; while tea, spices, and dye-stuffs were brought from the East. Strange enough, among the exports in which these imports were paid, cotton does not figure. But a few thousand pounds of that staple, of which millions of bales now annually go abroad, are noted among the exports of 1790. It was not till three years later that Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE FOURTH CENSUS.

Let us move forward thirty years, and contemplate the United States as they were found by the fourth census. A vast accession of territory has taken place. The Mississippi is no longer our western boundary. The Pacific now beats against the shores of the republic for the length of four hundred miles. The acquisition of Louisiana, by Jefferson, has brought under the flag all the country, to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, whose streams empty into the Mississippi from the right, embracing the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, with a portion of Colorado, and the Territories of Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana; while, whether as "contiguous unsettled territory" carried by the force of the same treaty, or as territory first explored and occupied by our citizens, the region beyond the Rocky Mountains, embracing the present State of Oregon and the Territories of Washington and Idaho, has been added to the public domain. And, to the south of the "Old Thirteen," Florida has been acquired from the Spaniard by the treaty of 1819, although formal possession has not yet been given, thus carrying the United States four degrees farther south, and bringing the flag almost within the tropics, missing it by but a single degree of latitude.

The area of the United States is now about two millions of square miles, nearly equaling the extent of European Russia. Vast as has been the accession of territory, the increase of population has fully kept pace with it. The inhabitants of the United States now number 9,633,822, of whom more than

two millions occupy the region west of the Appalachians. Seven States of the Union send their representatives to Congress across the great Atlantic chain.

The 240,000 square miles of settled territory have grown to 509,000, of which nearly forty per cent is found beyond the mountains, or in the far south-west, upon the newly acquired territory. The frontier line now includes Ogdensburg, Buffalo and Erie, Toledo and Detroit, Columbus, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis (whence a narrow tongue of settlement runs out to Jefferson City), Paducah, Chattanooga and Huntsville. From the last point the frontier line bends sharply back to pass around the country of the Cherokees, and curves outward again to compass the eastern half of Georgia.

At the South, powerful Indian tribes—the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Seminoles—still withstand the progress of settlement; but in the north-west the members of that race who between 1791 and 1814 had defied the growing power of the whites in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, have been crushed into submission or wholly destroyed. For a time, the Miamis, and afterward the Shawnees, dared to stand across the path of the republic. But the victories of Wayne and of Harrison broke their strength, and reduced them to dependence and beggary.

The increase of population in the thirty years has been mainly devoted to the occupation of new territory, and the density of settlement within the occupied area is now but 18.9 to the square mile, against 16.4 in 1790. The six cities of 8,000 or more inhabitants at the earlier date have now become thirteen; but their aggregate population is still less than that of Chicago to-day. In 1820, one-twentieth only of the inhabitants of the United States resided in cities of the grade indicated.

The fact that the city population of the country has not increased more rapidly furnishes sufficient evidence, did we require it, that the occupations of the people and their social condition have not greatly changed in the thirty years since 1790. Agriculture still remains the predominant vocation, and is pursued in much the same spirit, and with much the same implements, as a generation before, except that, at the South, a Yankee school-master has invented a piece of apparatus by which millions of his countrymen are, through generations to come, to win their bread. "Cotton is king," crowned by Eli Whitney. Manufactures and foreign trade have had a troubled development; hurt and helped, helped and hurt, in turn, by embargo, non-intercourse, war and peace, till they stand on a most precarious footing.

The 9,500,000 of 1820 are even more homogeneous than the 4,000,000 of 1790, including possibly even a smaller absolute number, and certainly a much smaller proportion, of persons born in foreign lands than at the former date. The increase of population has been almost wholly out of the loins of our own people. No statistics of immigration exist prior to 1820, but it is not supposed that the accessions by foreign arrivals exceeded six or seven thousand a year for the whole of the thirty years' period then ending. An intermixture of foreign blood by the yearly addition of only one part in from five hundred to one thousand parts of the existing population could work no considerable effects.

Meanwhile the native population has been undergoing processes of consolidation and assimilation, especially in the central States of the Atlantic tier. The mere lapse of time and common experience of life would have done much to weld together the descendants of Puritan and Cavalier, Quaker, Moravian, Huguenot, Dutchman, and Swede, into something like a distinct national type of physical and intellectual character; but this result has been hastened by increasing facilities of intercommunication, by an intensifying nationality, and by foreign war.

The habits of the people are still simple; wealth is still distributed in the hands of the many, except at the South, where the land is held in great estates; luxury and state make a small appearance in the daily life of these still primitive communities. Even many years later, Mr. Webster could say of Massachusetts: "If there be a man in the State who maintains what is called an equipage, has servants in livery, or drives four horses in his coach, I am not acquainted with him."

THE UNITED STATES AT THE SEVENTH CENSUS.

When the seventh census was taken, in 1850, another vast expansion of territory had just been effected, under inspiration and impulse from the slave power of the South. By the annexation of Texas, in 1845, about 375,000 square miles of Mexican territory had been added to the United States. From this have since been set off extensive tracts, to form parts of New Mexico and Colorado, or to become public lands of the United States. Three years later, viz., in 1848, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 550,000 more square miles were obtained from the same source, as the fruit of successful buccaneering. Out of this acquisition have since been carved the States of California and Nevada, with a part of the State of Colorado, the Territories of Utah and Arizona, and a part of the Territory of New Mexico.

The area of the United States was thus

brought nearly up to 3,000,000 square miles. The gains of population through these annexations had been but slight. All the new States and Territories were found, by the census of 1850, to have only about 375,000 inhabitants, of whom no small part had transferred themselves thither since the date of acquisition by the United States: into Texas, in order to take advantage of the magnificent opportunities which its fertile lands offered to slave labor, in comparison with the worn-out cotton fields of the older States; into California, in consequence of the discovery of gold made almost coincident with the ratification of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which that State was at once raised to the rank of the largest gold-producing region of the world.

The population of 1850 was found to be 23,067,262, or about 7.7 to the square mile throughout our entire territory. Only about one-third of the domain of the United States, however, or something less than a million of square miles, contained any appreciable population, making the average density of settlement in the populated region, 23.7. Two-thirds of our then area was roamed over by Indians, or visited only by trappers, prospectors, or occasional mining, lumbering, and fishing parties.

But while the Indian still roamed unrestrained over nearly the whole country west of the Missouri and north of Arkansas, the great confederations that so long withstood the settlement of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, had been carried bodily across many degrees of longitude and established in the region known as the Indian Territory, within which perpetual autonomy was guaranteed them by treaty. Scarcely had the trail of the savage been washed away by the first descending rain, when the whole country between the Altamaha and the Mississippi was covered with eager Georgians and Carolinians, who had long been withheld from invasion only by the stern inhibition of the Federal Government.

Of the populated area of 1850, only thirty-six per cent. lay within the limits of the thirteen original States; fifty-one per cent. was comprised within the group of States formed of Kentucky and Tennessee on the west, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan on the north-west, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama on the south-west, and Florida on the south; while in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas, the present Territories, and upon the Pacific slope, was found the remaining thirteen per cent. of the settled area of this date. In the first section, however, nearly seventy per cent. of the settled area was populated to the extent of eighteen or more

inhabitants to the square mile; while, in the second section, the proportion was but thirty per cent., and in the third section but ten.

The frontier line of settlement, toward the west, in 1850, was drawn from Green Bay irregularly across Wisconsin and Iowa to Council Bluffs; thence down the Missouri River to the boundary of the State of that name; thence, southward, the western limit of population was the western boundary of the States of Missouri and Arkansas, till the course of the Red River was reached, whence the line of population ran out two or three degrees to the west, and then turned south and south-west, taking in Austin and San Antonio, emerging on the Gulf at Corpus Christi.

Beyond this frontier were isolated patches of settlement, upon the Great Plains, at Salt Lake City, and in the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joachim, then the scene of astonishing activity in the mining of gold.

Perhaps no fact illustrates more strikingly the changes in social and industrial conditions which took place in the thirty years succeeding 1820, than the increase of the city population of the United States. The thirteen cities of 1820 with 8,000 or more inhabitants had, in 1850, become eighty-five, with an aggregate population of nearly 3,000,000. Instead of one-twentieth, one-eighth of the population resided in cities of this grade. For the first time, a city of 500,000 inhabitants appears.

The change in the social conditions of the United States, so strikingly exhibited in the growth of urban populations during the thirty years ending in 1850, is also shown in the statistics of industry and in the statistics of the occupations of the people, the latter class of facts having been, for the first time, collected in the seventh census.

The United States has become a great manufacturing and mining nation. By the force of the remarkable mechanical genius of our population, by virtue of the bounteous stores of raw materials at command, in the way of timber, fibers, ores, cheap food, and with a high degree of natural "protection" through the distance interposed between our markets and foreign nations, we have become, with how much of help or of hinderance from incoherent and often contradictory legislation it is not necessary to discuss here, predominantly an industrial and commercial, as distinguished from an agricultural, people. Less than one-half—only forty-four per cent. indeed—of the persons of all ages and both sexes engaged in gainful occupations were in 1850 employed in agriculture—a proportion as small as this country is ever likely to reach. Only one year previously,—viz., in 1849,—80,000 persons had been suddenly transferred, from

vocations of every name and character at the East, to work the newly discovered treasures of the precious metals on the extreme Pacific verge of the continent, while vast populations were engaged in developing the boundless wealth of coal and iron which underlie the whole extent of the great Appalachian chain.

With manufactures and growing trade, and the concentration of population into large cities, had come great changes in the manners of the American people. The power of fashion was vastly augmented, and the desire of pomp and luxury took a strong hold on the public mind. Increasing facility of communication with Europe accelerated these tendencies, which began to exert a marked influence upon the habits of our people respecting marriage and reproduction.

The access of foreign elements also began to be the occasion not only of social but of political disturbance. The census, for the first time, in 1850 gave exact information on several points respecting the constituents of the population. Then first was ascertained the number of persons residing in the United States who were of foreign birth. That number was found to be 2,225,000, or nine per cent. of the total population, or eleven per cent. of the total white population—probably constituting, when we take into consideration the excess of males and of adults among immigrants, *not less than twenty-eight per cent. of the adult white males* of that day, or more than one-quarter of the potential voting class. The concentration of the foreign elements in cities and large towns, together with the strong contrast existing as to race-characteristics and religious adherence between the majority of the new-comers and the great mass of the native population, made these elements almost the determining force in both local and national politics, and for a time the United States might, with very little of exaggeration, have been called New Ireland.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE TENTH CENSUS (1880).

The latest thirty-years' period of the history of the United States has witnessed no acquisition of territory which enters very importantly into an account of the national development. In 1853, Mexico ceded the country south of the River Gila, in New Mexico and Arizona, embracing a computed area of 45,000 square miles. This tract, which is known as the Gadsden Purchase, embraces the site of Tucson, and contains, besides the inhabitants of that frontier town, a few hundreds of prospectors and graziers.

In 1868, the United States purchased from

Russia her possessions in North America, lying north of British America and extending to the Arctic Ocean. This vast region, comprising a rudely computed area of 577,000 square miles, has not as yet been given a political character of any sort. It remains in reality the Province, in name the District, of Alaska: its pro-consul, the collector of customs at Sitka; its army and navy, a solitary revenue-cutter; its law, heaven knows what; its real masters and governors, a commercial company, having its offices at San Francisco. Its population is not, by the census law, made an integral part of that of the United States for any political purpose, although a very remarkable reconnaissance of the district has been made during the past two years by Mr. Ivan Petroff, a special agent of the census office, whose report, it is confidently expected, will constitute a magazine of valuable information respecting the social and industrial condition of the natives of Alaska, and respecting the geographical features and material resources of the country.

The period between 1850 and 1880 has been marked by the astonishingly rapid spread of population over the vast region brought under the flag of the United States by the purchase of Louisiana, the annexation of Texas, and the cessions from Mexico. The 980,000 square miles of territory occupied by settlements in 1850 have become 1,570,000. Of these, 384,820 have between 2 and 6 inhabitants to the square mile; 373,890 have between 6 and 18; 554,300 between 18 and 45; 232,010 between 45 and 90; while 24,550 have in excess of 90 inhabitants to the square mile. The population of the United States is now 50,155,783. The frontier line of settlement is, in general, the one hundredth degree of longitude as far north as the forty-second parallel of latitude, and, thence northward, the ninety-ninth and afterward the ninety-eighth degree.

The distribution of the population according to dominant topographical features may be thus stated: On the immediate Atlantic coast, north, 2,616,892; middle, 4,375,184; south, 875,387; on the Gulf coast, 1,055,851; in the hilly and mountainous region of the north-east, 1,669,226; in the mountainous region of the central Atlantic slope, 2,344,223; in the immediate region of the Lakes, 3,049,470; on the table-lands and elevated plateaus of the interior, 5,716,326; in the south central mountainous region, 2,695,085; in the Ohio Valley, 2,442,792; on the south interior table-lands and plateaus, 3,627,478; in the Mississippi belt, south, 710,268; north, 1,991,362; in the south-west central region, 2,932,807; in the central region, 4,401,246; in the

prairie region, 5,722,485; in the Missouri River belt, 835,455; on the western plains, 323,819; in the heavily timber region of the north-west, 1,122,337; in the Cordilleran region, 932,311; on the Pacific coast, 715,789.

Although the territory of the United States extends to the forty-ninth parallel, only one-tenth of the population is found north of the forty-third. But so dense is the settlement below this line that, by the time the forty-first parallel is reached, about one-third of the population has been covered; the next single degree extends the proportion nearly to one-half, while more than two-thirds lie north of the thirty-eighth parallel. Between the forty-third and the thirty-eighth dwell 29,500,000 of our people. In 1870, 52.8 per cent. of the population was east of the eighty-fourth meridian. In 1880, only 49.4 per cent. was so placed. Eighty-four per cent. of the population is found east of the ninety-first meridian; 97 per cent. east of the ninety-seventh meridian.

The compactness and evenness with which our people are arranged longitudinally cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that, from the seventy-fifth meridian to the ninety-ninth, the gain of population, during the last decade, on the territory between any two meridians, has been, in six cases, between 250,000 and 300,000; in seven cases, between 300,000 and 400,000; in seven cases, between 400,000 and 500,000; and in four cases between 500,000 and 600,000.

Of the population of the United States in 1880, 9,152,296 lived less than 100 feet above sea level; 10,776,284 at altitudes from 100 to 500 feet; a number almost equal to both the previous classes—viz., 19,024,320—between 1000 and 1500 feet; 1,878,715 between 1500 and 2000 feet, leaving but 1,500,000 on all the higher altitudes. Of the latter, nearly 100,000 live more than 7000 feet above the sea. The gain since 1870 has been pretty uniformly distributed as between the lowest three hypsometric groups, while the population at the higher altitudes has been disproportionately increased.

The influence of temperature on the distribution of population is both direct and indirect: direct as it affects human propagation and the duration of life; indirect as it affects vegetation and the consequent possibilities of agriculture. About three-quarters of a million of the population was found, in 1880, in localities having a mean annual temperature either below 40° or above 70°. Between these extremes the population was ranged as follows:

Between 40° and 45°	3,498,226
Between 45° and 50°	15,022,030
Between 50° and 55°	15,793,958
Between 55° and 60°	6,649,287
Between 60° and 65°	5,190,923
Between 65° and 70°	3,293,261

It appears that the forty-six millions of people living between 45° and 70° , mean annual temperature, are divided into three nearly equal groups: one-third living between 45° and 50° ; one-third, between 50° and 55° ; and one-third between 55° and 70° .

The position of the United States, with reference to rainfall, may be expressed broadly as follows: 8,000,000 live where the annual precipitation is less than 35 inches; 34,000,000 where the precipitation is between 35 and 50 inches; 8,000,000 where it is in excess of 50 inches. The 34,000,000 spoken of are almost equally divided between the three hygrometric groups, having severally 35 to 40, 40 to 45, and 45 to 50 inches of rain and melted snow per annum.

The foreign elements of our population have varied widely since 1850. At that time foreigners constituted 9.5 per cent. of the total population; they now constitute 13.3 per cent. Of the foreign residents of 1850, 43.5 per cent. were Irish; 26.4, Germans; 13.9, English and Welsh; 6.7, British-Americans; while the Scandinavians formed less than one per cent. Since that time, the proportion of Irish to the other foreign elements has steadily declined. Of the arrivals in the ten years ending in 1850, the Germans were but 25 per cent.; of those in the ten years ending in 1860, they were 37 per cent. Between 1860 and 1870, other foreign elements began to assume importance through the fast increasing immigration of Swedes and Norwegians across the ocean, and of Canadians across our northern border. We have seen that the Irish of 1850 constituted 43.5 per cent. of the total foreign population. In 1860, this proportion had fallen to 38.9, and in 1870, still further, to 33.3. Although the statistics of nationality at the census of 1880 are not yet published, it is not probable that the Irish to-day constitute more than 27 per cent. of the foreign population of the country.

To-day, the number of foreigners living among us is a little over 6,500,000, while the members of the colored race reach almost the same number. Speaking roundly, then, the following is the table of our population:

Whole number.....	50,000,000
Foreigners.....	6,500,000

Total native-born.....	43,500,000
Colored.....	6,500,000

Total native-born whites.....	37,000,000
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The location of the colored and the foreign elements of our population, as shown by the census, is, in a high degree, complementary. In general, where the one element is largely found, the other is absent. Within each two successive parallels, from the forty-ninth degree

of latitude down to the forty-second, the foreign element comprises between 21 and 40 per cent. of the total population, while the colored element is practically wanting. On the other hand, from the thirty-seventh down to the thirty-first, the colored element comprises between 26 and 50 per cent. of the total population between each two successive parallels, while the foreign element never reaches 2 per cent. South of the thirtieth parallel, however, a phenomenon of a contradictory character appears, foreigners and negroes both becoming important constituents of the population within the same belt. This is due to the peculiar conditions of the settlement of Texas, a former slave State, yet the subject of a large ante-bellum German immigration, and, since the war, a favorite objective point for intending settlers.

Owing to the fact that, while the sixty-seventh degree of longitude touches the eastern border of the United States, none of the former slave States extend further to the east than the seventy-fifth degree, the proportion of the colored element does not become considerable until that meridian is reached, although from the very north-east corner of the country the foreign element makes a conspicuous appearance. Beginning with the seventy-sixth degree, however, the longitudinal layers of the colored population are remarkable for regularity. For the sixteen degrees westward from this meridian, comprising, in all, ten-elevenths of the colored population, the number of that race between any two successive degrees never sinks below 242,000, or rises above 469,000. In two cases the number is below 300,000; in nine, between 300,000 and 350,000; in two, between 350,000 and 400,000; in three, above 400,000.

The longitudinal arrangement of the foreign population is much less regular. Thirty-six per cent. of all the foreigners in the country are found in a solid body, below the seventy-first and seventy-sixth meridians. Eastward of the former and westward of the latter line, the foreign population is spread out more widely than the colored, reaching further toward "the setting sun," the occurrence of large bodies being somewhat eccentric.

Having reference to the dominant topographical features of the country, we find that 93 per cent. of the colored population resides within the following regions: Middle Atlantic coast, 517,207; south Atlantic coast, 485,439; Gulf coast, 448,090; on the table-lands and elevated plateaus of the interior, 722,129; in the mountainous regions of the south central district, 432,318; on the southern interior table-lands and plateaus, 1,973,073; in the South Mississippi river belt,

458,004; in the south-west central region, 637,816; in the central district, 410,880.

On the other hand, we find the foreign population much more liberally distributed, being represented fully in all the topographical divisions which were mentioned in connection with the aggregate population, except in the South.

For moisture in the atmosphere, the colored population show an abnormal appetency. We have seen that but 16 per cent. of the aggregate population is placed where the rainfall exceeds 50 inches a year. Of the colored race, however, not less than 55 per cent. occupy these regions. Scarcely more than 2 per cent. of the foreigners are found there. Ninety per cent. of the foreigners live in districts having between 30 and 50 inches of rain and melted snow, annually.

The aptitude of the colored race for the lower elevations is very strikingly shown by a comparison with the foreign element of the population in this respect, it being borne in mind that the actual numbers of the two elements differ only by 100,000.

<i>Feet above sea level.</i>	<i>Colored.</i>	<i>Foreign.</i>
0 to 100 ..	1,466,233 ..	1,891,247 ..
100 to 500 ..	2,958,864 ..	942,106 ..
500 to 1000 ..	1,704,158 ..	2,409,816 ..
1000 to 1500 ..	354,013 ..	934,178 ..
Above 1500 ..	97,525 ..	442,506 ..

The normal proportion of the sexes, by which females should be very slightly in excess, has been greatly disturbed within the United States, as a whole, by immigration from Europe and Asia, males largely preponderating among the arrivals from the former continent, and forming substantially the whole of the Asiatic element received at the Pacific ports; while, as between the States, the normal proportions, both of the two sexes and of the various ages of life, have been even more largely disturbed by the westward migration of the native population, in which those who are best fitted to bear the hardships and privations of frontier life go forward to build up new States, leaving women and children behind.

Throughout all the States of the Atlantic coast, and in Alabama and Louisiana among the Gulf States, females are in excess. Everywhere else males exceed females: in the older States in a low degree, in the newer States in a large degree—which becomes extravagant when we reach the mining and grazing States and Territories, in some of which the males form two-thirds and more of the population. The total number of males is 25,518,820; of females, 24,636,963.

The growth of the urban population during the last of the thirty-year periods of our history under the Constitution has been most remarkable. The 85 cities with 8000 or

more inhabitants of 1850 have become 285, with an aggregate population of 11,308,756, which is not less than 22.5 per cent. of the total population of the country.

Of these cities, 109 contain between 8000 and 12,000; 76 between 12,000 and 20,000; 55 between 20,000 and 40,000; 21 between 40,000 and 75,000; 9 between 75,000 and 125,000; 7 between 125,000 and 250,000; 4 between 250,000 and 500,000; while 4 exceed 500,000, one rising nearly to 1,250,000. Were the enumeration to be carried down to bodies of population exceeding 4000, irrespective of municipal organization, the number of cities of this grade would reach 578, and the aggregate urban population would approach 13,000,000, being more than one-fourth the inhabitants of the United States.

It is not necessary to descend here upon the significance of this rapid growth of urban population. The social and industrial developments of the last thirty years have been all in the directions which are pointed out when writing of the population of 1850, but the new forces have now attained something like a uniform and calculable rate of working. The most marked single features have been the reduction of the marrying class; the procrastination of marriage within that class, and the close restraint put upon reproduction within the married state among the native population of the north-eastern part of the country, and in the cities of the West. It is only among the foreigners of the East, among the residents of the prairies of the West, and among the Southern people generally, that the old-fashioned birth-rate is maintained.

One other social and industrial change is at once so important and so highly susceptible of statistical proof that it deserves to be mentioned here. This is the influence of the abolition of slavery, and the impoverishment of the old land-holding class at the South, as the result of the war of secession.

The following table shows the number of farms in each of eight late slave States, in comparison with the corresponding numbers in 1850, 1860, and 1870:

<i>No. of farms.</i>	<i>1850.</i>	<i>1870.</i>	<i>1860.</i>	<i>1850.</i>
Alabama ..	135,864 ..	67,382 ..	55,128 ..	41,964 ..
Arkansas ..	94,433 ..	49,424 ..	39,004 ..	17,758 ..
Florida ..	23,438 ..	10,241 ..	6,568 ..	4,304 ..
Georgia ..	138,626 ..	69,956 ..	62,003 ..	51,759 ..
Louisiana ..	48,292 ..	28,481 ..	17,328 ..	13,422 ..
Mississippi ..	101,772 ..	68,023 ..	48,240 ..	33,960 ..
N. Carolina ..	157,069 ..	93,565 ..	75,203 ..	56,963 ..
S. Carolina ..	93,864 ..	51,889 ..	33,171 ..	29,997 ..

The industrial, social, and, it is fair to say, also, political consequences of this subdivision of landed property at the South cannot fail to reach far and profoundly affect the future of this section, and, indeed, of the republic.

Francis A. Walker.

SOME LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE letters which follow, hitherto unpublished, were written by Charles Lamb to John Howard Payne within the years 1822 and 1823, as nearly as can be conjectured, for it will be observed some of them bear no dates, while others are not completely dated. Such inadvertence on the part of Lamb was not uncommon. Of the letter he wrote to Gilman, after the funeral of Coleridge, Talfourd says: "Like most of Lamb's letters it is undated." Talfourd also says, in his preface to the "Final Memoirs," that "there is, indeed, scarcely a note (a notelet he used to call his very little letters) Lamb ever wrote which has not some tinge of that quiet sweetness—some hint of that peculiar union of kindness and whim—which distinguish him from all other poets and humorists." This statement is confirmed by the brief correspondence with Payne.

A few words here concerning John Howard Payne will, it is thought, not be out of place. He was born in the city of New York (or on Long Island), in June, 1792, and before he went to Europe, in 1813, he seems to have been "everything by turns and nothing long"—actor (he was styled the "Young American Roscius"), clerk, writer for the newspapers, etc. While abroad, and after quitting the stage, he became a playwright,—successful at times, but often suffering great hardship. The writer of this has seen and read letters written by Payne while he was in Paris, engaged in the adaptation of French pieces to the English stage, to Mrs. Glover, the actress,—with whom he seems to have been on terms of great intimacy,—which disclose a condition of impecuniosity almost incredible—sponging on his acquaintances for money to pay the postage on his letters to Mrs. Glover, denied by his landlady access to his scanty wardrobe, occasionally foraging in restaurants for a daily meal (often nothing but bread and cheese), or some other similar shift. It has been said that the poor-devil author in Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" had his original in Payne, who was well acquainted with Irving, as he was with most of the literary men of his day during his sojourn in England. He returned to his own country in 1834, and, among other literary ventures, endeavored to establish in New York a magazine with the fanciful Persian title Jam-Jeham-Nima (cup of the universe), but the attempt was a failure. Dur-

ing the administration of President Tyler he was appointed consul to Tunis, where he served several years. He was reappointed to the same position when Fillmore was President, and died at Tunis, while United States consul, in the year 1852. His most successful plays were "Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin," and "Clari; or, the Maid of Milan." The former was written, or constructed, for the elder Kean, and still keeps possession of the stage. In the latter occurs the popular song of "Home, Sweet Home," the words of which have probably been the means of preserving his name from oblivion. In constructing the tragedy of "Brutus," Payne laid many authors of plays based on the same theme under contribution, and it is believed wrote very little of the text himself. This, no doubt, might be truthfully said of nearly every play bearing his name.

To return to Lamb. The accomplished Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, *née* Victoria Novello, in an article published in the "National Magazine," entitled "Recollections of the Lambs, by One who Knew Them," speaks of Payne in the subjoined paragraph:

"Mary Lamb, ever thoughtful to procure a pleasure for young people, finding that one of her and her brother's acquaintances—Howard Payne—was going to France, requested him, on his way to Paris, to call at Boulogne and see Victoria Novello, who had been placed by her parents in a family there for a time, to learn the language. Knowing how welcome a visit from any one who had lately seen her friends in England would be to the young girl, Miss Lamb urged Howard Payne not to omit this; her brother Charles seconding her by adding, in his usual sportive style, 'Do; you needn't be afraid of Miss Novello; she speaks only a little coast French.'"

The temptation, in introducing the letters and notes which follow, to enlarge upon what other lovers of Lamb have written touching his genius, his charitable heart, and that "long life of silent heroism," is very great, but must be resisted. The letters are given exactly as they were written, and this surely is what would be desired by all who are thoroughly in sympathy with Elia. In one of the letters (that dated "1822—Thursday") it will be observed that Lamb himself confirms the statement made by some of his biographers, and stoutly denied by others, that he sometimes drank to excess. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his volume entitled "Mary and Charles Lamb: Poems, Letters, and Remains," writes:

"In 'A Character of the late Elia,' 1823, one of the most admirable, perhaps, of his essays, Lamb himself has touched upon this point. His words are these: 'He [Elia] was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness.' * * * My father recollects the proprietor of the neighboring tavern sending in his account for porter—an invoice of portentous amount, as regarded the pots of porter charged, but ingeniously compressed into one line, which Lamb called 'truly H-Homeric!'"

The Shakspere picture, mentioned in the same letter of 1822, was, no doubt, an attempted deception of W. H. Ireland, who, toward the close of the eighteenth century, startled Shakspere scholars by the announcement of the discovery of certain Shakspere autographs, letters, confession of faith, *et cetera*, of great literary value; finally an alleged drama by Shakspere—"Vortigern"—was brought forth and was put upon the stage by Kemble. The pretended discoverer's father, Samuel Ireland, was himself deceived, it is said, and many people had faith for a while in the discoveries—just as many had believed in those of poor Chatterton; but Malone attacked the imposture, and soon after Ireland himself made and published his "Confessions."

R. S. Chilton.

THE LETTERS.

1822—Thursday.

Ali Pacha will do. I sent my sister the first night, not having been able to go myself, and her report of its effect was most favorable. I saw it last night—the third night—and it was most satisfactorily received. I have been sadly disappointed in Talfourd, who does the critiques in the "Times," and who promised his strenuous services, but by some damn'd arrangement, he was sent to the wrong house, and a most iniquitous account of Ali substituted for his, which I am sure would have been a kind one. The "Morning Herald" did it ample justice, without appearing to puff it. It is an abominable misrepresentation of the "Times," that Farren played Ali like Lord Ogilby. He acted infirmity of body, but not of voice or purpose. His manner was even grand. A grand old gentleman. His falling to the earth when his son's death was announced, was fine as anything I ever saw. It was as if he had been blasted. Miss Foote looked helpless and beautiful, and greatly helped the piece. It is going on steadily, I am sure, for many nights. Marry, I was a little disappointed with Hassan, who tells us he subsists by cracking court jests before Hali, but he made none. In all the rest, scenery and machinery,

it was faultless. I hope it will bring you here. I should be most glad of that. I have a room for you, and you shall order your own dinner three days in the week. I must retain my own authority for the rest. As far as magazines go, I can answer for Talfourd in the "New Monthly." He cannot be put out there. But it is established as a favorite, and can do without these expletives. I long to talk over with you the Shakspere Picture. My doubts of its being a forgery mainly rest upon the goodness of the picture. The bellows might be trumped up, but where did the painter spring from? Is Ireland a consummate artist—or any of Ireland's accomplices?—but we shall confer upon it, I hope. The "New Times," I understand, was favorable to Ali, but I have not seen it. I am sensible of the want of method in this letter, but I have been deprived of the connecting organ, by a practice I have fallen into since I left Paris, of taking too much strong spirits of a night. I must return to the Hotel del Europe, and Macon.

How is Kenny? Have you seen my friend White? What is Poole about, &c.? Do not write, but come and answer me.

The weather is charming, and there is a mermaid to be seen in London. You may not have the opportunity of inspecting such a *Pisarade* once again in ten centuries.

My sister joins me in the hope of seeing you.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Wednsd., 13 Nov., '22.

DEAR P.—Owing to the inconvenience of having two lodgings, I did not get your letter quite so soon as I should. The India House is my proper address, where I am sure for the fore part of every day. The instant I got it, I addressed a letter, for Kemble to see to my friend Henry Robertson, the Treasurer of Covent Garden Theater. He had a conference with Kemble, and the result is, that Robertson, in the name of the management, recognized to me the full ratifying of your bargain: £250 for Ali, the Slaves, and another piece which they had not received. He assures me the whole will be paid you, or the proportion for the two former, as soon as ever the Treasury will permit it. He offered to write the same to you, if I pleased. He thinks in a month or so they will be able to liquidate it. He is positive no trick could be meant you, as Mr. Planche's alterations, which were trifling, were not at all considered as affecting your bargain. With respect to the copy-right of Ali, he was of opinion no money would be given for it, as Ali is quite laid aside. This explanation being

given, you would not think of printing the two copies together by way of recrimination. He told me the secret of the two Galley Slaves at Drury Lane. Elliston, if he is informed right, engaged Poole to translate it, but before Poole's translation arrived, finding it coming out at Cov. Gar., he procured copies of two several translations of it in London. So you see here are four translations, reckoning yours. I fear no copy-right would be got for it, for anybody may print it and anybody has. Your's has run seven nights, and R. is of opinion it will not exceed in number of nights the nights of Ali,—about thirteen. But your full right to your bargain with the management is in the fullest manner recognized by him officially. He gave me every hope the money will be spared as soon as they can spare it. He said *a month or two*, but seemed to me to mean about *a month*. A new lady is coming out in Juliet, to whom they look very confidently for replenishing their treasury. Robertson is a very good fellow and I can rely upon his statement. Should you have any more pieces, and want to get a copy-right for them, I am the worst person to negotiate with any bookseller, having been cheated by all I have had to do with (except Taylor and Hessey,—but they do not publish theatrical pieces), and I know not how to go about it or who to apply to. But if you had no better negotiator, I should know the minimum you expect, for I should not like to make a bargain out of my own head, being (after the Duke of Wellington) the worst of all negotiators. I find from Robertson you have written to Bishop on the subject. Have you named anything of the copy-right of the Slaves? R. thinks no publisher would pay for it, and you would not risque it on your own account. This is a mere business letter, so I will just send my love to my little wife at Versailles, to her dear mother, etc.

Believe me, yours truly, C. L.

23 Jan., '23.

DEAR PAYNE: I have no mornings (my day begins at 5 P.M.) to transact business in, or talents for it, so I employ Mary, who has seen Robertson, who says that the Piece which is to be Operated was sent to you six weeks since by a Mr. Hunter, whose journey has been delayed, but he supposes you have it by this time. On receiving it back properly done, the rest of your dues will be forthcoming. You have received £30 from Harwood, I hope? Bishop was at the theater when Mary called, and he has put your other piece into C. Kemble's hands (the piece you talk of offering Elliston) and C. K. sent

down word that he had not yet had time to read it. So stand your affairs at present. Glossop has got the Murderer. Will you address him on the subject, or shall I—that is, Mary? She says you must write more *showable* letters about these matters, for, with all our trouble of crossing out this word, and giving a cleaner turn to th' other, and folding down at this part, and squeezing an obnoxious epithet into a corner, she can hardly communicate their contents without offence. What, man, put less gall in your ink, or write me a biting tragedy!

C. LAMB.

MY DEAR MISS LAMB: I have enclosed for you Mr. Payne's piece called Grandpapa, which I regret to say is not thought to be of the nature that will suit this theater; but as there appears to be much merit in it, Mr. Kemble strongly recommends that you should send it to the English Opera House, for which it seems to be excellently adapted. As you have already been kind enough to be our medium of communication with Mr. Payne, I have imposed this trouble upon you; but if you do not like to act for Mr. Payne in the business, and have no means of disposing of the piece, I will forward it to Paris or elsewhere as you think he may prefer.

Very truly yours,

HENRY ROBERTSON.

T. R. C. G., 8 Feb., 1823.

DR. P.—: We have just received the above, and want your instructions. It strikes me as a very merry little piece, that should be played by *very young actors*. It strikes me that Miss Clara Fisher would play the *boy* exactly. She is just such a forward chit. No young *man* would do it without its appearing absurd, but in a girl's hands it would have just all the reality that a short dream of an act requires. Then for the sister, if Miss Stevenson that was, were Miss Stevenson and younger, they two would carry it off. I do not know who they have got in that young line, besides Miss C. F., at Drury, nor how you would like Elliston to have it—has he not had it? I am thick with Arnold, but I have always heard that the very slender profits of the English Opera House do not admit of his giving above a trifling, or next to none, for a piece of this kind. Write me what I should do, what you would ask, &c. The music (printed) is returned with the piece, and the French original. Tell Mr. Grattan I thank him for his book, which as far as I have read it is a very *companionable one*. I have but just received it. It came the same hour with your packet from Cov. Gar., i.e., yester-night, late, to my summer residence, where, tell

Kenny, the cow is quiet. Love to all at Versailles. Write quickly.

C. L.

I have no acquaintance with Kemble at all, having only met him once or twice, but any information, &c., I can get from R., who is a good fellow, you may command. I am sorry the rogues are so dilitory, but I distinctly believe they mean to fulfill their engagement. I am sorry you are not here to see to these things. I am a poor man of business, but command me to the short extent of my tether. My sister's kind remembrance ever.

C. L.

1823.

DEAR PAYNE: Your little books are most acceptable. 'Tis a delicate edition. They are gone to the binder's. When they come home I shall have two—the "Camp" and "Patrick's Day"—to read for the first time. I may say three, for I never read the "School for Scandal." "Seen it I have, and in its happier days." With the books Harwood left a truncheon, or mathematical instrument, of which we have not yet ascertained the use. It is like a telescope, but unglazed. Or a ruler, but not smooth enough. It opens, like a fan, and discovers a frame such as they weave lace upon at Lyons, and Chambery. Possibly it is from those parts. I do not value the present the less, for not being quite able to detect its purport. When I can find any one coming your way I have a volume for you, my Elias collected. Tell Poole, his Cockney in the Lon. Mag. tickled me exceedingly. Harwood is to be with us this evening with Fanny, who comes to introduce a literary lady, who wants to see me,—and whose portentous name is *Plura*, in English "many things." Now of all God's creatures, I detest letters-affecting, authors-hunting ladies. But Fanny "will have it so." So Miss Many Things and I are to have a conference, of which you shall have the result. I dare say she does not play at whist. Treasurer Robertson, whose coffers are absolutely swelling with pantomimic receipts, called on me yesterday to say, he is going to write to you, but if I were also, I might as well say that your last bill is at the Banker's, and will be honored on the instant receipt of the third Piece, which you have stipulated for. If you have any such in readiness, strike while the iron is hot, before the Clown cools. Tell Mrs. Kenney, that the Miss F. H. (or H. F.) Kelley, who has begun so splendidly in Juliet, is the identical little Fanny Kelly, who used to play on their green before their great Lying-Inn Lodgings at Bayswater. Her career has stopt short by the injudicious bring-

ing her out in a vile new Tragedy, and for a third character in a stupid old one,—the Earl of Essex. This is Macready's doing, who taught her. Her recitation, &c., (*not her voice or person*) is masculine. It is so clever, it seemed a male *Debut*. But cleverness is the bane of Female Tragedy especially. Passions uttered logically, &c. It is bad enough in men-actors. Could you do nothing for little Clara Fisher? Are there no French Pieces with a Child in them? By Pieces I mean here dramas, to prevent male-constructions. Did not the Blue Girl remind you of some of Congreve's women? Angelica or Millamant? To me she was a vision of Gentle Comedy realized. Those kind of people never come to see one. *N'import*—hav'n't I Miss Many Things coming? Will you ask Horace Smith to—[The remainder of this letter has been lost].

DEAR PAYNE: A friend and fellow-clerk of mine, Mr. White (a good fellow) coming to your parts, I would fain have accompanied him, but am forced instead to send a part of me, verse and prose, most of it from 20 to 30 years old, such as I then was, and I am not much altered.

Paris, which I hardly knew whether I liked when I was in it, is an object of no small magnitude with me now. I want to be going, to the Jardin des Plantes (is that right, Louisa?) with you—to Pere de la Chaise, La Morgue, and all the sentimentalities. How is Talma, and his (my) dear Shakespeare?

N. B.—My friend White knows Paris thoroughly, and does not want a guide. We did, and had one. We both join in thanks. Do you remember a Blue-Silk Girl (English) at the Luxembourg, that did not much seem to attend to the Pictures, who fell in love with you, and whom I fell in love with—an inquisitive, prying, curious Beauty—where is she?

Votre Tres Humble Serviteur,
CHARLOIS AGNEAU,
alias C. LAMB.

Guchy is well, and much as usual. He seems blind to all the distinctions of life, except to those of sex. Remembrance to Kenny, and Poole.

(No Date.)

DEAR J. H. P.: Thank you. I shall certainly attend your farce if in town; but as 'tis possible I shall ruralize this week, I will have no orders of you till next week. All Sundays I am ready to ambulate with you, but will make no engagement for this week, —to leave the poor residue of my holidays unembarrassed.

Yours truly,
C. L.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

xxi.

THEY moved away and went to the supper-room themselves, leaving Tredennis to his reflections. What these were he scarcely knew himself for a few seconds. The murmur of voices and passing to and fro confused him. For half an hour of quiet in some friendly corner, where none could see his face, he felt that he would have given a year or so of his life—perhaps a greater number of years than a happier man would have been willing to part with. It was of Bertha these people had been speaking—of Bertha, and it was Bertha he could see through the opened doors of the supper-room, eating ices, listening to compliment and laughter and jest! It was Planefield who was holding her flowers, and the man who had just picked up her fan was one of his friends; in two or three others near her, Tredennis recognized his associates: it seemed as if the ground had been ceded to them by those who had at first formed her little court.

Tredennis was seized with a wild desire to make his way into their midst, take her hand in his arm, and compel her to come away—to leave them all, to let him take her home—to safety and honor and her children. He was so filled with the absurd impulse that he took half a step forward, stopping and smiling bitterly, when he realized what he was prompted to do.

"How she would like it," he thought, "and like me for doing it; and what a paragraph it would make for the society column!"

Incidents which had occurred within the last few weeks came back to him with a significance they had never before borne. Speeches and moods of Richard's, things he had done, occasional unconscious displays of eagerness to please Planefield and cultivate him, his manner toward Bertha, and certain touches of uneasiness when she was not at her best.

From the first, the Colonel had not felt himself as entirely prepossessed by this amiable and charming young man as he desired to

be, and he had been compelled to admit that he was not always pleased by his gay good humor, evanescent enthusiasms, and by his happy irresponsible fashion of looking at life. When he had at last made this confession to himself he had not shrunk from giving himself an explanation of the matter, from which a nature more sparing of itself would have flinched. He had said that his prejudice was one to blush at and conquer by persistent effort, and he had done his sternly honest best to subdue it. But he had not succeeded as he had hoped he should. When he fancied he was making progress and learning to be fair, some trifle continually occurred which made itself an obstacle in his path. He saw things he did not wish to see, and heard things he did not wish to hear—little things which made him doubt and ponder, and which somehow he could not shake off, even when he tried to forget them and persuade himself that after all they were of slight significance. And as he had seen more of the gay good humor and readiness to be moved, his first shadowy feeling had assumed more definite form. He had found himself confronted by a distrust which grew upon him; he had met the young man's smiling eyes with a sense of being repelled by their very candor and brightness; he had learned that they were not so candid as they seemed, and that his boyish frankness was not always to be relied upon. He had discovered that he was ready to make a promise and forget it; that his impressionable mind could shift itself and change its color, and that somehow its quickness of action had a fashion of invariably tending toward the accomplishment of some personal end—a mere vagary or graceful whim, perhaps, but always a fancy pertaining to the indulgence of self. Tredennis had heard him lie—not wickedly or awkwardly, so far—but with grace and freedom from embarrassment. It was his accidental detection of one of the most trivial and ready of these falsehoods which had first roused him to distrust. He remembered now, as by a flash, that it had been a lie about Planefield, and that it had been told to Bertha. He had wondered at

the time what its object could be; now he thought he saw, and in a measure comprehended the short-sighted folly which had caused the weak, easily swayed nature to drift into such danger.

"He does not realize what he is doing," was his thought. "He would lie to me if I assured him of it."

Of these two things he was convinced—that the first step had been merely one of many whims, whatever the results following might be, and that no statement or promise Amory might make could be relied on. There was no knowing what he had done or what he would do. As he had found entertainment in the contents of the "museum," so it was as probable he had, at the outset, amused himself with his fancies concerning the Westoria lands, which had, at last, so far fascinated and dazed him as to lead him into the committal of follies he had not paused to excuse even to himself. He had not thought it necessary to excuse them. Why should he not take the legal business in hand, and since there was no reason against that, why should he not also interest himself in the investigations and be on intimate terms with the men who were a part of the brilliant project? Why should not his wife entertain them, as she entertained the rest of her friends and acquaintances? Tredennis felt that he had learned enough of the man's mental habits to follow him pretty closely in his reasoning—when he reasoned. While he had looked on silently, the Colonel had learned a great deal and grown worldly-wise and quicker of perception than he could have believed possible in times gone by. He was only half conscious that this was because he had now an object in view which he had not had before—that he was alert and watchful because there was some one he wished to shield—that he was no longer indifferent to the world and its ways, no longer given to under-rating its strength and weaknesses, its faults and follies, because he wished to be able to defend himself against them, if such a thing should become necessary. He had gained wisdom enough to appreciate the full significance of the low-voiced, apparently carelessly uttered words he had just heard; and to feel his own almost entire helplessness in the matter. To appeal to Amory would be useless; to go to the Professor impossible; how could he carry to him such a story, unless it assumed proportions such as to make the step a last terrible resource? He had been looking older and acknowledging himself fraiser during the last year; certainly he was neither mentally nor physically in the condition to meet such a blow, if it was possible to spare it to him.

Tredennis looked across the room at Bertha again. It seemed that there was only one very simple thing he could do now.

"She will probably be angry and think I have come to interfere, if I go to her," he said, "but I will go nevertheless. At least, I am not one of them—every one knows that—and perhaps it will occur to her to go home."

There was resolution on his face when he approached her. He wore the look which never failed to move her more strongly than any other thing on earth had ever done before, and whose power over her cost her all the resistance of which she was capable. It had sometimes made her wonder if, after all, it was true that women liked to be subdued—to be ruled a little—if their rulers were gentle as well as strong. She had heard it said so, and had often laughed at the sentiment of the popular fallacy. She used to smile at it when it presented itself to her even in this manner; but there had been occasions—times perhaps when she was very tired—when she had known that she would have been glad to give way before this look, to obey it, to feel the relief of deciding for herself no more.

Such a feeling rose within her now. She looked neither tired nor worn; but a certain deadly sense of fatigue, which was becoming a physical habit with her, had been growing upon her all the evening. The color on her cheeks was feverish, her limbs ached, her eyes were bright with her desperate eagerness to sustain herself. Once or twice, when she had laughed or spoken, she had been conscious of such an unnatural tone in her voice that her heart had trembled with fear lest others should have heard it too. It seemed impossible to her that they should not, and that these men who listened and applauded her should not see that often she scarcely heard them, and that she dared not stop for fear of forgetting them altogether and breaking down in some dreadful way, which would show that all her spirit and gayety was a lie, and only a lie poorly acted, after all.

She thought she knew what Tredennis had come to her for. She had not lost sight of him at any time. She had known where he stood or sat, and whom he spoke to, and had known that he had seen her also. She had met his eyes now and then, and smiled and looked away again—beginning to talk to her admirers with more spirit than ever each time. What else was there to do but go on as she had begun? She knew only too well what reason there was in herself that she should not falter. If it had been strong yesterday, it was ten times stronger

to-day, and would be stronger to-morrow and for many a bitter day to come. But when he came to her she only smiled up at him, as she would have smiled at Planefield, or the gallant and spacious Barnacles, or any other of the men she knew.

"I hope you have had a pleasant evening," she said. "You enjoy things of this sort so much, however, that you are always safe. I saw you talking in the most vivacious manner to that pretty Miss Stapleton—the one with the eyelashes—or rather you were listening vivaciously. You are such a good listener."

"That's an accomplishment, isn't it?" said Planefield, with his easy air.

"It is a gift of the gods," she answered. "And it was bestowed on Colonel Tredennis."

"There *are* talkers, you know," suggested the Senator, "who would make a good listener of a man without the assistance of the gods."

"Do you mean the Miss Stapleton with the eyelashes?" inquired Bertha blandly.

"Oh, come now," was the response. "I think you know I don't mean the Miss Stapleton with the eyelashes. If I did, it would be more economical to make the remark to her."

"Ah!" said Bertha, blandly again. "You mean me? I hoped so. Thank you very much. And I am glad you said it before Colonel Tredennis, because it may increase his confidence in me, which is not great. I am always glad when any one pays me a compliment in his presence."

"Does he never pay you compliments himself?" asked Planefield.

Bertha gave Tredennis a bright, full glance.

"Did you ever pay me a compliment?" she said. "Will you ever pay me a compliment—if I should chance to deserve one?"

"Yes," he answered, his face unsmiling, his voice inflexible. "May I begin now? You always deserve them. My only reason for failing to pay them is because I am not equal to inventing such as would be worthy of you. Your eyes are like stars—your dress is the prettiest in the room—every man present is your slave and every woman pales before you—the President is going home now only because you have ceased to smile upon him."

The color on Bertha's cheek faded a little, but her smile did not. She checked him with a gesture.

"Thank you," she said, "that will do! You are even better than Senator Planefield. My eyes are like stars, my dress is perfection! I myself am as brilliant as—as the chan-

delier! Really, there seems nothing left for me to do but to follow the President, who, as you said, has been good enough to take his leave and give us permission to retire." And she rose from her chair.

She made her adieus to Planefield, who bestowed upon Tredennis a sidelong scowl, thinking that it was he who was taking her away. It consoled him but little that she gave him her hand—in a most gracious farewell. He had been enjoying himself as he did not often enjoy himself, and the sight of the Colonel's unresponsive countenance filled him with silent rage. It happened that it was not the first time, or even the second, that this gentleman had presented himself inopportunistically.

"The devil take his grim airs!" was his cordial mental exclamation. "What does he mean by them, and what is he always turning up for, when no one wants to see him?"

Something of this amiable sentiment was in his expression, but the Colonel did not seem to see it; his countenance was as unmoved as ever when he led his charge away, her little hand resting on his arm. In truth, he was thinking of other things. Suddenly he had made up his mind that there was one effort he could make: that, if he could conquer himself and his own natural feeling of reluctance, he might speak to Bertha herself in such words as she would be willing to listen to and reflect upon. It seemed impossible to tell her all, but surely he might frame such an appeal as would have some small weight with her. It was not an easy thing to do. He must present himself to her in the rôle of an individual who, having no right to interfere with her actions, still took upon himself to do so; who spoke when it would have seemed better taste to be silent; who delivered homilies with the manner of one who thought himself faultless, and so privileged to preach and advise.

"But what of that?" he said, checking himself impatiently in the midst of these thoughts. "I am always thinking of myself, and of how I shall appear in her eyes! Am I a boy lover trying to please her, or a man who would spare and shield her? Let her think poorly of me if she chooses—if she will only listen and realize her danger when her anger is over."

The standard for his own conduct which he had set up was not low, it will be observed. All that he demanded of himself was utter freedom from all human weakness, and even liability to temptation: an unselfishness without blemish, a self-control without flaw; that he should bear his own generous anguish

without the movement of a muscle; that he should wholly ignore the throbbing of his own wounds, remembering only the task he had set himself; that his watchfulness over himself should never falter, and his courage never be shaken. It was, perhaps, indicative of a certain degree of noble simplicity that he demanded this of himself, which he would have asked of no other human creature, and that at no time did the thought cross his mind that the thing he demanded was impossible of attainment. When he failed, as he knew he often did—when he found it difficult to efface himself utterly from his own thoughts and was guilty of the weakness of allowing himself to become a factor in them—when his unhappiness was stronger than himself—when he was stirred to resentment or conscious of weariness, and the longing to utter some word which would betray him and ask for pity, he never failed to condemn himself in bitterness of spirit as ignoble and unworthy.

"Let her be angry with me if she chooses," he thought now. "It is for me to say my say, and leave the rest to her—and I will try to say it kindly."

He would set aside the bitter feeling and resentment of her trifling, which had beset him more than once during the evening; he would forget them, as it was but right and just that they should be forgotten. When he spoke as they went up the staircase together, his tone was so kind that Bertha glanced up at him, and saw that his face had changed, and, though still grave, was kind too. When she joined him after leaving the cloak-room, he spoke to her of her wrap again, and asked her to draw it more closely about her; when he helped her into the carriage, there was that in his light touch which brought back to her, with more than its usual strength the familiar sense of quiet protection and support.

"It would be easier," she thought, "if he would be angry. Why is he not angry? He was an hour ago—and surely I have done enough."

But he showed no signs of disapproval—he was determined that he would not do that—though their drive was rather a silent one again. And yet, by the time they reached home, Bertha was in some indefinite way prepared for the question he put to her as he assisted her to alight.

"May I come in for a little while?" he asked. "I know it is late, but—there is something I must say to you."

"Something you must say to me," she repeated. "I am sure it must be something interesting and something I should like to hear. Come in, by all means."

So they entered the house together, and

went into the parlor. They found a fire burning there, and Bertha's chair drawn up before it. She loosened her wrap rather deliberately and threw it off, and then sat down as deliberately, arranging her footstool and draperies until she had attained the desired amount of languid comfort in her position. Tredennis did not speak until she was settled. He leaned against the mantel, his eyes bent on the fire.

Being fairly arranged, Bertha held out her hand.

"Will you give me that feather screen, if you please?" she said; "the one made of peacock feathers. When one attains years of discretion, one has some care for one's complexion. Did it ever occur to you how serious such matters are, and that the difference between being eighteen and eighty is almost wholly a matter of complexion? If one could remain pink and smooth, one might possibly overcome the rest, and there would be no such thing as growing old. It is not a single plank which is between ourselves and eternity, but a—Would the figure of speech appear appropriate if one said 'a single cuticle'? I am afraid not."

He took the screen from its place and regarded it a little absently.

"You had this in your hand the first night I came here," he said, "when you told the story of your great lady."

She took it from him.

"That was a pretty little story," she said. "It was a dear little story. My great lady was present to-night. We passed and repassed each other, and gazed placidly at each other's eyebrows. We were vaguely haunted by a faint fancy that we might have met before; but the faculties became dimmed with advancing years, and we could not remember where or how it happened. One often feels that one has met people, you know."

She balanced her gleaming screen gracefully, looking at him from under its shadow.

"And it is not only on account of my complexion that I want my peacock feathers," she continued, dropping her great lady by the way as if she had not picked her up in the interim. "I want them to conceal my emotions if your revelations surprise me. Have you never seen me use them when receiving the compliments of Senator Plane-field and his friends? A little turn to the right or the left—the least graceful little turn, and I can look as I please, and they will see nothing and only hear my voice, which, I trust, is always sufficiently under control."

She wondered if it was sufficiently under control now. She was not sure, and because she was not sure she made the most reckless

speeches she could think of. There was a story she had heard of a diplomatist, who once so entirely bewildered his fellow diplomats that they found it impossible to cope with him—they were invariably outwitted by him: the greatest subtlety, the most wondrous *coup d'état*, he baffled alike; mystery surrounded him; his every act was enshrouded in it; with such diplomatic methods it was madness to combat. When his brilliant and marvelous career was at an end, his secret was discovered: on every occasion he had told the simple, exact truth. As she leaned back in her chair and played with her screen, Bertha thought of this story. She had applied it to herself before this. The one thing which would be incredible to him at this moment—the one thing it would appear more than incredible that she should tell him, would be the truth—if he realized what the truth was. Any other story, however wild, might have its air or suggestion of plausibility; but that, being what it was, she should have the nerve, the daring, the iron strength of self-control which it would require to make a fearless jest of the simple, terrible truth, it would seem to him the folly of a madman to believe, she knew. To look him in the eye with a smile, and tell him that she feared his glance and dreaded his words, would place the statement without the pale of probability. She had told him things as true before, and he had not once thought of believing them. "It is never difficult to persuade him *not* to believe me," she thought. There was no one of her many moods of which she felt such terror, in her more natural moments, as of the one which held possession of her now; and yet there was none she felt to be so safe, which roused her to such mental exhilaration while its hour lasted, or resulted in such reaction when it had passed. "I am never afraid then," she said to Agnes once. "There is nothing I could not bear. It seems as if I were made of steel, and had never been soft or timid in my life. Everything is gone but my power over myself, and—yes, it intoxicates me. Until it is over I am not really hurt, I think. There was something I read once about a man who was broken on the wheel, and while it was being done he laughed and shrieked and sang. I think all women are like that sometimes: while they are being broken they laugh and shriek and sing; but afterward—afterward—"

So now she spoke the simple truth.

"I shall have you at a disadvantage, you may observe," she said. "I shall see your face, and you will not see mine—unless I wish you to do so. A little turn of my wrist, and you have only my voice to rely upon. Do you wish to speak to me before

Richard comes in? If so, I am afraid you must waste no time, as his train is due at twelve. You were going to say—"

"I am afraid it is something you will not like to hear," he answered, "though I did not contradict you when you suggested that it was."

"You were outside then," she replied, "and I might not have let you come in."

"No," he said, "you might not."

He looked at the feather screen which she had inclined a trifle.

"Your screen reminded me of your great lady, Bertha," he said, "because I saw her to-night, and—and heard her—and she was speaking of you."

"Of me!" she replied. "That was kind indeed."

"No," he returned, "it was not. She was neither generous nor lenient—she did not even speak the truth; and yet, as I heard her, I was obliged to confess that, to those who did not know you and only saw you as you were to-night, what she said might not appear so false."

Bertha turned her screen aside and looked at him composedly.

"She was speaking of Senator Planefield," she remarked, "and Judge Ballard, and Commander Barnacles. She reprehended my frivolity and deplored the tendency of the age."

"She was speaking of Senator Planefield," he answered.

She moved the screen a little.

"Has Senator Planefield been neglecting her?" she said. "I hope not."

"Lay your screen aside, Bertha," he commanded hotly. "You don't need it. What I have to say will not disturb you as I feared it would—no, I should say as I hoped it would. It is only this: that these people were speaking lightly of you—that they connected your name with Planefield's as—as no honest man is willing that the name of his wife should be connected with that of another man. That was all; and I, who am always interfering with your pleasures, could not bear it, and so have made the blunder of interfering again."

There were many things she had borne, of which she had said nothing to Agnes Sylvestre in telling her story—things she had forced herself to ignore or pass by; but just now some sudden, passionate realization of them was too much for her, and she answered him in words she felt it was madness to utter even as they leapt to her lips.

"Richard has not been unwilling," she said. "Richard has not resented it!"

"If he had been in my place," he began, feeling ill at ease—"if he understood—"

She dropped her screen upon her lap and looked at him with steady eyes.

"No," she interposed, "that is a mistake. He would not have looked upon the matter as you do. It is only a trifle, after all. You are overestimating its importance."

"Am I?" he said. "Do you regard it in that light?"

"Yes," she replied, "you are too fastidious. Is the spiteful comment of an ill-natured, unattractive woman, upon a woman who chances to be more fortunate than herself, of such weight that it is likely to influence people greatly? Women are always saying such things of one another when they are angry. I cannot say them of our friend, it is true, because—because she is so fortunate as to be placed by nature beyond reproach. If I had her charms and her manner, and her years, I should, perhaps, be beyond reproach too."

She wondered if he would deign to answer her at all. It seemed as if the execrable bad taste of her words must overwhelm him. If he had turned his back upon her and left the room, she would have felt no surprise. To have seen him do so would have been almost a relief. But, for him, he merely stood perfectly still and watched her.

"Go on," he said, at length.

She faintly smiled.

"Do you want me to say more?" she asked. "Is not that enough? My great lady was angry, and was stupid enough to proclaim the fact." She made a quick turn toward him. "To whom was she speaking?" she demanded. "To a man or a woman?"

"To a man," he answered.

She sank back into her chair and smiled again.

"Ah!" she said, "then it is of less consequence even than I imagined. It is pleasant to reflect that it was a man. One is not afraid of men."

She lifted the screen from her lap, and for a moment he could not see her face.

"Now he will go," she was saying to herself breathlessly, behind it. "Now he must go. He will go now—and he will not come back."

But he did not go. It was the irony of fate that he should spare her nothing. In the few moments of silence which followed he had a great struggle with himself. It was such a struggle that, when it was at an end, he was pale and looked subdued. There was a chair near her. He went to it and sat down at her side.

"Bertha," he said, "there has been one thing in the midst of all—all this, to which you have been true. You have loved your

children when it has seemed that nothing else would touch you. I say 'seemed,' because I swear to you I am unmoved in my disbelief in what you persist in holding before me—for what reason, you know best. You love your children; you don't lie to me about that—you don't lie to yourself about it. Perhaps it is only nature, as you said once, and not tenderness; I don't know. I don't understand you; but give yourself a few moments to think of them now."

He saw the hand holding the screen tremble; he could not see her face.

"What—must I think of them?" she said.

He looked down at the floor, knitting his brows and dragging at his great mustache.

"I overestimate the importance of things," he said. "I don't seem to know much about the standards society sets up for itself; but it does not seem a trifle to me that their mother should be spoken of lightly. There was a girl I knew once—long ago—" He stopped and looked up at her with sudden, sad candor. "It is you I am thinking of, Bertha," he said; "you, as I remember you first when you came home from school. I was thinking of your mother and your dependence upon her, and the tenderness there was between you."

"And you were thinking," she added, "that Janey's mother would not be so good and worthy of trust. That is true."

"I have no answer to make to that, Bertha," he said. "None."

She laid the screen upon her lap once more.

"But it is true," she said, "it is true. Why do you refuse to believe it? Are you so good that you cannot? Yes, you are! As for me—what did I tell you? I am neither good nor bad, and I want excitement. Nine people out of ten are so, and I am no worse than the rest of the nine. One must be amused. If I were religious, I should have Dorcas societies and missions. As I am not, I have ——" She paused one second, no more. "I have Senator Planefield."

She could bear the inaction of sitting still no longer. She got up.

"You have an ideal for everything," she said, "for men, women, and children—especially for women, I think. You are always telling yourself that they are good and pure and loving and faithful; that they adore their children, and are true to their friends. It is very pretty, but it is not always the fact. You try to believe it is true of me; but it is not. I am not your ideal woman. I have told you so. Have you not found out yet that Bertha Amory is not what you were so sure Bertha Herrick would be?"

"Yes," he answered. "You—you have convinced me of that."

"It was inevitable," she continued. "I was very young then. I knew nothing of the world or of its distractions and temptations. A thousand things have happened to change me. And, after all, what right had you to expect so much of me. I was neither one thing nor the other, even then; I was only ignorant. You could not expect me to be ignorant always."

"Bertha," he demanded, "what are you trying to prove to me?"

"Only a little thing," she answered; "that I need my amusements, and cannot live without them."

He rose from his seat also.

"That you cannot live without Senator Planefield?" he said.

"Go and tell him so," was her reply. "It would please him, and perhaps this evening he would be inclined to place some confidence in the statement."

She turned and walked to the end of the room; then she came back and stood quite still before him.

"I am going to tell you something I would rather keep to myself," she said. "It may save us both trouble if I don't spare myself as my vanity prompts me to do. I said I was no worse than the other nine; but I am—a little. I am not very fond of anything or any one. Not so fond even of—Richard and the children, as I seem. I know that, though they do not. If they were not attractive and amiable, or if they interfered with my pleasures, my affection would not stand many shocks. In a certain way I am emotional enough always to appear better than I am. Things touch me for a moment. I was touched a little just now when you spoke of remembering my being a girl. I was moved when Janey was ill and you were so good to me. I almost persuaded myself that I was good too—and faithful and affectionate, and yet at the same time I knew it was only a fancy, and I should get over it. It is easy for me to laugh and cry when I choose. There are tears in my eyes now, but—they don't deceive me."

"They look like real tears, Bertha," he said. "They would have deceived me—if you had not given me warning."

"They always *look* real," she answered. "And is not there a sort of merit in my not allowing you to believe in them? Call it a merit, wont you?"

His face became like a mask. For several seconds he did not speak. The habit he had of taking refuge in utter silence was the strongest weapon he could use against her.

He did not know its strength—he only knew that it was the signal of his own desperate helplessness—but it left her without defence or resource.

"Wont you?" she said, feeling that she must say something.

He hesitated before replying.

"No," he answered stonily after the pause. "I wont call it a merit. I wish you would leave me—something."

That was very hard.

"It is true," she returned, "that I do not—leave you very much."

The words cost her such an effort that there were breaks between them.

"No," he said, "not much."

There was something almost dogged in his manner. He could not bear a great deal more, and his consciousness of this truth forced him to brace himself to outward hardness.

"I don't ask very much," he said. "I only ask you to spare yourself and your children. I only ask you to keep out of danger. It is yourself I ask you to think of, not me. Treat me as you like, but don't—don't be cruel to yourself. I am afraid it does not do for a woman—even a woman as cool as you are—to trifle with herself and her name. I have heard it said so, and I could not remain silent after hearing what I did to-night."

He turned as if to move away.

"You are going?" she said.

"Yes," he replied. "It is very late, and it would be useless to say any more."

"You have not shaken hands with me," she said when he was half way to the door. The words forced themselves from her. Her power of endurance failed her at the last moment, as it had done before and would do again.

He came back to her.

"You will never hold out your hand to me when I shall not be ready to take it, Bertha," he said. "You know that."

She did not speak.

"You are chilled," he said. "Your hand is quite cold."

"Yes," she replied. "I shall lie down on the sofa by the fire a little while before going upstairs."

Without saying anything he left her, drew the sofa nearer to the hearth and arranged the cushions.

"I would advise you not to fall asleep," he said when this was done.

"I shall not fall asleep," she answered. She went to the sofa and sat down on it.

"Good-night," she said.

And he answered her "Good-night," and went out of the room.

"IT IS NOT YESTERDAY."

She sat still a few seconds after he was gone, and then lay down. Her eyes wandered over the room. She saw the ornaments, the pictures on the wall, the design of the rug, every minute object with a clearness which seemed to magnify its importance and significance. There was a little Cloissoné jar whose pattern she never seemed to have seen before; she was looking at it when at last she spoke:

"It is very hard to live," she said. "I wish it was not—so hard. I wish there was some way of helping oneself, but there is not. One can only go on—and on—and there is always something worse coming."

She put her hand upon her breast. Something rose beneath it which gave her suffocating pain. She staggered to her feet, pressing one hand on the other to crush this pain down. No woman who has suffered such a moment but has done the same thing, and done it in vain. She fell, half kneeling, half sitting, upon the rug, her body against her chair, her arms flung out.

"Why do you struggle with me?" she cried, between her sobs. "Why do you look at me so? You—hurt me! I love you! Oh! let me go—let me go! Don't you know—I can't bear it!"

In the street she heard carriages rolling homeward from some gay gathering. One

of them stopped a few doors away, and the people got out of it laughing and talking. "Don't laugh!" she said, shuddering. "No one—should laugh! I laugh! O God! O God!"

In half an hour Richard came in. He had taken Miss Varien home, and remained to talk with her a short time. As he entered the house Bertha was going up the staircase, her gleaming dress trailing behind her, her feather-trimmed wrap over her arm. She turned and smiled down at him.

"Your charms will desert you if you keep such hours as these," she said. "How did you enjoy yourself, or, rather, how did you enjoy Miss Varien, and how many dazzling remarks did she make?"

"More than I could count," he said, laughing. "Wait a moment for me—I am coming up." And he ran up the steps lightly and joined her, slipping his arm about her waist.

"You look tired," he said, "but your charms never desert you. Was that the shudder of guilt? Whose peace of mind have you been destroying?"

"Colonel Tredennis's," she answered.

"Then it was not the shudder of guilt," he returned, laughing again. And as she leaned gently against him he bent and kissed her.

(To be continued.)

"IT IS NOT YESTERDAY."

(THE ANSWER OF A CHILD.)

POOR red flower of a mouth, you quiver so;—
What is the matter? Tell me—if you know.
Why don't you laugh out in your own one way?
"Because—because it is not yesterday."

I know, I know. Oh, yesterday was sweet.
It laid its one blue blossom at your feet.
It let you see that gracious old man pass,
Leading his cow to find the glad first grass.

To-day is dark, dark, dark. Somewhere I see
Quick lightning, and the sleet is on the tree
Where the bird, fluttering, thought about a nest.
And so you cry. Well, sometimes tears are best.

I do not know but I could hide my face
Deep in my arm, if I but had your grace,
And shed more tears than you can count, I say,
Because—ah me, it is not yesterday!

S. M. B. Piatt.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"The Century's" First Year under its New Name.

It has been the custom of the editor of this magazine to write occasionally to its readers an open letter; to felicitate himself and them upon the prosperity of an institution in which he and they are supposed to be equally interested; and to tell, in friendly confidence, those "secrets of Punchinello" which it is desirable should be known, not only to the present audience, but to all the world besides.

By way of honoring this pleasant custom, we beg leave to remind our readers that this October number completes the first year of the old periodical under its new name of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, and that, during this year, the magazine, owing to the enlargement effected last November, has been able to give a much greater amount and variety both of reading matter and of illustrations than ever before. What is still better, if the reader will examine the indices of the two volumes of the past year, he will find that never before in the history of this magazine, and seldom in that of any similar publication, has there been, in any single year, so able and so distinguished a list of contributors. Under these circumstances it is not strange that we can add the fact that the circulation of *THE CENTURY* during the magazine year now closed has been large beyond precedent. Every number of the magazine under its new name has had many thousands of readers more than the corresponding issues of preceding years.

Notwithstanding the astonishing growth during the past few years of the circulation of the magazine in Great Britain, *THE CENTURY* will adhere to its strictly American character. We say "notwithstanding," but perhaps it would be as well to say "on account of"; for if it is not the genuine American quality of the periodical that has attracted the curiosity, the interest, and the generous support of the hospitable intellectual public of "Our Old Home," we do not know what quality it can be. And we think that so long as *THE CENTURY* continues fairly to represent American life and thought, it will keep and will widen its foreign, as well as its home, audience.

During the year to come the magazine will, therefore, be especially characterized by the large amount, and, we believe, by the unusual value, of its additions to American fiction—from Howells, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Burnett, Henry James, and others; and by its original contributions to American history, especially in the two series of papers by Eggleston and Cable. Yet, to be American does not imply that one must be provincial, or that the only subjects with which an American magazine must deal, and the only writers it must employ, are American subjects and American writers: otherwise Americans (of all men!) must care nothing for "abroad"; otherwise we should have to strike from our lists—past, present, and to come—such names as those of Carlyle, Froude, Morris, MacDonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Rossetti, Lang, Saintsbury, Myers, Kegan Paul, Sir Julius Benedict, Marston, Bryce, Gosse, Dobson, Wallace, Hughes, Tourguéneff and Daudet.

We do not propose, however, to summarize here *THE CENTURY's* elsewhere printed prospectus for the coming year. But in calling attention to this, editorially, we wish to say that while we expect to abide by it with all possible punctilio, we, as usual, reserve the right,—under pressure of "timeliness," or of other specifically unexpected demands,—to vary the programme autocratically, always for "the greatest good of the greatest number" of our readers.

"Our readers!"—The most anonymous and impersonal of editors could not write that immemorial phrase, under such fortunate circumstances as the present, without some sort of sentimental feeling concerning it; without just a touch of honorable pride; without, indeed, a serious sense of responsibility. For, think what that means, with the "rule of five" (as it may be called), which quintuples the original purchaser and reader of each individual copy of a monthly periodical, and which makes the actual readers of *THE CENTURY* to number between six and seven hundred thousand persons,—an innumerable company scattered throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world! When one contemplates this enormous, watchful, and sensitive audience, no detail connected with the work of such a magazine as this seems trivial—neither writer, artist, engraver, printer, nor member of the editorial corps, can unduly magnify his office.

The best actors, the most accomplished and experienced speakers, lean heavily upon their audiences for support. Every one connected as contributor, publisher, or editor, with a periodical like *THE CENTURY*, feels the encouragement and inspiration that come from a great, an intelligent, and a generous audience. This magazine from its foundation has had the warm and sustaining sympathy of a large and always increasing constituency. In entering upon a new year, and one in which we hope to be able to do still better for "our readers" than in the past, we can say that we have no enemies of whom we are not proud, and no rivals who are not a credit to us; while our friends are more numerous than ever before in our history.

The Young South.

IT is a commonplace of Northern politicians that the South has always wielded an influence in our national affairs altogether disproportionate to its population, its wealth, and its general intelligence. How this came about, under the old régime, it is easy to see: the men who owned the property and possessed the culture were forced to the front to look after their interests; there was, therefore, always in Congress, from the South, a trained band of expert parliamentarians and adroit managers, who easily took the lead in legislation.

These conditions have passed away, and we still see Southern men maintaining much of the old ascendancy in our national discussions. We may explain this partly as a political survival. The habit of sending their best men to Congress still holds in the

Southern communities. It is a good habit and ought never to be abandoned. There is no call for sectional competition, but a State is fairly entitled to whatever advantage it may gain by keeping in Congress a strong delegation.

From that large class who were able to devote an ample leisure to the pursuits of statesmanship came the Southern leaders of the last generation. Most of the families belonging to this class have lost their property, and have been obliged to turn their energies to bread-winning; the new organization of labor promises far larger rewards, but it demands also much more careful attention; the time and thought of the ruling class of the South must henceforth be largely given to business. Shall we, then, find in the South, in the next generation, the stuff out of which leaders can be made? The prospect might seem dubious to a superficial observer, yet there are signs that the Southern people will be as well led in the future as they have been in the past.

The Southern States are now rearing a large number of young men before whom the outlook is bright. Some of them are sons of the old ruling families, but many of them have sprung from the lower and middle classes. They enjoy the advantages of poverty; they have no money to spend in luxuries or diversions; they have fortunes to retrieve or to gain; they have grown up since the war, and have inherited less than could be expected of its resentments. "Well," said a bright fellow at the close of a college commencement in Virginia last summer, "Lee and Jackson have been turned over in their graves but once to-day." The sigh of relief with which he said it indicates the feeling of many of these young men. They keep no grudges and have no wish to fight the war over again. The sentiment of patriotism is getting a deep root in their natures.

Yet they are full of faith in the future of their own section. Well they may be. During their lifetime the industry of the South has been revolutionized, and the results already achieved are marvelous. An era of prosperity has begun; and there are few intelligent men at the South to-day who will not at once confess that it is destined to be a far brighter era than they have ever seen. Free labor is unlocking the wealth of farms and mines and falling waters in a way that slave-labor never could have done. New machinery, new methods are bringing in a new day. In the midst of the stir and movement of this industrial revolution these young men are growing up. Hope and expectation are in the air: the stern discipline of poverty goads them on, and the promise of great success allures them. All the conditions are favorable for the development of strong character; and any one who will visit the Southern colleges and schools will find in them a generation of students, alert, vigorous, manly, and tremendously in earnest. Probably they do not spend, on an average, one-third as much money *per capita* as is spent by the students of the New England colleges; and in the refinements of scholarship the average Southern student would be found inferior to the average Northern student; but they are making the most of their opportunities. They ought to have better opportunities. Most of the Southern colleges and schools are crippled for lack of funds, and much more of the flood of Northern bounty might

well be turned southward, to the endowment of schools and colleges for whites as well as blacks. The generous sentiment of the young South would thus be strengthened, and the bonds of union more firmly joined. But whatever may be done in this direction, it is evident that a race of exceptional moral earnestness and mental vigor is now growing up in the South, and that it is sure to be heard from. If the young fellows in the Northern colleges expect to hold their own in the competition for leadership, they must devote less of their resources to base-ball and rowing and champagne suppers, and "come down to business."

Mr. Howells on Divorce.

We do not know whether the moral consideration was the chief one in view with the author of "*A Modern Instance*," the last chapters of which are printed in this number of *THE CENTURY*; but we are inclined to believe that since "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" there has appeared no American work of fiction having a stronger and wider moral bearing, or of greater power to affect public sentiment. "*A Modern Instance*" is a work of fuller maturity and of deeper philosophic subtlety than Mrs. Stowe's "*epoch-making*" book; its teachings are not so obvious, nor do they touch upon quite so palpable a theme. They are not likely to have so definite an influence as the inspiration of a Presidential party. They are not even concerned directly with human laws. They are addressed to the hearts and consciences of men and women in all grades of society and in all parts of the country. The effects of these teachings, therefore, can hardly be so immediate or so tangible as in the case of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*"; but we are sure that they will be pervasive, lasting, and most salutary.

Other writers have discussed in these pages the statistics of divorce and the subject of divorce legislation, notably the Rev. Dr. Gladden, in his essay entitled "*The Increase of Divorce*."^{*} Mr. Howells's argument is of a different kind. It is one that applies to the individual conscience; it touches and lays bare the springs of human conduct; it holds up a mirror, not merely to the hopelessly selfish and impure heart, but to many others; for there is hardly a human soul bound by sacred ties to another that might not be startled, warned, and strengthened by the image he or she can find in this divining glass fashioned by a true artist.

"Artist" we say, for if the author had forgotten his art under the stress of his moral message, he would have been untrue, not only to his own conscience but to life. We doubt if Mr. Howells's art was ever seen in greater perfection than in this his latest work. The precise method of which he is a master—consisting of minute observation and exact diction—has been ripened by years of conscientious literary labor, and is here brought to bear upon the most important human relations. The evolution of the moral purpose is mainly through the trend of the story, through dramatic situations; but the author no more hesitates to put a "moral" into words than does Hawthorne, George Eliot, or the Greek tragedians. The words into which is put the moral of "*A Modern Instance*"

^{*} See *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for January, 1882. Also page 783 of the same magazine for March.

have all the more weight because they are accompanied by so fair a statement of the highest argument that can be brought forward in behalf of an opposite conclusion. It would not be just to limit the moral meaning of Mr. Howells's serious, many-sided, and artistic work to what is its most timely, and appears to be its most deliberately intended point; but, unless we are mistaken, the gist of the whole matter, so far as it is directly expressed, is contained in a passage which is printed in its proper connection in this number,—but which is worth reprinting, not only here but in every journal in the United States. It is Atherton, the clear-headed, clean-hearted lawyer and man of the world, who speaks; he speaks to one whose heart and judgment for a while wavered, but whose act remained pure throughout; to a man whom destiny had forced into the attitude of friendship, and then love, for a woman who had been abandoned by a selfish and unworthy husband. "Have you really come back," says Atherton, "have you really come back here to give your father's honest name, and the example of a man of your own blameless life, in support of conditions that tempt people to marry with a mental reservation, and that weaken every marriage bond with the guilty hope of escape whenever a fickle mind, or secret lust, or wicked will may dictate? Have you come to join yourself to those miserable specters who go shrinking through the world, afraid of their own past, and anxious to hide it from those they hold dear; or do you propose to defy the world, to help form within it the community of outcasts with whom shame is not shame, nor dishonor dishonor?"

A Wise Printer.

A DEBT of gratitude, too long deferred, has been recently paid by the printers of London. The first printer in England has had his services acknowledged by the placing of a new stained-glass window in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. In this window, Caxton, represented as a dignified, elderly man, in a dark-green, fur-trimmed robe, and in front of a printing-press, occupies the central position. To the left, dressed as a monk and writing in a book, is the venerable Bede, the representative of medieval scholarship and of early book-making arts. In the window to the right, Erasmus, the wise and witty, once professor at Oxford, appears as a corrector of the press (as he was for Manutius and Froben), and as the forerunner of modern thought and science. It is the art that Caxton practiced that brings together the old and the new learning, and makes both the inheritance of the world. The titles of some of Caxton's books—the "Sept Pseaumes," "Dictes," and "Golden Legend," the arms of the county of Kent, where he was born (about 1422), and of the city of London, where he worked,—his trade-mark or device, with the year 1477, when it is supposed he began to print in England—these more clearly identify the man and his work. In its proper place shines the legend *Fiat lux.* From this fitly-chosen text, "Let there be light," on the last day of April, when the window was unveiled for the first time, Canon Farrar preached a sermon to an overflowing congregation.

In this sermon, and in the newspaper criticisms of the memorial, deserved tribute was paid to Caxton's

worth as a man. His gratitude to his parents, of whom he says: "I am bounden to pray for my fader and moder's soules that in my youth sent me to schoole, by whiche, by the suffraunce of God, I get my living I hope truly"; his inferred fidelity as a favored apprentice of the London mercer, Large; his subsequent distinction as governor of the English merchants at Bruges, where he lived from 1442 to 1475; the respect shown him by the government and nobles of his own and other countries; his unweared diligence as a translator and printer—all these, and more, have been fairly put before English readers. And there has been no lack of praise concerning the good done by printing. Yet there is now, as there has been for many years, a tincture of regret that Caxton did not do more. Gibbon pitifully notices him as a printer of frivolous books. Dibdin, the bibliographer, who aided the Roxburghe Club in putting up a tablet to Caxton's memory, cannot conceal his regret that Caxton did next to nothing for the revival of classical literature. Other English authors have too swiftly admitted that Caxton, although a worthy man, was not a great printer,—not to be compared with Froben and Manutius, with the Stephens and the Elzevirs,—and have implied that it is a national misfortune that Caxton did not print classic texts.

Is there not here too much of old-time pedantry? To be a great printer, must one print in Latin or Greek? A great deal of printing has been done during this century, with good results, but how much of it is in the learned languages? And which has been of more benefit to the reading world, the books in dead or in living tongues?

So far from being a fault, Caxton's preference for English is his most honorable distinction. He was the first of the early printers to see that the mission of printing was more to the people than to the patricians—that then and thereafter it was to get its greatest support from the uneducated or half educated. Not one of his contemporaries had the wit to see this truth. At Rome and Paris, at Strasburg and Venice—everywhere but in London—the early printers were catering to the tastes of ecclesiastics, scholars, or men of rank and wealth. More than nine-tenths of the books they printed were in Latin, and unreadable by common people. It is a question whether the new art of printing from types did as much for the education of ignorant people during its first half-century as had been previously done by the ruder art of printing from engraved blocks. Nor were there evidences of any intent to send downward the benefits of printing. The new art was welcomed in monasteries, but they did not found Bible and Tract Societies; in colleges and universities, but they did not aid in the establishment of newspapers and magazines; at courts, but it was not by courtesy that the liberty of the press was conceded. Printing had to begin as all healthy plant-growth begins, at the bottom and not at the top. Its roots stretched deep and wide in the soil, in coarse surroundings, among very rude people, before there was any noticeable flower or fruit.

Caxton saw that the world was getting ready for a new literature; but how little he found ready-made to his hand! Who were the readable English authors, and what were the books of merit, not scholastic or dialectic, of the fifteenth century? Begin counting on

the fingers, and you will soon stop. To provide the new reading, Caxton was obliged to translate from Latin, French, and Flemish. The character of the man and the literary tastes of his times are shown by his works. His first translation, "Stories about the Trojan War," begun, reluctantly, at the order of the Duchess of Burgundy, and finished in 1471, was so sought for that he "lerned at my [his] grete charge and dispence to ordeyne this sayd boke in prynce, after the manner and forme as ye may here see." The success of this book determined his future. Returning to England, he devoted his time, from 1477 to his death in 1491, to the translation and printing of books, of which he published fifty-six, in all about eighteen thousand pages, mostly in folio,—a great task for a man after he was fifty-five years old. One-half of these books are distinctly moral or religious, but of the most elementary form; the other half are histories, romances, poetry, and legend,—all translated, as Caxton assures us in one of his prefaces, "for the amendment of manners and the increase of vertuous lyving." Whatever critics may think of their literary merits they did a great deal for the making of England. No doubt Caxton builded better than he knew, for in providing good books that people would buy and read, he whetted a rapidly growing taste for books of a higher order. In a century English readers were ready to put away childish things, and were ready to read, and did read, Bacon and Shakspere. How wisely English-speaking people have made use of the printing-press is not to be told in a paragraph. It is enough to say that with them printing is as practical now as it was in the beginning—that it does something more than keep the records of the past: it makes the present and molds the future.

"American Art Students Abroad." *

As will be seen by the following correspondence, we were not mistaken in supposing that Mr. Frelinghuysen would do what he could to lighten the burden upon American artists abroad who desire to send their works home. In his letter to us, Mr. C. M. Moore, Secretary of the American Artists' Club, Munich, stated that, "Virtually, the works of an American artist are free of duty; but they have always been subject to the payment of the small sum of fifty cents for consul's certificate. This last year, however, when the consular fees have been reduced on manufactured goods to a minimum, the same certificate for an American artist's work has been raised in value, so that the American artist must now pay two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) for consular certificate, and an additional two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) for the invoice. That, at least, has been the law practiced in Munich. From various consuls who have been questioned in regard to the matter, a diversity of opinions have been received in regard to the value of an invoice, or, in fact, whether an invoice is at all necessary."

By the following letters it will be seen that artists will not, hereafter, be mulcted in the unreasonable sum of five dollars. But we hope that the Government will yet see its way clear to throwing off the two dollars, letting the odd fifty cents, formerly an optional rate, stand as the legal rate.

*See page 459 *THE CENTURY* for July, 1882.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, August 9, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.
SIR: Mr. Adeé showed me the letter, addressed to you on the 17th of April last by Mr. Moore, Secretary of the American Artists' Club of Munich, Bavaria, and which you had informally submitted to him for the purpose of obtaining an answer to the inquiries therein made touching the proper fee to be collected by the United States consuls abroad for the certification and invoicing of the original paintings of American artists shipped to the United States.

As the question so presented was one of considerable interest to a large class of American citizens abroad, and was one, moreover, for which the precedents found in this department afforded no certain solution, I referred Mr. Moore's letter to the Secretary of the Treasury. I have just received Mr. Folger's reply (a copy of which I inclose herewith), in which he decides that the ordinary certificate required upon all invoices, whether on the free list or not, may be combined with the special certificate that the article invoiced is the production of an American artist, and a single fee of two dollars and fifty cents charged therefor.

I am pleased to be able to communicate to you this decision, made in the interest of a meritorious class of our citizens abroad.

The letter addressed to you by Mr. Moore is here-with returned.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, August 4, 1882.
HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN, SECRETARY OF STATE.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st instant, submitting a copy of a letter from Mr. C. M. Moore, Secretary of the American Artists' Club, of Munich, addressed to the editor of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, in regard to the exaction by United States consuls of a fee of two dollars and fifty cents for the declaration attached to the invoices of works of American artists (form 156, Consular Regulations), in addition to the usual fee of two dollars and fifty cents for certificate to invoice.

I concur with you in the opinion that American artists, in sending their productions to the United States, should not be subjected to the imposition of greater consular fees than those paid by shippers of dutiable merchandise, and would suggest that the certificate (form 156) may be properly consolidated with the ordinary certificate (form 140), and the fee of two dollars and fifty cents charged for the combined certificate. This modification is suggested for the reason that an invoice without the ordinary certificate would not be a certified invoice.

In regard to the suggestion of Mr. Moore that the consular invoice should be dispensed with, I would state that the rule is that such invoices shall be procured in all cases, whether the goods be dutiable or free, and the production of such invoices is advantageous, not only to the Government, but also to the artists, who frequently wish to have their works shipped to interior ports without examination at the original port of entry, which privilege could not be allowed in the absence of a regular consular invoice.

Very respectfully,
CHARLES J. FOLGER, Secretary.

Murder by Burial.

No scientific discoveries have been made in our generation of greater importance than those of M. Pasteur. As many of our readers are aware, they relate to the propagation of disease through living organ-

isms, those known as *bacilli* and *bacteria* being most frequently connected with the morbid processes of disease. M. Pasteur finds that these microscopic forms of life exist especially in dead bodies; that they work their way up through the soil to the surface, are taken into the intestines of grazing cattle or are distributed by the winds, and so, it would seem probable, propagate a whole school of diseases—such as small-pox, scarlatina, typhoid and typhus fevers, diphtheria, tubercular consumption, pneumonia, erysipelas, etc., etc., and perhaps yellow fever. M. Pasteur mentions the splenic fever which prevails in France and other countries of Europe, and which annually destroys thousands of cattle and sheep. In one such case he discovered that an epidemic of this disease was followed after some years by its fresh outbreak among cattle that had been grazing in the fields where, previously, victims of the same disease had been buried under the pastures. The little *bacteria* had worked their way from the buried carcasses to the surface, and were found in swarms in the intestines of earth-worms gathered there.

It ought to be the business of scientific people to show the relation of these facts—if they can be accepted as facts—to our present method of disposing of the dead. If the breezes that blow from Greenwood, Mt. Auburn, and Laurel Hill, are laden with germs which propagate the diseases that have already slain our kindred, then the most expensive feature of those cities of the dead is not their costly monuments. It is worth while to ask ourselves whether the disciples of cremation have not a truth on their side, and whether some amendment is not needed in the modes of burial which, in this country especially, seem designed to resist the operations of nature as long as possible, and so to make a dead body a source of indefinite evil.

Indeed, the whole matter of our burial customs is one which urgently needs revision. It is astonishing that, in connection with risks so many and various as are involved in our modes of burying our dead, there should have been, in modern times, so little care and forethought. The dwellers in proximity to grave-yards who have been poisoned by their drainage, include a vast multitude whose number has never been reckoned.

Concerning such dangers, however, there has been of late a considerable awakening and some measure of reform, but the direct and immediate exposures which our funerals bring with them are perils to which, as a rule, people seem strangely indifferent. There is a custom which obtains in some of our chief cities which requires the attendance of a physician (draped usually in such a way as unmistakably to identify him) at the funeral of his patient. A cynic noting this on one occasion, remarked grimly: "Do they lead him behind the corpse in order that he may bear witness to his own work? It is a somewhat cruel retribution, and expensive, too, for a funeral takes out of the time of a popular physician some of the most precious and

pecuniarily fruitful hours of his day." To which his listener replied: "True, but it is to be remembered that the doctor sees his account in the occasion. No imprudences are more profitable to the profession than those in connection with funerals." And this can easily be understood. People who are rendering the last offices to loved ones are indifferent to considerations by which at other times they would not hesitate to be governed. They would not choose to stand, for instance, in a draft, or with uncovered head on a cold winter's day, or on the wet ground, or in the snow, or linger among the death-disseminating vapors of a vault. But all these things kindred and friends will do, and are expected to do, in connection with funerals; and the withholding of the slightest mark of respect on such an occasion, whatever the rendering of it may cost, would be resented as an almost brutal indifference. Of course, there is something in such risks which must be accepted as inseparable from the occasion; but is there any reason why they should not be diminished, as far as possible, by those who have the official charge of such occasions? Does the undertaker need to make business brisk by the careful disregard with which he orders matters, so that relatives and friends shall jeopardize their lives in honoring their dead? Who wants the ill-fitting and impracticable pair of gloves which the sexton tenders on such occasions, and which can usually neither be worn nor given away? But suppose this funereal personage should keep at hand a few skull-caps with which to cover the heads of those who take off their hats. Suppose it were demanded of cemetery companies, whose profits are usually in inverse ratio to their expenditures for their patrons, that, instead of requiring mourners and kindred to stand about a grave in the mud and slush, they should provide a decent temporary platform, and if need be a movable awning, which should shelter, for the time, those who come to the grave on their sad errand. Suppose that it were insisted that funeral processions in church porches should be arranged with a little less regard to scenic effect, and a little more consideration for the health and safety of the living. Suppose it were understood that no clergyman ought to be required to go down into a vault and read the Burial Service, while the undertaker and his assistants stand safe outside,—an experience which, not long ago, sent to his grave one of the foremost clergymen of our day. There is an especial sensitiveness, in the case of persons emotionally excited, which renders them preeminently liable to exposure or infection; and yet these are the very people who, ordinarily, in connection with death or infection, are most recklessly exposed.

It is time that the American people, the most patient, long-suffering, and all-enduring people on earth, should utter some explicit protest in regard to these matters; and anybody who shall institute a wholesome reform in this matter will make himself a benefactor of his generation.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Merriam's "The Way of Life": A Reply from the Author.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: Will you allow me to correct a misapprehension in the review in your July number of "The Way of Life"? The reviewer has misunderstood my thought at the very point where the interest of most readers of the notice is likely to be strongest. The unfamiliarity of the idea I sought to express, and the brevity with which I indicated it, are the reviewer's excuse; but may the interest of the subject be my excuse for troubling you with a correction? That subject is the resurrection of Jesus—the point where the accepted version of Christianity touches most closely the intensest questionings of the heart. The Evangelists' story of the resurrection is generally regarded either as literal truth or as wholly unreal. Your reviewer imputes to me the latter theory, though in a dress of imaginative feeling. This is his interpretation of my language:

"In the last paragraph of this chapter, Mr. Merriam undertakes to explain the marvelous change which took place in the characters of the Apostles after the death of Jesus, and attributes it to some new view that came to them of the moral and spiritual greatness of their Master, and of the undying influence of his life and work. It was this that made them say he was not dead. It was this that grew into the story of his resurrection. That these Apostles had the power to reach such a transcendental conception [adds the reviewer] may well be doubted."

This is very different indeed from what I meant—very different indeed from what I wrote. I wrote, in language as plain as I could command, that after the death of Jesus there came to his disciples a profound consciousness and assurance that he had passed into higher life—not that the "influence of his life and work" was "undying," but that *he lived*. To this conviction, consciousness, assurance, intuition, I said, their imaginative oriental minds attributed an outward form under the guise of actual bodily appearances and articulate words. As literal occurrences, in the world of sense, those appearances may be to us no longer credible; while the consciousness which underlay and inspired them—the sense of their Master's life translated into a higher realm of existence, invisible to sense, yet most real, present, eternal—this may commend itself to our fullest sympathy and acceptance.

Here is the paragraph which your reviewer mis-translates in the above quotation. I ask the reader to take the words in as simple, direct, and full a sense as he can give them:

"Those men, who had only half-understood their Master, who were far below him in all natural endowment and all attainment, had caught his spirit. Through love there had passed into their souls a capacity for higher truth than their minds could interpret. And he in whom there was in fullness that moral life which is the most vital and indestructible thing in the universe, he whose soul was a spark of immortal life, passing into the unseen realms, pierced the dividing veil with a sense of his living personality, which reached and filled those loving hearts. It broke upon them like a revelation—their Master was not dead! He had but passed into a higher life.

His sympathy was with them. His victory was the pledge of theirs. His friendship was to be to them more than it had ever been. Through him they could feel that close relation with the unseen world which he had declared to them, but which had been to them a half-unreal thing until he had passed into that world. In that consciousness was a new inspiration, a baptism of fire. They were not transformed out of their old selves. Their minds could not shake off the old materializing tendency. Their imagination speedily filled with wonders and prodigies the story of their Master's life. Their sense of his risen life they expressed, as was natural to simple-minded Jews, under the figure of bodily appearances. Intense and unspeakable disclosures to the soul were interpreted in the language of revelation to bodily sense. But, below all imperfections of philosophy and confusions of the spiritual with the material, they laid hold on sure and sublime truth. Jesus had indeed risen. He lived and still lives. In him were life and immortality brought to light. They who enter into his spirit, and live his life of fidelity and love, shall, like him, enter into fellowship with God, the pledge and foretaste of a higher life beyond."

What I have thus far written, Mr. Editor, I may perhaps ask you to publish simply as matter of justice to one whom you have innocently misrepresented. Possibly the absorbing interest of the theme it touches may allow me a word further. I do not in the least care to argue in defense of the view expressed above. Such argumentation has no place in my book, small importance in my thoughts. The view may commend itself, without argument, to some who find the physical resurrection incredible, yet feel in its rejection as pure delusion an untruth to the deeper realities of human life. But, while there is a fascination in these speculations, in that fascination lies a danger. The resurrection of Jesus is only incidental to a greater theme, the immortality of the human soul; and immortality itself should be in our minds subordinate to the supreme matter of living the true life now and here. I should be the last one to seek the foundation and inspiration of a right life here, or the hope of a life hereafter, in any mere historical study of the origin of Christianity, or any speculative discussion of the soul's nature and destiny. There is but one way that leadeth unto life: it is to be resolutely faithful to the highest duty we know, to love and serve, to keep heart and mind open to all goodness, all beauty, all truth. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!

It is by practicing that word, and the like words, of Jesus, that we appropriate the real good of his life, not by our speculations as to his divinity and resurrection; except as those speculations may incidentally make it easier for us to apply and appropriate the practical teachings. The only moral value I attach to the view I have taken of the person of Jesus—the natural as distinct from the supernatural view—is that it brings whatever is most vital and precious in him into the familiar region of universal human life. Instead of a perpetual struggle of the mind to accept a wholly unique and exceptional set of facts interpolated into history, we have then the sublimest spiritual realities playing harmoniously in and out with the consistent, universal constitution of life as we ourselves know it. Take, for example, this one subject of life beyond death.

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All history, all observation, teach how profoundly a hope and aspiration toward such life is inrooted in human nature. And the spiritual history of mankind, in its higher stages, discloses a still loftier truth: that bereavement, at first sight the cruelest of human experiences, the seeming extinction of life's noblest and tenderest element, does in sober reality minister in true and strong natures to a yet richer and fairer development. It widens and deepens sympathy; it lifts the soul into purer realms, it yields profound hints and foreshadowings of greater realities than were known before. Even that personal affection at which its blow seemed most directly dealt becomes intenser and purer under its influence. It is bereavement—what we crudely call “loss by death”—to which we owe the most delicate flowers, the finest fruits, of human faith and hope and love. This too we see: while there is sometimes an opposite effect, a lowering of vitality and stunting of growth, under the influence of bereavement, yet it is where the one who dies is noblest, and where they who mourn have loved the best, that seeming loss is transmuted into greatest gain. It is the death of Socrates by which Plato's ingenious speculations on immortality are suddenly irradiated into glowing reality. John Brown, Lincoln, Emerson—it is when such heroes pass from sight that a whole people stand together as under a solemn day-dawn of truth and liberty. It is the mother whose baby is laid in its grave, whose eyes, even in their sorrow, shine with a deeper light than the happy mother's who folds her baby to her breast. It was a poet's love for his dead friend that gave us in “In Memoriam,” our noblest poem of victory over death.

Let one come into the atmosphere of such experiences as these, let him appreciate them as belonging to life's universal, highest order, if he would know the deepest foreboding of immortality! Then it will not seem strange to him that, when the loftiest, tenderest soul whom history records was snatched from the midst of friends—crude indeed in intellect, but great in their love and devotion to him—there flashed upon them an uplifting, overwhelming sense that over such a soul death had indeed no power. That they spoke of bodily apparitions and dialogues will seem to him but the sincere and natural expression of simple-minded, imaginative Jews of eighteen centuries ago. And, if one thus thinks and feels of the matter, the objection urged so earnestly by the orthodox critics, that on the reality of the *bodily* appearances hangs the whole value of the history and the whole hope of human immortality, will move him to a sigh and a smile. Have they not yet heard their Master's gentle rebuke? “Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.” Can we accept no guarantee of spiritual realities except material evidence?

To discuss the historical problems connected with the life of Jesus was an altogether secondary object of my little book. Your reviewer devotes most of his space to that, but the whole chapter on “The Character of Jesus” is but a quarter of the volume, and in that chapter the theological phase has but a small fraction. The main purpose of the book is, in its own language, to deal “in the simplest and direst way with the question *how to live*, as it comes to men and women to-day—how to live successfully and victoriously.” As a single branch of this subject, I have discussed the

right attitude toward the idea of immortality: the characteristic thought being this, that speculation (into which I have not entered at all) yields no finality, and probably never will, as to a future existence; but that to a rightly ordered life—a life not only strenuous in duty, not only wide and tender in affection, but also reverently and continuously open to the highest aspects of this divine universe in which we live—to such a life there comes surely, if slowly, a profound peace and rest, a sense of absolute encompassment by perfect good, an instinct of eternal life begun here and fulfilled hereafter. *Character*, not speculation, is the key to the matter; or, speculation only as it guides character.

For your reviewer's friendly words on what is unconnected with our theological differences, let me cordially thank him. They are welcome as illustrating how much “unity of the spirit” may co-exist with speculative divergence,—a unity which in our day is very deep and wide, among the men who are at once religious and thoughtful, and which is steadily and swiftly advancing amid all the conflict of creeds.

The Author of “The Way of Life.”

Robinson's “Wild Garden.”

[We have received the following communication which, although unsigned, is doubtless from the author of the book in question.—ED.]

WILL the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE kindly give me space for a few words on the review of my book, published in THE CENTURY for May, to say that the object of the book is not shown in that review? The “Wild Garden” is not “the kind of garden we have a good deal of in America, and of which they have very little in England.” We have solitudes teeming with wild-flower life within an hour's ride of London, as beautiful as anything from the Sierras to the shores of New England. “In the matter of purely wild flowers” England is rich—not poor, as the reviewer says. But the object of the book was in no way to speak of English wild flowers, which can take care of themselves. If the aim of a book is not seen, anything may be said of it, and I will not occupy your valuable space in alluding to ideas and statements which do not occur in the book, and which have no relation to its aim. But it is odd the reviewer should say I do not mention the Hepatica, when it is mentioned several times (pp. 24, 25, 125), and given as an illustration of what may be done. As to the “Laurel” azalea, etc. American native shrubs, which he mentions, we grow them much more here than you do in America; but, as they had nothing to do with my theme, they were not included. The “Wild Garden” was written as one way out of the almost hopeless geometry and poverty under which the beautiful art of gardening has been suffering for ages, and by which its true charms are now hidden from the eyes of many who would profit by it and delight in it. It is an attempt to get ornamental gardening into line with nature, so to say, and into harmony with other arts, particularly the art of landscape painting. The wild flowers of England and of America are for the most part as yet able to take care of themselves, and will do so as long as we have a wood or a hedge-row!

LONDON, May 15, 1882.

The Metropolitan Museum.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, SEWANEE, TENN.,
August 10, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In your magazine for the present month I see an article in relation to the "Metropolitan Museum and its Director." As the name of my friend Mr. A. D. Savage is involved in that discussion, you will please allow me to say that I not only freely indorse what is said of him by Messrs. Crosby, Gilman, Gildersleeve and Garrison; but that, having known him from his infancy, I can truly say that a man of more upright and honorable character I have never known.

Very respectfully yours,

W. M. GREEN,

Bishop of Mississippi, and Chancellor of the University of the South.

"The Free Library Movement."

WE print, with much pleasure, the following communication with regard to "The New York Free Circulating Library." The institution has evidently gained, in a short space of time, enthusiastic and influential friends. The excellent work it has already performed is a guarantee of what its management could accomplish if more liberal means were placed at their disposal.

36 BOND STREET, NEW YORK, July 26, 1882.
EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE:

SIR: In the June number of THE CENTURY you discuss the need of a public library in the city of New York. Permit me briefly to call your attention to what has already been done to supply free reading by the New York Free Circulating Library.

This society was incorporated in March, 1880, and among its present trustees and officers are Mr. H. E. Pellew, Mrs. F. C. Barlow, Miss A. Redmond, Mr. Benj. H. Field, Mr. F. W. Stevens, and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan; it aims to supply the public with useful and standard literature, in the principal modern languages, adapted to all classes and ages of readers and without payment; and it was the intention of the founders to establish several free libraries in different parts of the city for the greater convenience of the public.

The society first leased rooms in Bond street, beginning with a library of 1,800 volumes; these were loaned to any person in the city whose name and residence had been identified; and although the society has always avoided advertising or forcing the library into notice, on September 30, 1880, six months after opening, the circulation had been 22,000, and the number of books had increased to 3,600. During the year ending September 30, 1881, the library had increased to 4,500 volumes, and over 6,000 persons, from all parts of the city, were applicants for the privilege of taking out books; the eagerness with which these books were read is shown by the circulation for the period mentioned: viz., 69,300 volumes; and although most of this large circulation was among the very poor, only six books were lost. The circulation for the current year has shown a steady increase over 1881, but the society has only been able to increase the number of books to about 6,000, while the list of registered applicants is now nearly 9,500.

It is only by comparing these results with the

figures of similar libraries that their importance is realized; they seem most astonishing to those who are most familiar with the usual ratio between the number of books and the number of readers in circulating libraries. Moreover, no effort has been made to swell the circulation by popular novels, and great care is exercised in the selection of fiction; the library is also deficient in books suitable for the young, in works relating to mechanical arts, and in popular histories; in view of these facts the very large distribution is the more remarkable.

The society has recently purchased an estate in Bond street for a library building, and proposes to establish other branches as soon as the funds permit. The managers feel that in the above facts they offer the strongest confirmation of the need of such a library as your article describes, and are encouraged to believe that they have laid the permanent foundation of such an institution.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM GREENOUGH, Acting Secretary.

"The Evolution of the American Yacht."

WINCHESTER, MASS.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In your account of "The Evolution of the American Yacht" published in THE CENTURY for July, 1882, and in referring to me as builder of the *Coquette*, you say I am a Swede and "evidently borrowed a few ideas on the subject from the famous pilot-boats of the Scandinavian peninsula." Permit me to say that I am a native of Denmark, where I served my time as an apprentice to a renowned boat-builder of Elsinore, and that all my ideas in regard to boat-building resulted from a long apprenticeship of seven years. I have been in this country fifty years and built a great many yachts and pilot-boats, among which are the *Coquette*, *Dancing Feather*, *Golden Gate*, *Actaeon*, etc. I retired from the boat-building business in 1861.

Respectfully yours,

LEWIS WINDE.

Lincoln's Height.

ONE of our readers calls our attention to the fact that Lincoln was, as he himself expressed it in a brief autobiography, "in height, six feet, four inches, nearly," which is about three inches more than the height given by Mr. Volk's article on "The Lincoln Life-Mask" in THE CENTURY for December, 1881.

Bracken in America.

WATERBURY, CONN., Aug. 13, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In reading the charming article on "The Borderlands of Surrey," by Alice Maude Fenn, in the August number of THE CENTURY, I was struck by the statement that "We have no substitute for bracken in America."

Professor D. C. Eaton says: "We have all through North America the true and veritable bracken of Scotland in great abundance. Here (in New England) it grows from two to four feet high." Professor Gray, of Harvard, has pointed out that the lines in "The Lady of the Lake"—

"The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head"—

might be said as truly of Massachusetts as of the highlands of Scotland. Sincerely yours, A. E. K.

LITERATURE.

Gorringe's "Egyptian Obelisks."^{**}

TO THE COUNTRYMEN of Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, who wish to learn what is known of obelisks,—a desire which the present troubles in Egypt are likely to awaken in many,—we commend this book as a piece of work on which neither pains nor expense has been spared. The abundance of illustrations is remarkable; among them we notice portraits of Cleopatra, the two Khedives, and Mr. Vanderbilt, but none of Mr. Gorringe. Let us hope that the first posthumous edition will supply this defect, but that none of the readers of the *editio princeps* will live to see it there.

About one-third of the book is an account of the engineering which brought New York its obelisk, and so well is it written that the layman in practical mechanics will finish this part with the pleasure which comes from understanding that about which one had doubts in the outset. It is a capital record of admirable engineering. As an appendix to this part of the book similar work in Rome, Paris, and London, is described by Lieutenant Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., Mr. Gorringe's assistant in removing the New York obelisk. If a layman may venture an opinion, we should say, that in the actual operations with the obelisk, the rapidity of progress was not far different in the various cases described, but that in economy of labor, in precision, and in certainty of safety, the latest engineer surpassed his predecessors. That the European residents of Alexandria and archaeologists in the capital should object to the departure from Alexandria of its remaining obelisk was natural. Unfortunately their reluctance took shape in unworthy methods. But what shall be said of the four instances of obstruction in New York! (See pp. 32, 33, 39.)

The archaeological portion of the book is amply provided for. One very full chapter gives an account of all known Egyptian obelisks, of which as many as twenty are photographed. In the chapter on the "Archaeology of the New York Obelisk" the reader finds ample material for studying our Cleopatra's Needle. Excellent photographs establish the text of the inscriptions. The translations of those on the shaft are by Chabas and Brugsch. Mr. H. de Morgan, of New York, translates the inscriptions of the pyramidion, and Mr. Feuardent furnishes valuable remarks on the bronze crabs and their inscriptions in Greek and Latin. The latter inscriptions, however, are not reproduced with the distinctness which might have been attained. Mr. Gorringe seems to have entered upon this chapter with distaste caused by disbelief in the ability of Egyptologists to read Egyptian inscriptions; he cannot believe that generals and statesmen of extraordinary genius, like Thothmes III., and Ramses II. could have been, as he expresses it, such vainglorious fools as to leave on their obelisks this incomprehensible nonsense for posterity to judge them by. This

shows a defect in historical vision. Not only did men not speak in Egypt some centuries before Moses as they do in America some centuries after Shakspere, but the inscriptions on obelisks are not the compositions of Thothmes, Ramses, and other kings, nor are they the records of the kings' achievements. They are the professional language of generations of Masters of Court Ceremonies, being simply the grand roll of the most august of all the names and titles of the king. The language of heraldry, whether in princely houses or in a lodge of Freemasons, has always rung with the pomp of sonorous titles. The office of a pair of obelisks towering in front of the portals of a palace-temple was to proclaim, like two gigantic heralds, the roll of titles of the Pharaoh, who was reckoned as divine. Then, as we listen, it sounds like a blast from ancient trumpets.

Gosse's "Gray."^{*}

IN this latest addition to the English Men of Letters Series, Mr. Gosse gives us a thorough and skillful piece of biographical work. As a writer he is always charming, and in Gray he has a subject peculiarly suited to his tastes. His own experiments in domesticating French stanza forms, and his investigations into the structure of the Pindaric Ode, made in connection with his little collection of English Odes reviewed by us not long since, have doubtless sharpened his sense of the refinement of Gray's diction and of his brilliant metrical originality. He sketches with delicate precision the character of the shy, fastidious scholar, and his literary judgments are marked by the same sure-footed critical sense which we remarked in his admirable contributions to Ward's "English Poets."

Many readers know nothing of Gray's life beyond a few anecdotes and traditions: that he traveled and quarreled with Horace Walpole; that he spent seven years in polishing the "Elegy"; and that he had a horror of fire which was made the occasion of a rather brutal practical joke by Cambridge undergraduates. Mr. Gosse explains that no lives of Gray have hitherto been published except in connection with some part of his writings; and that the longest of these occupies no more than thirty pages. His task has therefore been largely that of original investigation, and his contribution to the series is in this respect more important than those which have heretofore appeared, and which have been mainly condensations from abundant published material.

To the student of literature the most interesting pages in this little volume will perhaps be those concerned with the issue raised between Matthew Arnold and Swinburne in Ward's anthology—as to whether Gray or Collins ranks higher as a lyric poet. We expressed ourselves at the time as thinking that Swinburne's lyrical instinct was in this instance

* Egyptian Obelisks. By Henry H. Gorringe, Lieut.-Commander U. S. N. Fifty-one Full-page Illustrations. New York: Published by the Author.

** Gray. By Edmund W. Gosse. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers.

truer than Mr. Arnold's trained insight. That spontaneity which we conceive to be of the essence of the lyric has always seemed to us absent from the somewhat artificial sound and fury of Gray's Pindarics. Mr. Gosse, however, throws the weight of his opinion on Mr. Arnold's side. As we are here at variance, we cannot perhaps do better than to close this notice by quoting a part of what he says.

"The solitary writer of authority who, since the death of Johnson, has ventured to depreciate Gray's poetry [is] Mr. Swinburne, who, in his ardor to do justice to Collins has been deeply and extravagantly unjust to the greater man. * * * It is only in the very latest generation and among a school of extremely refined critics that the ascendancy of this ode [*"The Bard"*] has been questioned and certain pieces by Collins and even by Blake preferred to it. * * * The power of evolution has not been common among lyrical poets even of a high rank. * * * In Collins, surely, we find the same failing; the power is a burst of emotion, but not an organism. The much-lauded Ode to Liberty, with its opening peal of music, ends with a foolish abruptness. * * * Gray, however, is the main example in our literature of a poet possessing this Greek quality of structure in his lyrical work."

"Guerndale."*

"GUERNDALE" is a disappointing story, both to the general reader and the critic; to the former, because it hardly satisfies his sense of justice; to the latter, because it fails to attain that harmony of proportions which so skillful a writer should have secured. Yet seldom does a new novel appear with a style so ripe, or with such precision of form; or a new writer with so much acuteness of observation and so keen a power of analysis, allied to generous university acquisitions. The atmosphere of the story is wholly modern and recent.

The plot of "Guerndale" has a strong suggestion of Hawthorne's methods. The story opens in a New-England grave-yard, among the tombstones, and has a scent of murder clinging to its origin—a scent, however, which grows fainter and fainter as we advance, and finally ceases as a scent, remaining only as a memory. Guyon Guerndale is of old English stock, a remote ancestor having been Sir Godfrey Guerndale, who came to America in the seventeenth century, bringing with him his son Guy, a lad of fifteen, and one John Simmons, "an old and valued servant." The son grew up as the "bad Sir Guy," a "sobriquet," however, "first accorded him after his father's death."¹ With Philip Simmons, a son of old John, he built a smelting-furnace in the wilds of Massachusetts, and the two delved and dug and smelted in secret, cowering silently at night over the red furnace-fires, until they found a diamond of large size, fought over it, and Philip was slain,—"murdered," as the times would have it,—and Sir Guy, rather than be taken and punished as a murderer, slew himself, and was out of the way. But the diamond and the scent of murder were left.

The gem was still in the family in 1858, the heir to it being young Guyon, a lad of shy, shrinking nature, high-strung, imaginative, and even poetic. He loved

the woods and fields, the ponds and swamps. He shunned the common village youth, partly from the aristocratic ichor in his veins, partly from a faint tinge of sunset colors still lingering in the family reputation. Annie Bonnymort and he together ranged through the woods and over the hills of New England, and a gentle sentiment grew up between them which is useful in the formation of Guy's character, and terribly productive of unhappiness in his later years. The purity and charm of these children are of the most delicate kind. Just how the two first tumbled into acquaintance by the little pool under the shade of poplars, and how they continued it at church and school, is well told, and furnishes a most attractive bit of New England shy life and interior scenery. The thin conversations, again suggesting Hawthorne, are loop-holes let into a tender sky through April clouds. The nature-painting has a charm as fresh as Theodore Winthrop's, though much more quiet than his; while the touches of New-England character have a Howells-like piquancy. Old Joe Bung is an admirable character, a good Yankee of the best type, of purer blood than the traditional Yankee of John Neal and James K. Paulding. The Rev. M. Frank Hanna is delightfully drawn.

"He called himself an eclectic. * * * He knew the existence and names of many things. * * * At one time he had dabbled in metaphysics, but this requiring too much mental exertion—for he was a very lazy man—he now contented himself with the Positivists. General denial is a very comfortable mental attitude. In his sermon he delighted in putting the boldest assertions of negation in their crudest forms. Nevertheless he kept on easy terms with the Deity. He would occasionally mention Christ with good-natured patronage, and made friendly allowance for the vagaries of the Evangelists. When he treated earnestly of things spiritual it was in quoting from Buddha, Confucius, or the Koran. He read large quantities of verse in his sermons, which were also full of metaphors derived from business and trade. He was actively interested in politics, affected worldliness in dress and manners, and hated to be taken for a clergymen. He was very popular in the parish, prominent in picnics and church dancing-parties, and a capital actor in private theatricals. Wine and cards he considered immoral; but, to avoid the charge of phariseism, he frequented smoking-cars and familiarized himself with bar-rooms. He was fond of taking the maidens of his flock to drive in his buggy on Saturday afternoons, but his attentions were so universal that scandal never attached."

To these *dramatis persona* add Norton Randolph, Phil Symonds, and half a dozen college young men of the "upper set," send them to Harvard, and plunge them at once into the modern speculations, at the university point of view, with all the university accompaniments of wine, pipes, slang, and fast life, and we have the material of the story for half a volume; but it would take many long extracts to show the real sparkle of wit which sometimes shines through the slang, and the spirit and intelligence of the philosophical discussions that go on among the young men. The tone of university life, its mingling of undergraduate frolic with the dawning seriousness of manly thought, is admirably caught, and caught at a high level.

But just here comes in the disappointment, one which the readers of Mr. Henry James have become so

* Guerndale. An Old Story. By J. S. of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

accustomed to. The pessimistic spirit invades the book in the person of Norton Randolph. For a time we think the author's mind is free from it; that he has got it outside of himself, and, under the guise of Guerndale, is wrestling with it; we keep on hoping against hope that he will conquer with the aid of a serious occupation on the part of his hero, and a sweet and high love which comes to the latter in time, when Annie Bonnymore has returned from foreign travel and become a noble, serious, and beautiful girl in Boston society. Unfortunately the victory is not won either for Guy or the author. Fate pursues every member of the group and, with a pure atmosphere in general, we have a tragedy instead of a struggle.

As a work of art, this is, to our mind, the weak point of the story, that when the author has massed the elements of success in Guyon's character and in Annie's essential, womanly nobility of soul, he fails to use them. He seems to have lost heart, or head, or got that perversely pessimistic twist into his thought which so wearies the healthy-minded in many of the naturalistic school of writers. For such a tragedy, if tragedy it were to be, Hawthorne would have massed the fatal elements more compactly, would have excluded the vitalizing forces from the lives of his victims, and, whatever should have happened to his hero and heroine, the reader would have been left at least the comforting conviction that God is just.

We speak thus strongly of what seems to us to be the failure of "Guerndale," because we feel strongly its fine promise. The writer has power, remarkable sense of beauty in character and scenery, rare delicacy of critical observation, and freshness and vigor of style.

Mrs. Amory's "Life of Copley."^{*}

NEARLY all that there is of value in this handsome volume has already been told by the author of it in an article published in this magazine in March, 1881. Neither in that article, however, nor in the book of which it is an abstract, is any considerable addition made to what we already knew of Copley as an artist or as a man. We are provided with an ample store of private letters, written by the different members of the Copley family after their removal to London, to friends at home, but we shall read them in vain to find anything that brings us nearer, intellectually, to the artist, who is the nominal subject of Mrs. Amory's book. In truth, the public has little interest in the facts, from which the author never allows herself to wander far away, that Copley was well descended, well-related, and that he had for son a Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. No doubt these facts have their importance in certain society, but we for our part prefer to fix our eyes upon Copley himself, remembering the words of Gibbon: "The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet."

The defect in this book, and one that meets us on every

page, is the author's want of the historic sense. It is a curious fact that she never alludes to the work of any other writer on the subject of her memoir, and yet all she tells us of the least importance about Copley is to be found in the sketch of his life by Cunningham, published in 1832, and in the memoir prefixed to Mr. A. T. Perkins's list of Copley's paintings, published in 1873. So absorbed is the author in tracing the artist's descent from people who were somebody, that she actually forgets to give us the date of his birth, not mentioning even the year.

More important, however, than any omission is the support Mrs. Amory gives to the alleged fact of the spontaneous and unaided growth of Copley's talent. Yet, in spite of the quoted authority of Lord Lyndhurst and of Mrs. Copley, the slightest examination shows that Copley's advantages for the study of art in America, though slim, undoubtedly, compared with what he would have had in Europe,—were not so slim as has been said. Besides that, there were not a few respectable pictures in Boston in Copley's time: the fact that Copley's mother married for her second husband Mr. Peter Pelham, a painter and engraver, is of no little importance. "The household of Peter Pelham," says Mr. Perkins, "was perhaps the only place in New England where painting and engraving were the predominant pursuits." And it is worth while to consider whether we do not find in Copley's art the evidences of just the schooling and training he received in his early years from his step-father. It is very interesting to find in its hardness, its coldness, its precision, its want of pictorial effect, the signs of his early lessons in engraving. In its own way, Copley's art has a strong family relationship to the work of those early Florentines, who had their first training in the shops of the goldsmiths and workers in niello. As for Titian, to whom even so cold-blooded a man as West did not hesitate to compare Copley, and Cunningham by implication approves the saying, it only shows how little at that time was really known about the great Venetian.

The state of the mind to be influenced is of far more importance than the amount of actual genius in the artist from whom the influence comes; and therefore it is not surprising that an artist like Smybert, a man of no genius and of only moderate talent, should have been of benefit to Copley, whose natural turn for painting had been fostered by his step-father's teachings. Mrs. Amory thinks that, since Smybert "died in March, 1751, when Copley was only thirteen or fourteen years of age, it appears impossible that he could have profited to any extent by the instruction of that eminent portrait-painter." But, for a beginner to profit by the direct instruction of another artist is one thing, and for him to profit by the study of that artist's works is another. If Copley did not actually study with Smybert, he learned from him, having access to his copies of Italian pictures, his casts, and in particular to his copy of Vandyck's portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio. Allston's expressed acknowledgments to this copy of Vandyck have been often quoted, and Trumbull was indebted to it as well.

Our space permits us only to hint at the element we find wanting in Mrs. Amory's book. Perhaps some day an author will appear who will trace clearly for us

* The Domestic and Artistic Life of John Singleton Copley, R. A. With Notices of his Works, and Reminiscences of his son, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. By his granddaughter, Martha Babcock Amory. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the beginnings and the growth of our early art. In this history Copley will undoubtedly play an important part; he was the first painter of any merit likely to endure that was born on American soil.

Kilbourne's "Game Fishes of the United States."

THIS work is a credit to American art, science, and enterprise, and will delight equally the artist, the angler, the naturalist, and the lover of nature. Without exception, these plates give the most accurate and artistic portraiture of fishes this country has yet produced, and may serve as a standard to others who hereafter may undertake similar works. Other artists and naturalists have drawn as well—but none, to our knowledge, has equaled Kilbourne in color, and in artistic effect. Indeed to those who are only familiar with the faded colors and flaccid forms of the fish of the markets, these plates will reveal a new world of beauty.

Mr. Kilbourne has succeeded in a difficult task. He has succeeded in uniting in his delineation the accuracy in details of form and coloring required by the naturalist, with that freedom of style, delicacy of handling, and naturalness of surroundings demanded by the artist.

Often in works similar to the "Game Fishes of the United States," one does not look beyond the acknowledged excellence of the illustrations, and regards the text merely as the usual garnish of a choice viand. But not so in this case. The naturalist, the angler, and he who is interested in fish as commercial products, will find a text which has been so carefully prepared in accuracy and conciseness, that in the brief space of two pages to each fish, Mr. Goode has condensed all the information of first importance. As an example, let us make a few extracts from his text on the black-basses.

"It was formerly believed that there were many American species of *Micropterus*. Different communities christened them to their own liking; and naturalists, misled by the numerous popular names, described and catalogued as distinct, forms which they would have considered the same had they seen them side by side. Twenty-two separately named species are on record; but in 1873, after studying specimens gathered from all parts of the United States by the Smithsonian Institution, Professor Gill came to the decision that there were only two. * * * it has been thought desirable to illustrate them, by accurate drawings of the species under discussion, the Large-mouth (*Micropterus pallidus*) and the Small-mouth (*M. aestivalis*) [the *M. salmoides*, and the *M. Dolomieu* respectively of Dr. Henshall.] The size of the mouth is the best character; in one species the upper jaw extends far behind the eye; in the other to a point below it. * * * These illustrations were drawn by Mr. H. L. Todd, and have had the careful criticism of Professor Gill. [A careful study of these admirable drawings and the remembrance of the relation between the position of the eye and the length of the upper jaw, will enable any one readily to distinguish the Small-mouth from the Large-mouth black bass.]

"* * * Both species are widely distributed over the Atlantic slope of the continent. The Large-mouth and the Small-mouth dwell together in the Great Lakes, and in the upper part of the St. Lawrence and

Mississippi basins. The Small-mouth is found north as far as latitude 47°, and west to Wisconsin; while southward it ranges to latitude 33°, where it is found in the head-waters of the Chattahoochee and Ocmulgee rivers, the latter being the only stream emptying east of the Alleghanies which contains it, into which it is not known to have been introduced. The Large-mouth ranges further to the West and North, being found in the Red River of the North, in latitude 50°. It abounds in all the rivers of the South from the James to the St. John, and in the lower reaches of the streams and bayous to Texas, in latitude 27°. The Small-mouth found its way into the Hudson in 1825, or soon after, through the newly opened Erie Canal, and has since been introduced by man into hundreds of eastern lakes and rivers.

"* * * The black bass will never become the food of the millions, as may be judged from the fact that New York market probably receives less than sixty thousand pounds annually; yet hundreds of bodies of waste water are now stocked with them in sufficient number to afford pleasant sport and considerable quantities of excellent food. 'Valued as the brook-trout is for its game qualities,' writes Mr. Hallock, 'widely distributed as it is, and much extolled in song as it has been, the black bass has now a wider range (at least of latitude), and being common to both cold and warm waters, and to northern and southern climes, seems destined to become the leading game fish of America, and to take the place of the wild brook trout, which vanishes like the aborigines before civilization and settlements.'

This work has been published in twenty parts, each part containing two colored plates, and two pages of text, illustrated by skillfully executed wood-cuts. The map which accompanies the work, showing the "Geographical Distribution of the Game Fishes of Eastern America," will be studied with interest by all anglers and naturalists.

Caroline Fox's "Memories of Old Friends."

CAROLINE FOX was the daughter of Robert Were Fox, of Penjerrick, near Falmouth in Cornwall, a man of scientific attainments and the inventor of the "Deflector Dipping Needle," which has done so much service on Arctic expeditions. The family were members of the Society of Friends, and their home was the seat of a cordial and simple hospitality which drew within their circle the best minds in England—philanthropists, scientists, poets, artists, and philosophers. The diary, which extends from 1835 to 1871, contains many precious memorials of the Carlyles, Mills, Coleridges, Sterlings, Bunsens, and many others. Indeed, almost every one worth knowing of that generation was in the list of Caroline Fox's acquaintance. She was especially intimate with J. S. Mill and John Sterling, and the entries in her journals recording their walks and talks together add many delightful details to our knowledge of those two fine spirits.

There is to many readers something exasperating about the fragmentary and jerky character of a published journal—the raw material, as it were, of a book, rather than a genuine book. But in this volume there is little of that repetition and dull, trivial gossip which make the reading of most journals mere exercises in

* Game Fishes of the United States. By S. A. Kilbourne. Text by G. Brown Goode. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Memories of Old Friends. The Journal and Letters of Caroline Fox. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

judicious skipping. The author is an almost ideal reporter, a bright, eager little dame with great openness of mind, a dash of humor, and that quick sympathy and appreciation which only a clever woman has. Caroline Fox might be described as a Quakeress relaxed—even as Mr. Henry James, we believe it was, described one of his characters as a "Bostonian relaxed." About a Quaker household of the last generation, where the decent quietism and piety of the sect were tempered by wealth and worldly culture, there was a certain quaint charm such as we get a hint of in Puritan families of Milton's time, like the Hutchinsons and Fairfaxes, where there were music, classic learning, and a rich, civic gravity in dress and decoration. Our diarist's Quakerism crops out mainly in a disposition to *tutoyer* her correspondents and in a traditional attachment to the peace doctrine. She gives us a measure of the distance between the ameliorated article and the older-fashioned type, in a little sketch of Samuel Rundall, an aboriginal Friend.

"He was a perfect Quaker of the old George Fox stamp, ponderous, uncompromising, slow, uninfluenced by the views of others, intensely one-sided . . . simple and childlike in his daily habits, solemn and massive in his ministry; that large voice seemed retained to cry, with ceaseless iteration, 'The kingdom of God is within you!' Last of the Puritans, fare thee well! There was a certain Johnsonian grandeur about him, and one would have lost much insight into a bygone time and an obsolete generation by not having known him."

This passage will be enough to show that the author had a sharp eye and a sure hand. If we should begin to quote the good things that she reports and the shrewd comments of the reporter, we should be tempted beyond our limits. The reader of these journals may count upon an introduction into the best of good society, and may spend an evening in listening to capital talk at the Chevalier Bunsen's, the next at a lecture by Faraday on Ozone or by Thackeray on the English Humorists, the next at Laurence's studio or in looking at Professor Owen's dodo or taking a peep through Lord Rosse's big telescope; and may conclude, for a characteristic touch, with a Ragged School meeting or an assembly called to consider the abolition of slavery and the proclamation of a universal peace.

"A Reverend Idol."^{*}

"A REVEREND IDOL" is a study of summer life, which will better repay reading than critical examination. The scene of the story is laid on Cape Cod in vacation time, when the Rev. Kenyon Leigh and Miss Monny Rivers have got nicely domiciled in a quiet boarding-house—the one to work on his next winter's sermons, the other to pursue her rather solitary art-studies. The minister, though a discreet and earnest man withal, has been hopelessly and helplessly a "reverend idol" among the women of the congregation of St. Ancient's, and has fled to the Cape for a few summer weeks to possess his soul in peace and have the "usual half-holiday." He dreams, poor man, that, so far as female idolatry is concerned, he is

safely "out of the business." Miss Monny Rivers, who has been more or less a revered idol among the young men, and is certainly a piquant and charming girl, has come for a similar purpose. That is, she, too, would like a half-holiday from lovers.

These two explosives could hardly come together without some detonation. At the first contact both "go off"—that is, the minister indiscreetly mentions to the landlady his perturbation of soul at the presence of a young lady in the house, and then goes off, but unsuccessfully, in search of another boarding-house; Miss Rivers, to whom the amiable landlady tells all her troubles, learns of this one, and goes off in a fit of wrath to the shore. She is indignant with the natural indignation of youth and feminine pride.

After such an explosion, it takes some time to collect the scattered elements and prepare them for the inevitable summer courtship. When this has been done effectively, and the sensitive artist and the sensible preacher are harmonious, the secondary explosion takes place. The first train is laid cleverly, with a good deal of spicy narrative, the elements coming wholly from easily managed incidents. The second train is the work of Mrs. Van Cortlandt, a beautiful tigress from the congregation of St. Ancient's, and is laid in the old way.

The plot being thus simple and old-fashioned, the scenery is plain and easily moved, seldom shifted. The reverend hero is drawn not as a reverend, but as a hero. A shipwreck, with an overstrained and unnatural rescue—unnatural under the circumstances—gives him his heroic side; some quick and appreciative art criticism serves for the intellectual element. The other grand qualities are for the most part indicated rather than incorporated. The young lady's character is more nicely put together, as well as more skillfully picked to pieces. It is not strong, nor particularly deep, nor wonderfully redundant of mental attractions. Given a lively spirit, saucy tongue, but a good heart, an artistic temperament, and an unbounded capacity of worship for the unknown and unknowable qualities of the heroic in man, and we have the ever old, ever new, and ever delightful woman whom it is always a pleasure to see fall to the lot of a worthy man.

An idea of the sprightliness of Monny's character is conveyed by the following paragraph. Her landlady having retailed to her the report that all the ladies of Leigh's congregation are "after him,"—

"Monny received this last announcement with a shriek of merriment: 'The idea of anybody's being after that enormous! Any woman who wasn't a horrid giraffe would have to stand up on stilts to marry him, or she might have a strap put through his arm to reach up and hold on by—the way they do in the horse-cars,' said the girl, twisting her pocket-handkerchief into a loop, with a peculiarity she had of losing herself for the moment in any passing fancy. 'Graceful, to come down the aisle leaning on your bridegroom this way!' she said, suggesting, with a single upward thrust of her white arms, the tableau of an average woman clutching at the noosed elbow of a Titan about fifteen feet high."

The local color amounts to little. Save for the description of a house, which is somewhat peculiar to the Cape Cod towns, we find almost nothing which

^{*}A Reverend Idol. A Novel. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

might not have been found at any other sea-shore place with plenty of sand.

"A Perfect Day," by Miss Coolbrith.*

MISS COOLBRITH, who is already known in the West for a sweet singer, belongs to a school of writers who are, perhaps, too consciously meditative. While the hands are busy with toil, the thought is equally busy with comment on the worth of toil and the rewards of it, on the difficulty of living, and the value of life. She finds it impossible to follow the suggestion so well put in her own poem of "March":

"The song were sweeter and better,
If only the thought were glad.
Be hidden the chafe of the fetter,
The scars of the wounds you have had;
Be silent of strife and endeavor,
But shout of the victory won!
You may sit in the shadow forever,
If only you'll sing of the sun."

Her spirit is more heavily weighed down by the sadness of life. In her poems, which are sometimes light and airy, but more often plaintive, we find a nearly continuous strain of comment leaning to the balance of injustice in our relations with earth and heaven,—too much, perhaps, of the old Puritan spirit to which life presented more evil than good, and death more good than evil. The bright forces may be at work to make us better, but they only succeed in making us resigned. Resignation is but a cheap virtue for an earthly existence. To buoy us up—and that should be the finest work of true poetry—we need in the poet, not, perhaps, a "robustious, periwig-pated fellow," but one more full of hope and health than of resignation. The poetical mind is naturally sensitive to the extreme ills of human experience—physical pain, weariness, loss, and disappointment, but it should be equally sensitive to the opposite extreme. It should reflect brightly the beauty of rest, of friendship, of love,—the rhythm and order and harmony of nature's work. It should so intermarry the sense of good with that of evil as, without concealing or distorting anything, to leave us serene in the presence of life. There is plenty of joy and reward in human existence, and the poet is bound to discover it for us. This is, perhaps, a high standard by which to judge such simple, unassuming verses as Miss Coolbrith gives us. Her work expresses very well the alternate elation and depression of a mind that passes quickly from one sentiment to another, and fails to attain any one strong, prevailing mood, either of despair or well-grounded hope. She touches, in a natural manner and with many graces of song,

*A Perfect Day, and other Poems. By Ina D. Coolbrith. Author's special subscription edition. San Francisco.

on various themes in wayside nature, and in the suburbs, so to speak, of human experience—many irritating surface moods, but she seldom clears for us the moral atmosphere, or lifts us up to the heights where we can see broadly what is below, or serenely what is above in the heavens.

Sermons by the Rev. R. Francis Colton.

SERMONS are such proverbially dull reading that they usually retain undisturbed possession of the places on the library shelves to which they were first assigned; and yet some of the most vigorous writing of each era may be found among this contumacious class of literature. This is probably due to the fact that the sermons of well-known and brilliant pulpit orators rarely read well. The very qualities which, with the reinforcement of personal magnetism, enthral an audience, will often utterly fail of commanding the attention and respect of an unbiased public when the sense of personal relation, and the sympathy which years have established between pastor and people, are wanting. Dr. Chalmers, whose "Astronomical Discourses" so electrified Great Britain, proves tiresome reading by reason of his habit of reiteration. Whitefield, one of the greatest pulpit orators of modern times, scarcely rises above contempt in his few published utterances. On the other hand, John Foster, whose influence through his writing has been so very great, according to his own pathetic statement, was never asked to preach twice in the same place.

The sermons of the Rev. Francis Colton belong to neither one of these classes. They were clear, earnest, simple expositions, and, printed, bear the severest scrutiny. He was one of the most learned men of his years in his own denomination: his range of reading was simply marvelous, and his appreciation of secular literature of the keenest kind. The literature of eleven languages was open to him, and this great linguistic knowledge was valued not as an attainment in itself, but only as a means to many a buried treasure. The ripe scholarship which had had time to mature in his quiet and secluded life appears only as a strengthening and refining influence in his work. Cheap display of classic allusion or quotation never mars the quiet simplicity of his direct and manly English. The message he was commissioned to deliver is illuminated by a serene intelligence and animated by a lofty sense of spiritual truth. There is nothing to make this volume especially popular, but it can scarcely fail to enlighten and benefit any one who will read it.

* Sermons Preached in the Church of Our Saviour, Jenkintown, Pa., by the late rector, Rev. R. Francis Colton, Professor of Hebrew in the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, West Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Episcopal Book-store, 1224 Chestnut street

HOME AND SOCIETY.

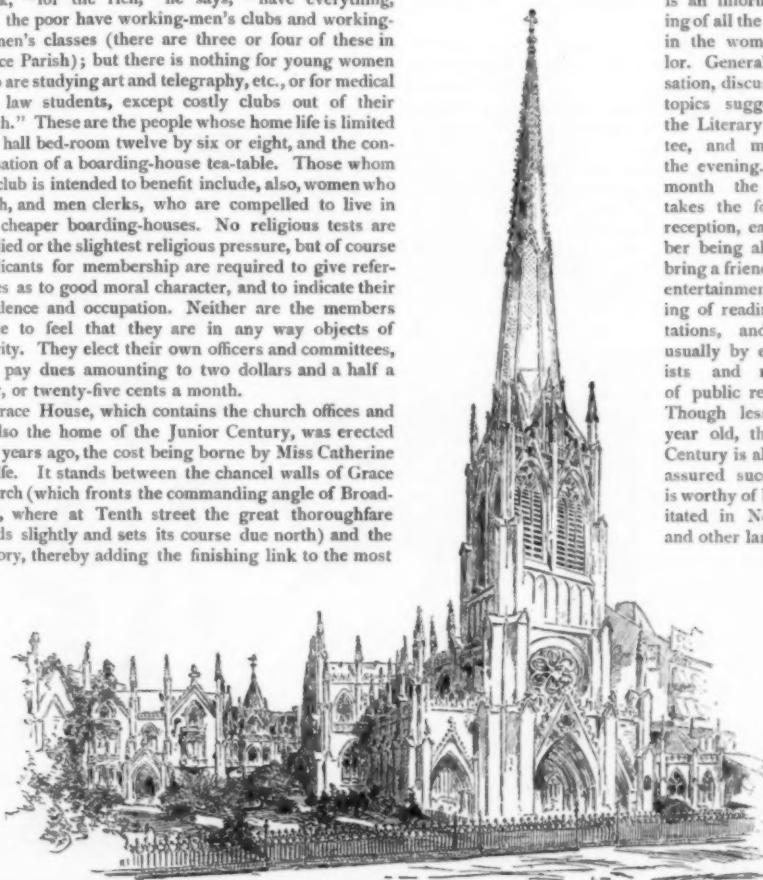
The Junior Century Club.

THIS young namesake of a noted literary club is the protégé of the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, of Grace Church. In effect, it consists of two clubs, one for men and one for women, the membership of both together being limited to one hundred, because the rooms will not accommodate more. The object of the Junior Century is "to provide means and opportunities for reading, social intercourse and recreation, for a limited number of those, who, by their residence and occupations in New York, are separated from their homes and families, and are living in boarding-houses and lodgings." Thus, it aims to reach what the founder calls "the neglected class" in New York, "for the rich," he says, "have everything, and the poor have working-men's clubs and working-women's classes (there are three or four of these in Grace Parish); but there is nothing for young women who are studying art and telegraphy, etc., or for medical and law students, except costly clubs out of their reach." These are the people whose home life is limited to a hall bed-room twelve by six or eight, and the conversation of a boarding-house tea-table. Those whom the club is intended to benefit include, also, women who teach, and men clerks, who are compelled to live in the cheaper boarding-houses. No religious tests are applied or the slightest religious pressure, but of course applicants for membership are required to give references as to good moral character, and to indicate their residence and occupation. Neither are the members made to feel that they are in any way objects of charity. They elect their own officers and committees, and pay dues amounting to two dollars and a half a year, or twenty-five cents a month.

Grace House, which contains the church offices and is also the home of the Junior Century, was erected two years ago, the cost being borne by Miss Catherine Wolfe. It stands between the chancel walls of Grace Church (which fronts the commanding angle of Broadway, where at Tenth street the great thoroughfare bends slightly and sets its course due north) and the rectory, thereby adding the finishing link to the most

picturesque and attractive church establishment in the metropolis. The men's club, numbering fifty-two, occupies the parlor on the first floor, in connection with a room devoted to chess, backgammon, and draughts. In the second story is the double parlor of the women's club, numbering forty-eight members, who also have a chess-room and a toilet and bathroom. Both parlors are carpeted and handsomely furnished, and each division of the club is provided with the best American and English weeklies and magazines, and a growing library already numbering several hundred volumes of miscellaneous books. The club-rooms are open from three to six in the afternoon, and from seven to ten in the evening. Every

Monday evening there is an informal meeting of all the members in the women's parlor. General conversation, discussions of topics suggested by the Literary Committee, and music, fill the evening. Once a month the reunion takes the form of a reception, each member being allowed to bring a friend, and the entertainment consisting of readings, recitations, and music, usually by elocutionists and musicians of public reputation. Though less than a year old, the Junior Century is already an assured success, and is worthy of being imitated in New York and other large cities.



THE RECTORY, GRACE HOUSE, AND GRACE CHURCH.

Grace Church Lawn.

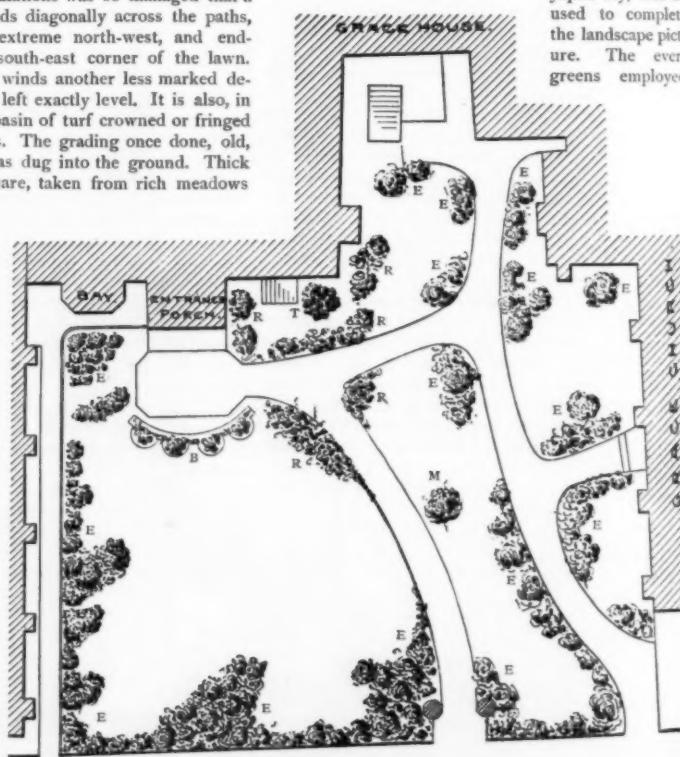
IN view of the evident lack of interest in the ornamentation of church grounds, it may be profitable to consider briefly what I think is a good example of a city church-lawn—that of Grace Church. Grace House and the Rectory form together an irregular background to a lawn some sixty feet deep by one hundred feet long. Although this spot is unusually large for city grounds, and therefore more airy and suitable for planting, it has two great drawbacks. Reflected heat from high brick and stone walls, and the exclusion of all but westerly winds, make it parching hot at certain times during the summer. The soil in Grace Church yard was so poor, it was found necessary to replace one hundred loads of it with fresh yellow loam from the country. All the ground was trenched or turned over to the depth of eighteen inches with the spade, before the grading was undertaken. This deep culture is of prime importance in the construction of any good lawn, for only in this way can a permanently rich sod be obtained capable of enduring drought.

In grading, the aim was to secure a purely natural appearance, by making gentle knolls and undulations instead of abrupt angles and dead levels. The disposition of these undulations was so managed that a slight depression winds diagonally across the paths, commencing at the extreme north-west, and ending at the extreme south-east corner of the lawn. Down the south side winds another less marked depression. No part is left exactly level. It is also, in some sort, a shallow basin of turf crowned or fringed with trees and shrubs. The grading once done, old, well-rotted manure was dug into the ground. Thick sods about a foot square, taken from rich meadows where grass was abundant and weeds scarce, were laid over the entire surface, with the edges joined neatly, the whole being rammed so firmly that scarcely a joint was visible a week afterward.

For the purpose of securing the best effect of foliage both summer and winter, it was decided to employ evergreen plants for the most part. It was thought, also, that evergreens composed better with the architectural lines of the church buildings. In a general way, the system of planting was simple, consisting of a fringe about the outskirts of the yard. The entire border is, however,

diversified with capes and points of foliage jutting out in the center of the greensward. By the Rectory, in front of a window, grows a tall and very fine specimen of box-tree about ten feet high. This box-tree is made the key-note of an effect, composed of broad-leaved evergreen foliage plants, that are massed on either side of it and of the Rectory porch. There are to be found here specimen plants of rhododendron (*R. maximum* and *R. Catawbiense*), the former blooming much later than the latter. Smaller rhododendrons, azaleas, and euonymuses, cluster about the base of the group, and appear again on either side of adjacent paths. About midway of the grass-plot, on the border of the main walk, stands, and must have stood at least for a score of years, a grand specimen of the Chinese magnolia (*Soulangeana*). Although the lateness of the season at the time of the planting required that only evergreens should be used, it is the intention another year to add bright touches of gold and red, by the employment of suitable deciduous trees and shrubs, such as the Japanese maple and purple beech. It is also expected to introduce the pyramidal birch more freely than at present, as a means of brightening at a higher level the somewhat somber effect of the evergreens. A line of lower growth of bulbs, lilies; crocuses, and hyacinths, with herbaceous plants, as well as honeysuckle and

Japan ivy, will be used to complete the landscape picture. The evergreens employed



GRACE CHURCH LAWN FRONTING BROADWAY.

B. Bedding plants. E. Conifers. R. Rhododendrons. M. Chinese magnolia. T. Box-tree.

are chiefly waving and fern-like in appearance, consisting largely of Japanese cypresses, with a sprinkling of arbor vitæ,—pyramidal arbor vitæ especially,—and weeping and dwarf silver firs. Japanese cypresses have been selected because experience has shown that they are extremely hardy and well suited to the conditions of city planting. The diversity of form and color, too, among many single specimens of the different varieties of these Japanese evergreens is very wonderful. They are golden and green, and blue or bluish gray in color, and feathery and grotesque in form, as the case may be. To form the proper second line of evergreens in front of the larger kinds (to which the eye is thus led by agreeable and inabrupt transitions), there were used, dwarf arbor vitæ, Japanese cypresses, and the lovely Japanese *thiposis Standishii*. A far greater variety of evergreens might have been employed, but it was thought that other kinds would not harmonize so agreeably, nor endure so well the urban summers and winters.

Samuel Parsons, Jr.

Servants and Household Economy.*

THE servant question is becoming one of the most puzzling practical problems of the day, for the liberty and equality idea has converted a large proportion of our lower classes into would-be ladies and gentlemen, who put up with domestic servitude as a repugnant chrysalis state, preliminary to the winged bliss of perpetual idleness. A servant who is willing to be called a servant, who looks forward to servitude as a life-work, is almost unheard-of nowadays. Any honest effort to correct this absurd assumption, so common in our lower classes, to teach them the true dignity of work, and to train them in habits of industry, and cleanliness, and intelligent labor, should meet with the fullest sympathy.

No movement of the present day, in the way of education, promises more than that inaugurated by Miss Emily Huntington, five years ago. The experiment first tried in 1877 has grown into a complete system, under the care of "The Kitchen Garden Association." The primary idea of the association is the establishment of schools and classes on the principle of the Kindergarten, where all the games shall be turned to practical account. The children originally taken were entirely of the poorest classes; the little waifs and strays of humanity who crowd the door-steps and alley-ways of the most squalid streets were gathered in and taught in the most delightful way how to do all the work of a house. The method is the natural way a judicious mother would choose to teach her own little children at home, only organized and adapted to the poor little creatures who have no homes, or worse than none.

Imagine a wretched little girl whose only experience of life had been of hunger, and dirt, and cold,—of hard blows and harder words,—suddenly turned into a school-room, clean, and warm, and bright, with birds and flowers. She doesn't have to learn her lessons out of books, with the meaningless reiteration of A, B, C; but from the very first the letters of her alphabet are delightful toys. The course is divided

into six parts, one for each month. First of all small bundles of sticks are put into the untrained hands, and the little one is taught how to build a fire, and to use matches, charcoal, and coal. These things must, of course, be taught in an orderly way, and to a number of children at once; and this is effected by timing each action to music, as is done in the Kindergarten system. Other games are added, dear to the heart of every little girl, such as scrubbing, ironing and folding clothes, tending the door, etc., etc.

The second month brings more interesting work. The children are ranged around a table, on which is placed, in front of each, a small toy table with cups and saucers, plates, knives, forks, dishes, napkins, and all the paraphernalia of a well-ordered breakfast-table. Each child is taught the name of every article, how to lay the cloth, and to set the table. Afterward she is made to clear away the things, wash the dishes, and put them away, and to polish the glass and silver, all the while singing little jingles that impress the idea of thoroughness and order upon their minds. This is as much of a game to the children as are the Kindergarten games, with the added significance that they are like the occupations of the older people around them, which every little girl takes especial delight in.

In the same way the children are taught in the succeeding months how to wait on the table, how to do laundry and chamber work, including sweeping, and dusting, and polishing furniture, and other lessons, concluding with the making of "mud pies," which is dignified by the name of molding. For this last game they are provided with pans and molding-boards and rolling-pins. Besides the pleasure that comes in the learning, the children have supplied to them a direct motive for well-doing. A good situation is promised to them at twelve years of age if they have learned their lessons well.

It is easy to see that this training is equally valuable to women who are to become wives and mothers, and have their own work to do, and that it may be of the greatest value, as well, to those who shall have establishments of their own with servants to control. No woman can direct her household so well as one who knows all the details of the work to be performed under her orders. For this reason classes of children in the higher walks of life have been formed, and are fully and delightedly attended.

The association was formed in 1880. At the end of a year, in May, 1881, a printed report was issued, from which it appears that nine hundred and ninety children were instructed in New York alone. Classes had already been established in Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, as well as in the colored institute at Hampton, Virginia. England is waking up to the importance of the movement, and the idea has even been carried to Bombay by a converted Brahmin, who hopes to help his countrywomen by introducing among them a modified system adapted to their peculiar needs.

The work of the Kitchen Garden Association for 1881-2 has been supplemented by the preparation of a manual of household economy, which it is hoped will be introduced into both public and private schools. In this book a large amount of valuable information in regard to all matters pertaining to the household

* Household Economy. A manual for use in schools, published under the direction of the Kitchen Garden Association. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. New York and Chicago.

is condensed and classified; each division being supplied with questions to aid the teacher.

This manual was submitted in manuscript to the Bureau of Education at Washington, as well as to many prominent educators elsewhere, with reference to its introduction into public and private schools, and received the hearty approval of them all. A very favorable report was issued by the Commissioners of Education in 1878.

S. B. H.

Jenny Lind's Courtship.

"I AM a Quaker, as you know," a Philadelphian recently said to me, "and it is reported that, shortly before Jenny Lind's visit to our city, an aged lady arose in one of our meetings and said she had heard that 'Jane Lyon, a very wicked woman, was on her way to this country to sing,' and she hoped that none of the young people would be drawn away to hear her. Nevertheless, an uncle took me and my brother to the Saturday matinee. We had seats in the

balcony and so near the stage that we could in a way see behind the scenes. Early in the entertainment Jenny Lind sang, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the audience was beside itself. Among the members of her company was her future husband, Otto Goldschmidt. He was to the audience simply an unknown pianist, and to be obliged to listen to anything but the voice of Jenny Lind was provoking. Well, the man played, and from where we sat we could see Jenny Lind behind the curtain listening most intently. When he had finished, the audience seemed in nowise disposed to applaud; but Jenny Lind began to clap her hands vigorously, observing which, we boys reinforced her, and, observing her face light up—I can see the love-light on it yet—we clapped furiously until the applause spread through the audience. When he had finished playing a second time, my brother and I set the ball in motion, and the applause was great enough to satisfy even the *fiancee* of Otto Goldschmidt."

M. W. F.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Shop Conveniences.

A NUMBER of inventions have been recently brought out that are designed to save labor in shops and retail stores. The aim has been to find some means of conveying small parcels and packages from one part of the store or building to another without the aid of "cash" or elevator boys. The first of these examined was an elevator in an open well extending from the basement to the top of the building. At opposite corners of the well are wrought iron guides for the elevator platform or car. This car consists of a simple box, open on all sides and supported by a single wire rope. This rope, after passing over a wheel at the top of the well, returns to the basement where it is wound round a steel drum. This winding drum is controlled by gearing from a simple belt-shifting device, the power being delivered by means of a belt from the engine in the building. Connected with the winding drum is a brake for controlling the elevator and keeping the platform firmly suspended at any desired point. It is not intended to carry anything more than light freight. The usual chain or wire rope used to control the movement of elevators is replaced by a steel rod extending the whole length of the well. At every floor an arm is pivoted to this rod so that, by moving any one of the arms, the rod can be moved up or down sufficiently to control the winding drum. At every floor there is also a horizontal arm or lever having a gear at the end in the form of a segment of a circle. This gear is fitted to gears on the rod. By this arrangement the rod can be turned on its axis from every floor. Just above each floor there is placed on the rod a "dog" or stop. By turning the handle on any floor the rod can be rotated till one of these stops projects outward into the well. To understand the operation of this novel form of elevator, we may suppose the car is at the first floor and is filled with goods intended for the fifth floor.

The attendant moves the horizontal handle over a graduated scale until the figure five is reached. In this position, all the stops on the rod are turned away, except the stop at the fifth floor. The starting handle is then moved, and the car ascends with its load. It passes clear of all the stops until the fifth is reached, when the car catches in the stop and by its upward movement lifts the rod. This movement shifts the belts and puts on the brake, and the car stops. At the same time an alarm is sounded to give warning that the car has arrived. Perhaps the next trip is down to the second floor. The lever is moved over the scale to the figure 2, and the starting lever is moved. The movement of the rod releases the brake and shifts the belts below at the same time. The car descends and is stopped as before. The elevator has already been put in a number of shoe-shops and other light factories.

In large retail stores where a great variety of goods are sold in one building, it has been found necessary to employ children to carry the money to the cashier and to take the goods to the packing and delivery departments. To get rid of the expense and inconvenience of having so many "cash" boys and girls in such stores, a number of inventions have been brought out, designed to act as substitutes. The most simple of these is a light iron rail suspended from the ceiling of the store over the counters. On this rail run small two-wheel cars, each intended to carry a receptacle for money or parcels, or both. The salesman, on receiving the money for the goods, puts it in a car on the rail overhead, and it rolls by gravity down the rail to the cashier's desk. Here the car is taken off and the change is made and put in it, and the car is placed upon another rail and returned to the salesman. When there are a number of salesmen on one line of rails there must be some means of stopping each car on the return track at the right salesman or "station." To accomplish this there is at each station a graduated stop so arranged

that it allows all the cars intended for stations beyond to pass, and stops the one intended for that place. How this may be accomplished will be made plain in describing other kinds of cash carriers. This system, it will be seen, is simply an adaptation of the common wire rope transport system often used in handling coals and minerals in mines and yards. In the system examined there seemed to be no provision for guiding the cars from one track to another or to branch tracks, a boy being employed in every case to lift the cars off one line and transfer them to another.

The familiar pneumatic dispatch tube system has already been used in one store in this country for conveying the money from the various departments to the cashier's desk. Two brass tubes are arranged overhead from each counter to the cashier. Each is connected, by means of another pipe system, with the blowers or exhaust fans. By means of suitable power a strong blast is drawn through all the pipes, and the money inclosed in small cylinders is blown through them. The system examined did not appear to differ from the ordinary pneumatic tubes and, while it is much more rapid than the system just described, it did not offer any special advantages. The stations were too far apart, and the multiplicity of pipes unsightly and inconvenient. For long distances and where light goods are to be moved from one building to another, the pneumatic system has one advantage over any railway depending upon gravity for a motive power, as the tubes can be carried under streets or over the roofs and through narrow passages where a railway would be impracticable.

Perhaps the most complete and convenient system of carrying cash from one part of a store to another is a new one based on the simple form of tram-way used in bowling alleys to return the balls to the players. The carrier consists of a hollow wooden ball cut in halves and provided with a simple device for locking the two parts together. Inside each half is a coiled spring supporting a metallic disk. The cash is put in one half of the carrier and the two parts are locked together, the money being firmly held between the two springs so that it cannot rattle or move about as the carrier travels on its track. There are, in this system, two tracks suspended from the ceiling directly over the counters in the store. In the examples seen, these tracks were in some instances placed one over the other, or side by side as the case required. They passed by easy curves from one part of the store to another and had a number of branches or switches, and even extended by means of elevators from one floor to another. To understand the working of the system it must be noticed that the outward track, from the counters to the cashier's desk, was, as far as possible, arranged in a single line. At intervals along the counters are small elevators. These consist of two metal rods hanging down from the ceiling and serving as guides for a car that may be raised by pulling a cord. The salesman, on receiving the cash, puts it in one of the hollow balls designed and numbered for that station, and places the ball in the elevator. The bottom of the elevator is inclined, and the ball would roll out were it not for a latch that bars the lower side of the elevator. On pulling the cord the car is raised till it meets the track overhead. Here the latch is automatically opened and the ball

drops out upon an inclined plane. It rolls down this plane to the track, and starts upon its journey. This plane is pivoted, and when at rest is horizontal and does not touch the track. When the ball falls upon it the weight throws it down and it assumes an inclined position and gives the ball an impetus at the start. At the same time, other balls moving on the track from stations above pass under the plane without hindrance. When the carrier reaches the cashier it is taken off, and the change is made and returned to the ball. The inward and outward tracks are in convenient reach of the desk, and the cashier has only to transfer them from one track to another. On the inward track all the carriers are going to one place. On the outward track there may be, say, eight carriers going to eight different stations. To send each carrier to its own place the balls are of different sizes, the largest ball intended for the first station, the smallest for the last. At each station is a switch in the track, a portion of the track being pivoted so that it will open and allow the ball to drop into a basket suspended under the rails. Each of these switches is locked, and cannot be opened except by the passage of the ball intended for that station. Over the track at each station is a stop or guard, each being of a different height above the rails. When the largest ball intended for the first station meets the guard it strikes it, and this blow releases the lock on the switch. The ball enters the switch and forces it open by its weight and drops into the basket below. All the balls for stations beyond pass under this guard, and, as the switch remains closed, they pass over it to their destination. In the same manner the switches for guiding the balls upon branch lines are controlled by the balls: all the balls of a certain size opening the switches and taking branches, while all the smaller balls pass under the guard and keep on the main line. For transferring the balls from one floor to another, the elevators are used to lift them to the upper track system while they are allowed to drop through pipes to the tracks below. This system has already been introduced into a large number of retail stores.

Closely allied to this invention is another, intended to be used on horse-cars as a substitute for a conductor. An inclined plane is placed at the side of the car, down which the coins paid for fares roll into the cash-box. The plane is protected by glass to keep the coins on edge and to serve as guides. Openings are arranged at intervals into which the fare may be dropped. The motion of the car assists in rolling the coins along the track.

To transport light goods from one part of a store to another is far more difficult than to merely send money. A new apparatus, recently made the object of experiment, seeks to accomplish this by means of an endless belt driven by steam or other power. The belt is intended to be placed over the counter or under it, as may be most convenient. In the store inspected it is placed above the counter and behind the goods hung up for display. The belt is made to travel in one direction at all times, and is kept within wooden guides that also serve for ways or tracks on which light boxes or carriers may slide. At intervals on the belt are brass stops pivoted in such a way that in passing on either the upper or lower

side of the belt, and in passing round the wheels that move the belt they always maintain an upright position. On making a sale and receiving the money the salesman puts the cash and the goods in the carrier, and then places it on the upper track. The belt passes under it until one of the stops approaches, strikes the carrier, and pushes it along the ways toward the cashier's desk. At the side of the carrier is a piece of stout wire forming a projection or handle. This is fitted to each car in a different position. On reaching the end of the line this projection strikes an arm or stop beside the track, and the carrier is tipped over and falls off the line into a basket. After the change is ready and the goods packed, they are put in the carrier, and it is placed on the other track to be returned to its proper station. At each station the stop is placed in a different position. All the carriers intended for stations beyond pass without detention, and the car intended for that place is turned aside and thrown off into a basket beside the track. In this system the belt is moving continually and the outgoing carriers are placed on the track at any place desired. No elevators are required to lift the carriers to the track, and the tracks may be level. On the other hand, the track must be straight and there is no provision for turning a corner or for branch lines. The apparatus examined worked well and was reported to require only a moderate amount of power.

Improved Damper Regulator.

In the management of stationary boilers, whether they are designed for heating or power, it is important to regulate the draft of the fire so as to keep the heat and pressure constant. Various contrivances for making the steam pressure regulate the draft have already been tried with more or less success. Among the most recent of these is a steam damper regulator that appeared on inspection in actual operation to work with an unusual degree of precision. The apparatus consists essentially of a steam cylinder and piston that controls the damper in the chimney and is itself controlled by a safety valve. The regulator is designed to be placed on a bracket on the wall near the boiler, and is connected with it by means of a steam-pipe. At the bottom of the regulator is a valve controlled by a lever on which a weight may be hung at any point desired. When the steam pressure reaches the point where it can move the valve by raising the lever, it enters the interior of the cylinder. The piston is fixed, but the cylinder is free to rise. The upward movement of the cylinder allows a cord fixed to the top to rise, this cord controlling the damper in the chimney. A weight is fixed to the handle of the damper and so arranged that as soon as the cord is released the damper is closed. The fire at once slackens and the steam pressure falls below the point where the lever is fixed. The valve then closes and the steam in the cylinder condenses, and the weight of the cylinder causes it to fall, and this in turn opens the damper again. While the details of the operation appear complicated, the apparatus is really quite simple. Those examined appeared to be in constant motion, and to be susceptible to very slight changes in the pressure. The regulator, by means of the weighted

lever, can be adjusted to any required pressure according to the demand for steam.

New Steam Pump.

IN a new steam pump recently designed the aim has been to simplify the valve-motion. The movement of the piston in the steam-cylinder is controlled by a slide-valve placed in a smaller cylinder and also by a small piston that moves freely in the cylinder. Steam is admitted alternately to the front and back of this piston by means of a second and smaller slide-valve that has a vertical motion within a small steam-chest. The movement of this second slide-valve is controlled by means of a plug that rests directly on the piston-rod of the pump.

On the piston-rod is a ring-shaped depression, and the plug, resting on the rod, drops into this as the rod moves forward and backward. At the beginning of the stroke it rests on a shoulder at the end of the rod. As the rod moves the plug slips off this shoulder and moves the slide-valve. The piston-rod moves under the plug till the depression is reached, when the plug drops into it and again moves the valve. By this simple arrangement the piston-rod of the pump directly controls the valves independently of any eccentric. While this idea is said to be quite new, it has been applied for some time to both steam and air-driven rock-drills. In a rock-drill driven by steam, and where the secondary slide-valve is fastened to a plug resting on the piston-rod of the drill, the operation of the valves seemed to be all that could be desired. In the drills the piston-rod is beveled, and the plug rests on the inclined or beveled portion, so that it may be moved whether the stroke is long or short. The slide-valve is also controlled by a helical groove on the plug, so that by turning the plug round by means of a lever on the top, the amount of steam admitted by the slide-valve may be placed under complete control. This system of valves has been in use in rock-drills for some years, and appears to be quite successful. There seems to be no reason why it may not be equally successful when applied to steam-pumps.

Progress in Gas Lighting.

THE experiments that have been made to improve the lamps used in burning gas have apparently taken two directions. One may be called the regenerative system, and the other the incandescent. The regenerative lamps, already described here, are now made with cages or cones of some refractory material like lime or magnesium wire. The air for combustion is raised to a high pressure, and both gas and air are heated by a small gas furnace separate from the lamp. The flame is directed against the cage of wire, and it is heated till it gives more or less light by incandescence. The incandescent lamps depend more on the heated material for light than on the gas itself. A Bunsen burner is arranged to spread its hot non-luminous flame over a cage of platinum wire. The air for combustion is not heated, but is supplied to the lamp under a moderate pressure. When first lighted this form of lamp gives very little light, with only a noisy, flickering blue flame. When the platinum wire becomes white hot, a soft and steady light of great intensity is obtained.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Cophetua.

(IN THE NEW STYLE.)

Her arms were swathed in dainty kid,
She was less shy than I shall say,
With jaunty graces not all hid,
Before the king Cophetua.
In blushing maze the king did gaze
(A bashful monarch by the way),
She smiled so pertly up at him
From 'neath her plumed hat so gay!

She smiled, then laughed; she bent her head
With sidelong glance and bit her ring;
Advanced a step, then mimicked dread,
With airs as coy, as bold as spring.
The royal arms stretched royal palms:
She rushed between them with a fling,
And on his breast, with kisses, cried,
"You dear old Cophy, be my king!"

Xenos Clark.

A Child's Wisdom.

"Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

Austin Dobson.

BETWEEN the half-drawn curtains faintly gleamed
The early dawn's first pale and glimmering ray;
But through my heart rang ever, as I dreamed,
The poet's plaint: "Give me but Yesterday!"

Through swiftly-opening doors, with flying feet,
My little daughter with her curls of gold
Came eagerly the morning sun to greet;—
The little maid whom yesterday we told

To-morrow, if the skies were not unkind,
Out into country meadows she should go,
With beating heart and shining eyes to find
The sweet, shy haunts of wild flowers, hiding low.

Flushed in the morning light, she danced and sang;
While I forgot the poet's murmuring lay,
As through the room her sweeter wisdom rang:
"Mamma! mamma! To-morrow is To-day!"

Alice Wellington Rollins.

Nature Abhors a Vacuum.

LONG ago, when refreshingly green,
As at present—thank Fortune!—I'm not,
If your sweet fascinations I'd seen,
They had touched a susceptible spot.

Such a figure, such hair,—if it's real,—
Such face,—your whole physical plan
Makes school-girl's complete beau-ideal,
And her utter quintessence of man.

But when older and wiser, how sad
Such complete disillusion to get,
And behind such a stately façade
To have found just apartments to let!

An you love me—don't say I'm not kind—
Find some maiden more easy to please,
More indulgent to absence of mind,
And content with the graces she sees.

Though you claim I have tortured your heart,
In defense it may surely be said
That I never could once make you smart,
Since I could not remodel your head.

So spare your affection to tell,
An avowal I too well divine,
For the next girl will do just as well,
And her heart may be softer than mine.

So, in view of the danger it brings,
There's a line where flirtation must stop;
For the hollowest, windiest things
Are the likeliest always "to pop."

C.

The Garland.

An often-translated poem frequently suggests, by a comparison of widely varying versions, a middle-ground on which the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm in a strange tongue may more nearly meet the letter and spirit of the original. The following pretty conceit of Uhland's has been done into English several times, notably with exquisite grace by Thackeray, but there has still seemed to be room for an attempt at closer fidelity.

PLUCKING the flowerets many-hued,
A child played on the sunny lea;
There came from out the leafy wood
A lady, fair to see.

With loving look she met the maid,
And twined a garland in her hair:
"Though bloomless, soon 'twill bloom," she said,—
"Oh, wear it ever there!"

And when the child reached maidhood's years,
And strolled in the clear moonlight's flood,
And wept love's sweet and tender tears,
The wreath grew rich with bud.

And when, a bride, her lover true
Clasped her in strong enfolding arm,
Forth from the buds there sprang to view
Fair blossoms, filled with charm.

Time passed,—a winsome baby lay
On the young mother-breast, and cooed;
Then gleamed amid the twining spray
Ful fruitage, golden-good.

And when her heart's love passed away
To the dank darkness of the tomb,
Still on her tangled tresses lay
A sere wreath, void of bloom.

Soon, too, the wife in pallid death
Lay, and in death the chaplet wore,—
And lo! a marvel! for the wreath
Bright bloom and fruitage bore!

Alvey A. Adee.

Uncle Gabe at the Corn-Shucking.

DE stars is shinin' out de sky de brightes' ebber seen:
 De shucks behine', de corn befo', de niggers in between;
 De likely gals is he'pin' an' deir shiny eyes a-blinkin';
 De shucks is flyin' libely an' de pile o' corn is swinkin';
 De weeds is gittin' jewy—we mus' push de bizniss fas',—
 Dar's a little jug behin' us jes' a-waitin' in de grass.
 (You fellers stop your co'tin' tell you hear me raise de chune,
 An' you better medjer orf de cloud dat's slidin' 'cross de moon!)
 Now cl'ar your th'oats an' he'p me jes' sing a song or two;
 We'll start out wid de "Johnson Gals" an' see what we kin do:

JOHNSON GALS.

(Song by UNCLE GABE, all the corn-shucking company joining in the chorus.)

Oh! 'taint nuffin' tall like de Johnson gals,
 For dey bangs all de county out!
 Folks on de Creek gwine to look mighty sharp
 When de Johnson gals come 'bout;
 Dey libs in de quarters on de j'inin' place,
 Right close to de en' o' de lane;
 Dey's sweet as a hole in de lasses-bar'l
 An' nice as de sugar-cane!

CHORUS.

Den, cl'ar de track for de Johnson gals!
 Johnson gals!!
 Johnson gals!!!
 Oh! cl'ar de track for de Johnson gals!
 Johnson gals is de gals for me!!

Oh! nigger wuk hard in de new groun' trac',
 An' he git mighty tired in de plantin';
 But he sing jes' same as a frog in de swamp,
 When de ebenin' sun go to slantin';
 No matter ef de plow-p'nt hit 'g'in' de rocks,
 An' de day git hot as it please,
 He know he gwine to see dem Johnson gals
 When de moon clammin' up froo de trees!

De morkin' sing when de bright day breakin',
 An' he wake up de bushes all aroun';
 But he aint half sweet as de old whipperwill,
 Dat sing when de sun gone down!
 De morkin' tell you when to hitch up de team,
 An' he call out de niggers to de hoes;
 De whipperwill talk 'bout de Johnson gals,
 'Cause he sing when de moon done rose!!

Den, far' you well, Miss Susie, dear,—
 Far' you well, Miss Jane!
 I gwine out to see dat sweet bunch o' gals
 Dat lib at de en' o' de lane!

* Shrinking.

Far' you well, my old true love,—
 I aint got time to stay!
 I been out long wid de Johnson gals,
 An' dey stole my heart away!

(At this stage of the musical entertainment, Uncle Gabe was accidentally struck on the head by an ear of corn, thrown from the hand of some one sitting behind him. The interruption called forth something like the following parenthetical observation in stalwart prose:—"Looke 'ere! what club-foot vilyun flung dat corn? You kin shuck jes' as well widout bu's'in' de bark dat way! You settin' in de wrong place, 'way back dar, anyhow! Ef you piny woods niggers can't tell de top o' my head hum de pile o' clean corn, you better go home; an' ef you aint got 'nough strenk in your arm to pitch a ear o' corn ten foot, you better lay down an' res' awhile! Brer Ab, you lif' de nex' chune; my head gone to yoonin' same as a bumble-bee nes'!!")

J. A. Macon.

Her Fan.

So I am to keep you, little fan!
 While she goes to waltz with the eighteenth man.

Well! now that I have you, the question, sweet,
 Is, whether to kiss you, or batter and beat?

That you've been her accomplice, in moments gone
 by,
 In tricks to torment me, you cannot deny!

How oft, from her side, I've been ordered to go,
 To hunt for your fanship, high and low,

And been, for not finding you, frowned at and chid,
 While, 'neath her own furbelows, basely you hid!

If you weren't just warm from her clasp, I fear
 You'd have fluttered your last at soirdes, my dear! ***

This, too, is the cord she cruelly twists,
 In my envious sight, round her milk-white wrists;

And this, the edge she'd do nothing but bite,
 When I prayed for one word, in the soft starlight.

She's a flirt, wretched fan! from her head to her foot,
 In its dainty, supremely absurd little boot!

(Though one such wickedness wouldn't surmise,
 From those tender lips, and shy, sweet eyes!

And she looks, to-night, in that white robe's flow,
 Fair and pure as a lily in snow:)

But her heart, under all, may be deep and true—
 The ocean has frivolous froth on its blue!—

That she likes me a little, I can't help believing!—
 If I only were sure of that fact, all-retrieving!

* * * Here she comes back, at last, grown a rose,
 in the waltz!
 Fanling! take her this kiss, and I'll pardon your
 faults!

C. E. S.

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